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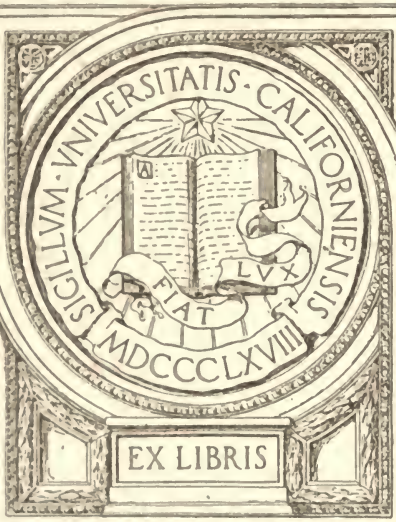

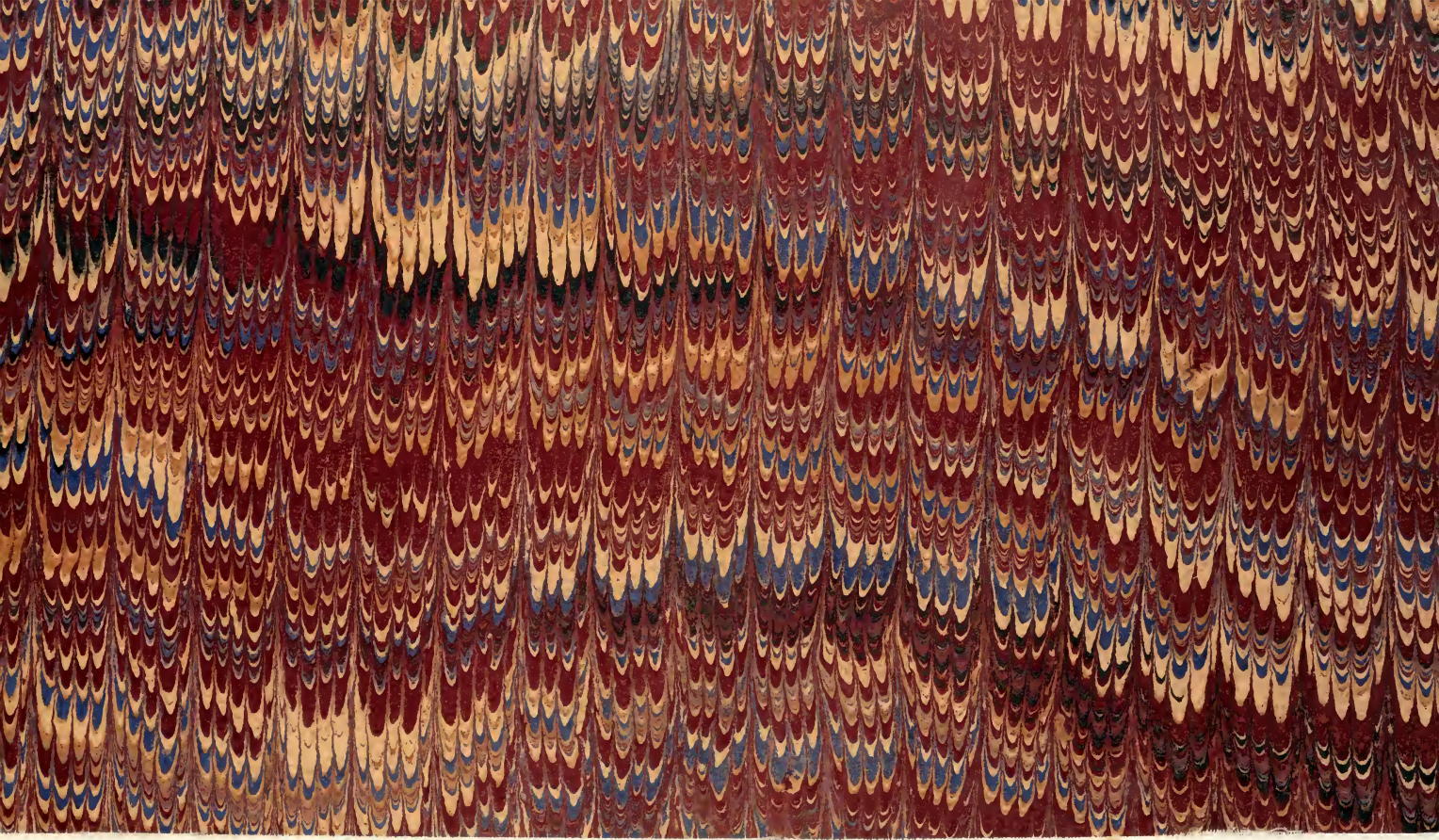

John Lynch
from
W. S. Lyon

U. S. Grant

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THE

LIFE AND TRAVELS

OF

GENERAL GRANT.

This work is designed to furnish a complete account of the life and remarkable public career of General Grant, and to take the reader with him in his celebrated tour around the world.—To look in upon the splendors of royal courts to which he was everywhere so cordially welcomed—to view at leisure the greatest wonders and richest beauties of foreign lands—to witness the high honors paid to this representative of the United States of America, etc., etc., etc., etc.

BY

HON. J. T. HEADLEY,

Author of "Napoleon and his Marshals," "Washington and his Generals," "Sherman and his Campaigns," "Farragut and our Naval Commanders," "Sacred Mountains," "Achievements of Stanley," etc., etc.

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PREFACE.

THE present work has been undertaken in the belief that a great number of General Grant's friends desire to have his life, from his boyhood up to the present time, in a cheap and compact form. The people have a right to be informed of the principal events in the life of a man to whom they are indebted for so much, and whom they elected to be their Chief Magistrate. But this they cannot be unless these events are put in a shape that places them within their reach. The costly work, entitled "Around the World with Grant," got up with so much elegance and taste, was not intended for the great mass of the people, but for the select few who can indulge in such luxuries. Leaving all such works to those who can afford it, the great reading public desire, *and are entitled to have*, a careful account, and within reasonable limits, of all the things they wish to know about the foremost American of the age. In giving this, I have been compelled, in a part of the work, to use, to a certain extent, the letters of the *Herald's* correspondent. The first portion, however, is taken up with Grant's remarkable career as a military man and statesman, to which he only incidentally alludes. He, moreover, did not accompany him in his European travels till the better part of them was finished; hence, I am indebted for my material for that portion to foreign newspapers, and letter-writers, and *my own notes of travel* in places which he visited, not to this correspondent.

In the Orient, however, I am indebted to those letters for nearly everything relating to General Grant *personally;* but his tour was such a hasty one, that, under any circumstances, he could get only a partial glimpse of important places, and could but omit many objects that give to them their attraction; but this view was restricted still more,

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greatly to his regret and that of his friends, by so much of that limited time being taken up with public receptions, and dinners, and fetes, which he was compelled in courtesy to attend. Hence, the correspondent has felt it to be his duty to fill up what was lacking in personal observation, by resorting to the descriptions of other travelers, in order that the reader may get an intelligent idea of those places which he visited.

This was eminently proper and right, and I have taken the same liberty, and used freely the information I have collected from other travelers, and from the notes of friends.

Thus it will be seen that we occupy entirely different fields in part, and where we work the same, do it in a different manner. There is room and demand for both works, for, as we said, they appeal to an entirely different class of purchasers, and, in a great measure, to a different class of readers.

J. T. Headley.

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CHAPTER I.

FUTURE GREATNESS NOT ALWAYS FORESHADOWED IN THE CHILD—CIRCUMSTANCES MAKE MEN—GRANT AS A BOY—ANECDOTES OF HIM—THEY ILLUSTRATE THE FUTURE MAN—LEARNS THE TANNER'S TRADE—EARLY SELF-RELIANCE—CONFIDENCE OF HIS FATHER IN HIM—OUTWITS A HORSE-DEALER—PREDICTION OF A PHRENOLOGIST—GROWS UP A ROUGH, UNEDUCATED YOUTH—DISSATISFIED WITH HIS CONDITION—OBTAINS A CADETSHIP AT WEST POINT.

ALTHOUGH we are always more or less desirous to know something of the childhood of a great man, researches in that direction are, for the most part, barren of any valuable results. It is true, that a great scholar, or man of science, or an inventor, is generally more or less foreshadowed in his boyhood. Peculiar natural gifts must come with our birth, and will develop themselves in some form even in early life, although they are much enlarged and strengthened by active use. But the greatness that is developed by circumstances will never be known unless those peculiar circumstances arise. There are many men who live and die in obscurity that would have made greater rulers and kings than most of those who have become more or less famous. But for our Revolutionary War, Washington might have been only a county judge, and, perhaps, governor of his State, and yet in those offices exhibited no more capacity than a hundred others whose names are forgotten. This was the case with Grant; under the ordinary stimulants to action, and occupied with the common duties of life, pursuing its monotonous avocations, he would not have distinguished himself; nay, would have been, in fact, outdistanced by men of small abilities and

weak intellectual force. There are many better farmers than he was,—his father was a better tanner and business man. But for our civil war, Grant would not only have been unheard of out of the limited circle of his acquaintance, but doubtless have lived and died as rather a medium man, with but little aptitude for business. It is true, there are certain mental and moral characteristics that exhibit themselves early, and cling to a man through life. A noble spirit, a love of truth and uprightness, great stubbornness and tenacity of purpose that characterize the man are generally exhibited in the boy. Great cruelty, a revengeful temper and a low, mean spirit, if exhibited in mature life, can be traced more or less distinctly in the boy. So Grant's firmness of purpose and stubborn will, and determination that nothing could shake, which constituted such an important element in his military success, cropped out frequently in his childhood. The dogged perseverance with which he pursued a difficult task, when a child, and which was, perhaps, called obstinacy, showed itself when confronted by impregnable heights and surrounded with difficulties that seemed insurmountable. But the military skill which enabled him to win battles, achieve astonishing victories, was not born with him, it was the result of education, not only in the school, but in the field; not merely by study, but by large and varied experience. It is true that a weak man, or one of ordinary capacity, could never by either process have become the great leader that he was.

A strong character and great mental capacity must be the basis of great achievements, but both may exist without any circumstances to develop them, or call them into activity. Great geniuses, whether in song or action, are like comets in our system, only occasional

visitants, and seem almost incapable of making mistakes. They apparently are moved by inspiration, and act and feel as if they were under some invisible power, and fulfilling some peculiar destiny; and such indeed is the fact—they are the children of fate. But Grant was not one of these. A strong man by nature, he had to be educated up to his greatness—nay, had to learn by failures how to win ultimate success. So true is this, that we find that both he and Sherman, who, at the close of the war, stood up as our foremost generals, came very near being removed from command for their mistakes, or at least, want of success. In fact, the latter was removed from the department of Kentucky as a sort of half-crazy man, while the Government was determined to consign Grant to disgrace, and would have done so, but for the strenuous, persistent efforts of a single friend, Mr. Washburne. The one who conducted the triumphant march to the sea, and the one who received the sword of the commander-in-chief of the rebel army, were, at one time, apparently doomed to occupy a very insignificant position in that mighty struggle.

Very little is definitely known of Grant's ancestry, though since he became renowned, a great deal of tradition has been manufactured. He was of Scotch descent, though little is known of the family beyond his great-grandfather. He settled in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, in 1794, where the father of Ulysses was born, and subsequently emigrated to Ohio, which was then a western frontier. Here he soon died, leaving seven children penniless in the world. The father of Ulysses was at this time but eleven years of age. When sixteen, he was apprenticed to a half-brother, in Maysville, Kentucky, to learn the tanner's trade. Having

served out his time, he went back to Ohio and set up business for himself in Ravenna, Portage County. Shortly after, he married Hannah Simpson, who had emigrated from his native county in Pennsylvania. Ulysses was their first child, and was born on the 27th day of April, 1822. The mother was a strict Methodist, and trained the child to respect the truths of religion, and practice its virtues, and he grew up truthful, upright and industrious. His father being poor, as soon as Ulysses was able to help him, he was put to work, to the neglect of his education. At the early age of eight, he was taught to drive a team, and at ten was accustomed to drive one from Georgetown—to which place his father had removed—to Cincinnati, a distance of forty miles, and bring back a load.

This shows that he was not a common boy, and must have been previously mature, for great as the needs of his father were, he would not have trusted a child of ordinary intelligence and judgment with such responsibility. It was, however, a good training for the future general. Nothing could better have taught him that self-reliance which afterwards stood him in such good stead. Still this mere lad, not yet old enough to do without the good-night kiss of his mother, as she heard his simple prayer before going to sleep, presents a striking picture, seated on his lumber wagon, toiling slowly over the rough roads and through the sparse settlements or long stretches of woods. A boy of ten taking care of himself and team in the busy town, and stopping all night at the lonely wayside inn, must have been an unaccustomed sight, even to rough frontiersmen, familiar as they were to the exposures and dangers of border life. He was very fond of horses, and hence became accustomed to manage them early, an attachment that still continues.

Many stories are told of his boyhood, which may or may not be apocryphal, more or less illustrative of the characteristics which he afterwards exhibited. One told of him by his early companions has, as the French say, a *vraisemblance*, an air of truth about it, that inclines one to accept it as true from its internal evidence alone. His father had seen a horse which he wished to purchase, but could not agree with the owner about the price. Finally he concluded he must have it, and sent Ulysses after it, with instructions to offer fifty dollars for it, and if the man would not take that sum, offer him fifty-five and at last sixty, rather than come away without it. With these instructions the boy departed on his mission. On telling the owner of the horse his errand, the man asked him how much his father said he should give for the horse. The lad frankly told him his instructions. The owner chuckled at the greenness of the boy, and of course told him very emphatically that he could not have the horse one cent less than sixty dollars. He had reckoned on the simplicity of the unsophisticated diplomist a little too much, for the latter replied, that though his father had instructed him respecting the price as he had told him, yet he, himself, had made up his mind, on seeing the horse, that he was not worth over fifty, and would give but that amount. The astonished owner seeing that the boy had made up his mind and was going away without the horse, actually sold it to him for fifty dollars. Now this little anecdote illustrates admirably both the education and shrewdness of the boy. His mother had taught him never to tell a lie, and so when the man asked him what his father had said he should give for the horse, he told the exact truth in a straightforward manner, but as to being caught in a trap for his honesty was quite another thing, and that readiness of resource and sagacity in getting out of a difficulty which afterwards served him

HOME OF GRANT'S CHILDHOOD.

so well, enabled him to turn the tables on the man who was congratulating himself on the ease with which he had come around the inexperienced youth.

The father gives the following anecdote that illustrates strikingly not only the boy's ability, but the father's confidence in it, to take care of himself when but twelve years old. He says:

"It was necessary for me to have a deposition taken once, to be used in a law-suit in which I was engaged in the State of Connecticut. I had written more than once about it to my lawyers, but could not get the business done. 'I can do it,' said Ulysses. So I sent him on the errand alone. Before he started, I gave him an open letter that he might show the captain of the boat, or any one else, if he should have occasion, stating that he was my son, and was going down to Louisville on my business. Going down, he happened to meet a neighbor with whom he was acquainted; so he had no occasion to use the letter. But when he came on board a boat, to return, the captain asked him who he was. He told him; but the captain answered, 'I cannot take you; you may be running away.' Ulysses then produced my letter, which put everything right; and the captain not only treated him with great kindness, but took so much interest in him as to invite him to go as far as Maysville with him, where he had relatives living, free of expense. He brought back the deposition with him, and that enabled me to succeed in making a satisfactory adjustment of my suit."

It would seem very extraordinary to send a lad only twelve years of age on such business at all, but to send him to another State, to find his way by railroad and steamboat, as best he could, would be foolhardiness, under any circumstances, except that the boy had previously shown himself to be an uncommon child. No wonder,

traveling alone so young, he was suspected by the captain of being a runaway. His mother's lap seemed a more appropriate place for him than the crowded deck of a steamboat.

Again, the father says: "I will relate another circumstance which I have never mentioned before, which you may use as you think proper. He was always regarded as extremely apt in figures. When he was ten years old a distinguished phrenologist came along and stayed several days in the place. He was frequently asked to examine heads blindfolded. Among others, Ulysses was placed in the chair. The phrenologist felt his head for several minutes without saying anything; at length a noted doctor asked him if the boy had a capacity for mathematics. The phrenologist, after some further examination, said: 'You need not be surprised if you see this boy fill the Presidential chair.'"

Of course, the prophecy was as valueless as the fond anticipations of a mother; the incident is mentioned simply to show that the boy, uneducated, uncouth as he was, possessed mental characteristics of such an extraordinary kind as to make him a marked child.

In those early days he exhibited another trait, which shone out most conspicuously in his public career as a general, viz., the apparent unconsciousness that he was unable to do anything he once set about. To begin a thing with him makes sure the end. If he starts he expects to go through. The idea of trying, and if the obstacles are too great and seems insurmountable, retire, never enters his head. He exhibited this trait at Shiloh, and though terribly beaten the first day, he intended, even if Buell had not arrived, to fight the victorious army the next. Such a man, if ever beaten, will be beaten terribly. Nothing but his total destruction

will secure his defeat. This peculiarity was exhibited in early life. His father sent him, one day, with a team in the woods to bring back some pieces of timber, supposing there were men at work there, who would help him load. But, on his arrival they were gone. The natural, usual course would have been to return and report the state of the case. But, having been sent for the timber, it never occurred to him that he was to go back without it. So, after contemplating the job for awhile, he set about accomplishing it. A half-fallen tree lay near, making an inclined plane. Up this he succeeded in rolling the heavy sticks, leaving the ends projecting over. Backing his team up under these, he fastened them with a chain to the wagon, and so hauled them on it, one by one, and returned home with his load. This is, perhaps, the most prominent characteristic of Grant, running through all his life, and is often mistakenly called obstinacy. The determination to resist to the last is one thing; to refuse to see insurmountable obstacles is entirely another. One man looks on the barriers that oppose his progress, and while coolly measuring their magnitude, resolves to overcome them; the other fixes his eye on the object beyond, and not stopping to survey what lies in his path, moves intrepidly, confidently forward to reach it.

Between driving a team and helping his father in the tan-yard, the boy grew up into the broad-shouldered youth. The demands for his labor left him scant time to acquire knowledge, and fate seemed to have destined him to become a tanner, nothing more. Still, his father was not satisfied that this promising son should not have a wider field for his abilities, which he felt to be of no common kind, while the latter had determined, sooner or later, to launch out into the great world around him. But the father did not feel able to give him an educa-

tion, and seeing that he had a decided taste for military life, resolved to try and get him entered at West Point. He therefore applied to Mr. Morris, a member of Congress from his district, to obtain the appointment. But he had already given the single place that he was allowed to control to another, but added that Mr. Hamer had a vacancy in his congressional district. The father applied to him, who, to the great joy of both, gave it to Ulysses. He had a brother named Simpson—the family name of his mother—and, somehow, Mr. Hamer got the idea that this was the middle name of Ulysses; so, when he sent on the name, he gave it as Ulysses S. Grant, and it was so entered on the books, and so it stood, despite all the efforts of the cadet, after he had entered, to get it changed, and so it will go down to posterity, the initials being made to stand, according to the whim of each, for Uncle Sam, United States, or Unconditional Surrender Grant.

CHAPTER II.

HIS DISADVANTAGES AS A CADET—CAREER AT WEST POINT—FALSE STORIES OF HIM—FIRST YEAR—SECOND YEAR—THIRD YEAR—POPULAR WITH THE CADETS—GRADUATES NO. 21—MADE SECOND LIEUTENANT—SENT TO MISSOURI—TO LOUISIANA—ACCOMPANIES THE ARMY, UNDER TAYLOR, TO TEXAS—GRANT'S FIRST BATTLE—THE FLYING ARTILLERY—WAR WITH MEXICO—GRANT'S REGIMENT JOINS SCOTT'S ARMY AT VERA CRUZ—MADE QUARTERMASTER OF HIS REGIMENT—HIS BRAVERY AT MOLINO DEL REY—PROMOTED ON THE SPOT—GALLANTRY AT CHAPULTEPEC—BREVETED CAPTAIN—RETURNS HOME—MARRIED TO MISS DENT—SENT TO SACKETT'S HARBOR—TO CALIFORNIA—TO OREGON—DULL LIFE—RESIGNS HIS COMMISSION—TURNS FARMER—DRAWS WOOD TO ST. LOUIS TO SELL—COLLECTOR OF DEBTS—ANECDOTE OF HIM—A CURIOUS MEETING AND REMINISCENCE—BECOMES A PARTNER OF HIS FATHER IN THE LEATHER BUSINESS IN TOLEDO—APPARENTLY SETTLED FOR LIFE.

HE entered West Point in 1839, at seventeen years of age. Young, awkward, ignorant, accustomed to the rude surroundings of a Western home, it was a sudden change to be thrown into the show and glitter of the National Academy, and into the companionship of a hundred young men, many of them belonging to the wealthiest, most aristocratic families of the South. But worse than all without the preparation that is now demanded, and far behind most of his class in every branch of study that was to be pursued, he felt that it was to be a long and terrible struggle to overtake them so as to come out in any way near them at the end of the race. He labored under terrible disadvantages. It is said at sea that "a stern chase is a long one," and so it is in any college to overtake and keep up with classes that start at least a year ahead. This is forgotten when pointing to the name of Grant, so low down on the list of graduates. It is a wonder that he did not share the fate

of so many who were in advance of him at the outset, and be put back year after year. That he overtook those so far ahead of him and held his own, so as to stand as average among those who finally received their diplomas, showed uncommon perseverance and ability. So young as he was, being but seventeen, and so ignorant, too, it seemed inevitable that he should not have been put back a year. Had he been, his start would have then been even, and his grade in the final examination proved a fair test. If it had not been for his natural taste for mathematics, this probably would have been his fate. His facility in mastering this important branch of the studies pursued there, doubtless alone saved him from it, which in his case would have been no disgrace. We say in his case, because it ought not to have been expected that a mere ignorant Western lad of seventeen, whose preparation for the studies of the military academy had been of the most meagre kind, should hold his own with educated young men, and his seniors in years. Although he maintained his position, he did not seem to do it by hard labor, for he had the same credit at the Point for indolence he has ever had since. He took things apparently as easy and with as little concern, afterward, when the fate of a hundred thousand men, and his own life and that of his country hung on his actions and fidelity to his great trusts. Many stories have been put in circulation respecting his cadet life, which are pure fabrications. Among other things, it is related that his patience having become exhausted by the persistent fagging of the older students, he flogged both the captain and lieutenant of a squad and dared all the rest to come out singly and fight him, after which he was let alone. The simple truth is, probably no cadet ever passed a more monotonous life than he did at West Point. Careless and rather slovenly in his dress,

indolent in his manner, and of imperturbable good nature, he would quietly smoke his pipe, quite indifferent to those things which greatly excited some of his comrades. He was rather a favorite, from his easy, good-natured disposition, and suffered very little annoyance. But with all his apparent indifference, he was a hard student, as he was compelled to be, or be left behind in the examination at the close of the year. This is evident, from the fact that a large number of his class were dropped, and had to commence over again, while he passed, and entered with the successful ones on his second year. Each year his studies were of a higher grade. He perfected himself in horsemanship, so that it was almost impossible to unseat him. In the second year he was made sergeant of battalion. In the examination at the close of it, more of his class were dropped, so that when he entered on his third year, but a little more than half of the original number with which he started on his course remained. In the last year he was promoted to the position of officer of cadets, and was very popular with his comrades, for although strict in the enforcement of discipline, he exhibited none of the petty importance so common to young officers when first placed over others, and the moment that the duties were over, he was the same genial companion as ever. At the close of the year he graduated honorably, though not like the man he loved best in the world, McPherson, at the head of his class. He stood No. 21, which in a class of thirty-eight placed him at about the average. Breveted as second lieutenant in the fourth regiment, he joined it in Missouri. Its main duty was to look after the Indians on the frontier. The next year the regiment was ordered to the Red River, in Louisiana, where there was nothing to do but go through with the monotonous duties of camp life, such as inspection, drill and parade. Soon, however, came

rumors of difficulties with Mexico that portended open war. Grant and his fellow-officers took little interest in the diplomatic contest of the two governments, and still less in the fierce political discussions in the newspapers as to the real object of the war into which the nation was every day more rapidly drifting. The prospect of active service, of distinction in his profession, occupied all his thoughts, and left no room for political discussions. At length General Taylor was ordered to Texas to guard the frontier, and took possession of Corpus Christi as a base of operations. Here Grant received his commission as full second lieutenant. Conflicts were constantly occurring between separate bands of Mexicans and Americans, till at length a large force of Mexicans marched on Fort Brown and besieged it. Taylor, on hearing of it at Point Isabel, where he was encamped, determined at once to relieve the garrison. This, of course, made open war inevitable. He found, however, that the Mexicans had anticipated him and thrown heavy bodies of troops between him and the fort.

They were drawn up on the open plains of Palo Alto, and here Grant saw for the first time a hostile force in battle array. Its lines extended as though to enfold and crush the compact little force, with all its trains and cattle marching slowly forward. The bugles rang out, the bands played, and banners waved in the sunlight, and then came the crash of artillery, and the cannon-balls went plowing up the earth in every direction. It was almost wholly an artillery fight, and here Grant had a practical demonstration of what a fearful arm Napoleon had made of the flying artillery. The pieces would be in battery firing with frightful rapidity, and before the smoke had cleared away, the horses would be hitched to them, and sweeping at a tearing gallop to another part of the field,

where danger threatened, and quick as thought be unlimbered and again cutting the hostile lines into fragments. So rapid were their evolutions, that a Mexican commander said afterward, that he thought we had fifty pieces of artillery on the field. Grant watched the close practice of the guns and got a practical lesson of the efficiency of this arm of service which he never forgot.

The enemy at last, no longer able to stand the scorching fire, retreated, and took position again at Resaca de la Palma and a second battle was fought, when the enemy fled in disorder across the river, and the victorious little army took up its line of march for Fort Brown. When they came in sight of it, the ramparts were manned, and they were received with shouts, and hurras, and strains of martial music. The fort having been relieved, Taylor marched up the Rio Grande, and finally crossed the river, and in the fall moved on Monterey, which the Mexicans had strongly fortified. Notwithstanding the strength of the place and the disparity of numbers, Taylor determined to attack it, and after a most determined fight took it.

Hitherto all the hostilities had been carried on from the general orders of the two governments to the respective armies to protect the frontier, which seemed to have no definite boundary, but formal war was now declared, and it was determined to carry it into the heart of the enemy's country. Scott, the Commander-in-Chief, was ordered to repair with the army to Vera Cruz, and after capturing it, march inland to the capital, and there dictate terms of peace.

After he had affected a landing, feeling the need of more troops and thinking that the Texas frontier would be comparatively quiet while the great struggle was going on at Vera Cruz, he ordered a part of Taylor's army to join him before that city. Among these regi-

ments was the fourth, to which Grant belonged. He now entered on a wider field of operations, under one of the ablest generals of his time, to learn the art of war on the field of battle and see how splendid strategy could practically win battles before they were fought.

After the capitulation of Vera Cruz, Scott started for the interior, and Grant was appointed quartermaster of his regiment. This appointment would seem to shut out all chances of distinguishing himself in the field, but besides the duties of this position, he acted as staff officer to his general.

But, in the long marches and fights that followed, he seemed to bear no important part till they came near the City of Mexico. The battle of Molino del Rey was fought on the 8th of September, 1847, and was one of the hottest and deadliest of the whole campaign, and here Grant first comes to view, and he bore himself with such cool courage, and moved so steadily on the enemy's batteries, that he was promoted on the spot to first lieutenant, to date from the day of battle. But he had no friends at court, and Congress did not confirm it.

To one who saw him act like a common gunner on that day, and carry his piece up to the very breastworks amid a shower of balls, this neglect would appear unaccountable; but to one who understands how promotions are secured at Washington, there is nothing strange about it.

At the battle of Chapultepec, that followed, and opened the road to the very gates of the city, he distinguished himself still more. In the early morning's advance up the long slope to the castle walls, Grant forgot that he was a member of the staff, and found himself among his own soldiers. Midway on this terrible march a redoubt had been thrown up between two ravines, which swept the advancing columns with a withering fire. Its position

made it very difficult to approach it by any flank movement, but it must be carried to give the swiftly-advancing columns room. The battalion ordered to take it faced the deadly guns with unflinching courage, but their ranks were rapidly thinning, when Captain Brooks, with a section of the Second Artillery, and Grant, with a few of his soldiers, which he hurriedly rallied, wheeled quickly to the left and poured in such a close and deadly fire on the enemy's flank, that they were thrown into confusion, and turning, fled into the castle. It was gallantly done.

Major Lee, who commanded the Fourth Infantry, said in his report: "At the first barrier the enemy was in strong force, which rendered it necessary to advance with great caution. This was done, and when the head of the battalion was within short musket-range of the barrier, Lieutenant Grant, Fourth Infantry, and Captain Brooks, Second Artillery, with a few men of their respective regiments, by a handsome movement to the left, turned the right flank of the enemy, and the barrier was carried." He says, further on: "Second Lieutenant Grant behaved with distinguished gallantry on the 13th and 14th."

General Garland, after speaking of this same gallant affair, says: "I must not omit to call attention to Lieutenant Grant, Fourth Infantry, who acquitted himself most nobly upon several occasions, under my own observation.'

From this time until the Stars and Stripes waved above the proud towers of Mexico, he led his men into the thickest of the fight. For his gallant conduct at Chapultepec, he was breveted captain, and soon after his tardy commission of full first lieutenant was received.

He had now gone through an important training to help fit him for the great responsibilities of which he little then dreamed. McClellan, in the same school, laid

the foundation for his after renown, and Lee received also lessons in the art of war, by which he was enabled to accomplish so much at the head of the rebel armies.

The war was now over, articles of peace were soon signed, and the victorious troops took their way leisurely back to the coast and embarked for home—the volunteers to disband and melt again into the mass of citizens, while the regular army was scattered to the various posts of the general government. Grant's regiment was sent to Detroit, and he soon after married Miss Dent, daughter of a merchant of St. Louis. He obtained a short furlough and then rejoined his regiment, which was transferred to Sackett's Harbor, on the northern frontier of New York State. The sudden rise of California rendered the presence of troops there necessary, and Grant's regiment was ordered thither. Soon after a battalion was ordered to Oregon, then the most remote point on our extended frontier, and for a time he was stationed at Fort Dallas. Nothing could be more dreary than his life on this outmost verge of civilization. This, if possible, was rendered doubly so by its contrast with his active life in the field during the war with Mexico. It was the same miserable dull routine of military formalities, without benefit, and without excitement. Besides, he was so shut off from the outside world, that the amusement of books and society were denied him. More than all, it was a life of simple imprisonment to his wife, and he felt it his duty not to require her to share such a miserable existence with him, and yet the only choice was this, or a separation for an indefinite time. Added to this was the fact that the preferments for gallant services, as obtained through political influence during the Mexican war, had more than filled every present vacancy and anticipated all possible ones for years to come, so that any advancement on his part was out of the question

for a long indefinite time, and with such a discouraging, miserable prospect ahead, he determined to resign and try his fortunes in civil life. How much his wife, and through her his father-in-law, had to do with this we are not told, but doubtless much. He had entered West Point in 1839, and now in 1854, fifteen years later, he sent in his resignation. Eleven of these years he had spent in active service, quite long enough, he very reasonbly concluded, to pay the Government for four years of education at its expense. He was not alone in this determination; such men as Slocum, McClellan, and a score of others, seeing no prospect of active service, and in fact of doing nothing but drawing their pay, resigned, and engaged in other pursuits, in which there was a chance of earning a competency. Although Grant had been accustomed in early life to rough contact with the world, he had entered on his military course so young that he had acquired but little knowledge of business, and that little had wholly disappeared in the practice of the duties of his profession, which wholly unfitted him for ordinary commercial pursuits. Having, with much misgivings and heartfelt regrets, left the army in which he had won distinction, and the profession he had expected to follow for life, he settled down on a little farm near St. Louis.

The change from a soldier's life, in which he had grown up to manhood, to that of a small country farmer was very great and offered, one would think, very little advantages above those of a frontier military post, while the pay was far more uncertain. Still it was a very happy one for his wife, who was near her home and friends where she could enjoy the society of those among whom she had grown up. His farming did not seem to prosper much, for his crops were not enough to keep the farm going, so he hauled wood in winter into Corondelet, and sold it by the cord.

Men were still living after he became President who could remember the short, square farmer with his felt hat, coarse blouse and pantaloons tucked into his boots, who used to unload his wood at their doors, and with his money in his pocket, drive away. But even this was not sufficient to support him comfortably, and so he became collector of other people's debts. But he was such a poor hand at dunning, and so readily believed the story of any one who appealed to his sympathies that his commissions for collections were very scanty, and, on the whole, there seemed a poor lookout for him. Still he had an office in St. Louis, and got on after a fashion. This he let out one day accidentally.

A grand reception was given him once in a city in New York State, when he was President, and while the long line of carriages was stopped a few minutes in a common street, where the cortege from the boat started, a man, bare-headed and in a dirty linen coat, rushed out of a saloon, and reaching his hand over the side of the carriage, exclaimed: "How do you do, General? how do you do?" The President shook it mechanically, in the meantime scanning the man's features very closely, but apparently could not recall him. But just as the carriage passed on, he exclaimed, "Oh, that man kept the best oysters in St. Louis. I used often to stop there on my way to the office, to get a plate."

The following anecdote illustrates his mode of life at that time. It is related by one familiar with it. The writer says:

"It is well known that when he resided in Missouri, he was very poor, and lived in a small, uncomfortable house, cultivating a farm of a few acres. His chief income was derived by hauling wood to the city of St. Louis. He used to supply Hon. Henry T. Blow, of that city, with his fuel. Mr. Blow was elected to the Thirty-ninth Con-

gress, and on one occasion went with his wife to one of General Grant's popular receptions. Mrs. Blow wondered if General Grant would recognize her as an old friend or acquaintance, under the different circumstances of their relative situations in life. Well, Mrs. Blow had not been long at the General's before he came to her and said: 'Mrs. Blow, I remember you well. What great changes have taken place since we last met!' 'Yes, General,' said Mrs. B., 'the war is over.' 'I did not mean that,' he replied; 'I mean with myself. Do you recollect when I used to supply your husband with wood, and pile it myself, and measure it, too, and go to his office for my pay?' 'Oh, yes, General, your face was familiar in those days.' 'Mrs. Blow, those were happy days; for I was doing the best I could to support my family.' "

But, whether dissatisfied with this uncertain, and not very remunerative, mode of life, or impelled by the offer of his father to enter into partnership with him in the leather trade, we are not informed, but he gave up his farm and removed to Galena, and soon there stood over a modest store the sign, "GRANT & SON, LEATHER-DEALERS." We are told that he was not a very active partner, and did not make many sales by the way he extolled his goods or pressed customers. He was better fitted for a sleeping partner. At all events, he now seemed fixed for life. He was to be a leather-dealer, nothing else. The firm was prosperous, and, to all appearances, he would, at his father's death, succeed to the business and acquire a competence and live comfortably, respected by his neighbors for his probity and good sense, and at last be gathered to his fathers in peace. A naturally indolent, inert man, it took a good deal to rouse him to any determined effort. His repugnance to politics, and utter detestation of the low tricks of politicians, rendered it im-

possible for him to succeed in political life, and there being no other road open to distinction, he would have been compelled to jog along in the beaten road of his business to the end; and yet, perhaps, would have passed and ended his life quite as successfully, so far as securing happiness—the great end of life—is concerned. But fate was weaving a different destiny for him—a destiny that he in his wildest dreams could never have anticipated. The elements were gathering for an explosion, that would arouse even his inert nature to the highest pitch of excitement, and call forth all the great latent powers that had lain dormant so long.

CHAPTER III.

OUTBREAK OF THE CIVIL WAR—GRANT OFFERS HIS SERVICES TO THE GOVERNMENT, WHICH ARE NOT ACCEPTED—TRIES TO GET ON M'CLELLAN'S STAFF—SERVES ON GOVERNOR YATES'S STAFF—REFUSES TO BE BRIGADIER-GENERAL—MADE COLONEL—AN AMUSING ANECDOTE—PLACED OVER SOUTHERN MISSOURI—PROCLAMATION TO THE CITIZENS OF PADUCAH—ANSWER TO POLK, WHO PROPOSES AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS—EXPEDITION AGAINST COLUMBUS—BATTLE OF BELMONT—GRANT HAS A HORSE KILLED UNDER HIM—LETTER TO HIS FATHER—CONGRATULATES HIS TROOPS—THE CAIRO EXPEDITION—FORBIDS THE PLUNDERING OF PRIVATE PROPERTY.

CIVIL war broke like a sudden thunder-clap on the astonished nation. The people at the North did not believe that the sectional strife that was waged so hotly could culminate in so great a catastrophe. To them it seemed impossible that such madness could take possession of the South. Its possibility was ridiculed; even when it commenced it was regarded as a sudden ebullition that would soon subside. But to the student of history it was no surprise—nay, it was known to be inevitable, unless all past history was false in its teachings, and the men of to-day were totally different from all former generations. It was one of the most remarkable features of the times, that all past experience was utterly ignored as a guide to the present, and that we were to be an exception to all nations and governments.

Grant, though keeping aloof from politics, was not an indifferent spectator of the growing hostility between the North and South, nor without his fears of the result, and believing that the election of Lincoln would intensify this hostility and increase the danger, voted against him.

Having done this, he considered his whole duty in the premises done, and awaited the result.

As the difficulties deepened his anxiety increased, and when at last the news came of the fall of Fort Sumter, and the lowering of the flag he had so often marched under to victory, his strong nature was stirred to its profoundest depths, and he threw up his business at once and offered his sword and life to his country. He

FORT SUMTER.

then wrote to the Adjutant-General offering his services, but received no answer. Hearing that McClellan had been appointed Major-General of the Ohio Volunteers, he called on him, in Cincinnati, to get an appointment on his staff. Not finding him in, he called again. Seeing crowds of applicants besieging his head-quarters, he, with his usual modesty, retired altogether. In this case the ordi-

nary rule was reversed, that perseverance is the only way to success. Had he elbowed his way among the crowd, and at last secured an interview with McClellan, the latter would, doubtless, have rejoiced to get so old an army friend, and so brave and good a soldier on his staff. Grant, in that case, would have attached himself to his fortunes and shared his misfortunes. His failure was his salvation. Governor Yates, of his State, hearing of him incidentally, put him on his staff as Adjutant, to assist him in arranging the quota of the State. In this service he acquitted himself so well that when Lincoln sent on to the Governor to forward two names from the State for the position of Brigadier-General, the latter proposed to Grant to send his on. But he declined, saying he preferred to earn his promotion. He, however, accepted the colonelcy of the Twenty-first Regiment, which its own colonel could not manage, and was assigned to Pope's Department of Northern Missouri, and sent to guard the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad.

GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

On the 7th of August of this year, 1861, he received his appointment of Brigadier-General. For this he was indebted to his fellow-townsman, E. B. Washburne, who remained his steadfast friend forever after, and saved him, while member of Congress, from being removed from his command. Afterwards Grant sent him to represent his country as Minister to France. Grant was now sent to Southern Missouri to repel a threatened invasion

of it by the notorious Jeff. Thompson. It was a long and tedious march, and during its course the following incident occurred, quite illustrative of his character. It is thus related by a member of his staff:

"When Grant was a brigadier in South-east Missouri, he commanded an expedition against the rebels under Jeff. Thompson in North-east Arkansas. The distance from the starting point of the expedition to the supposed rendezvous of the rebels was about one hundred and ten miles, and the greater portion of the route lay through a howling wilderness. The imaginary suffering that our soldiers endured during the first two days of their march was enormous. It was impossible to steal or 'confiscate' uncultivated real estate, and not a hog, or a chicken, or an ear of corn was anywhere to be seen. On the third day, however, affairs looked more hopeful, for a few small specks of ground in a state of partial cultivation were here and there visible. On that day Lieutenant Wickfield, of an Indiana cavalry regiment, commanded the advance guard, consisting of eight mounted men. About noon he came up to a small farm-house, from the outward appearance of which, he judged there might be something fit to eat inside. He halted his command, dismounted, and with two second lieutenants entered the dwelling. He knew that Grant's incipient form had already gone out through all that country, and it seemed to him that by representing himself to be the General he might obtain the best the house afforded. So assuming a very imperative demeanor, he accosted the inmates of the house and told them he must have something for himself and staff to eat. They desired to know who he was, and he told them that he was Brigadier-General Grant. At the sound of that name, they all flew around with alarming alacrity and served up about all they had in the house, taking great

pains all the while to make loud professions of loyalty. The lieutenants ate as much as they could of the not over-sumptuous meal, but which was nevertheless good for that country, and demanded what was to pay. 'Nothing,' and they went on their way rejoicing.

"In the meantime General Grant, who had halted his army a few miles further back for a brief resting spell, came in sight of, and was rather favorably impressed with the appearance of this same house. Riding up to the fence in front of the door, he desired to know if they would cook him a meal.

"'No,' said a female, in a gruff voice; 'General Grant and his staff have just been here, and eaten everything in the house except one pumpkin-pie.'

"'Humph,' murmured Grant; 'what is your name?'

"'Selvidge,' replied the woman.

"Casting a half dollar in at the door, he asked if she would keep that pie till he sent an officer for it; to which she replied that she would.

"That evening, after the camping-ground had been selected, the various regiments were notified that there would be a grand parade at half-past six, for orders. Officers would see that all their men turned out, etc.

"In five minutes the camp was in a perfect uproar, and filled with all sorts of rumors. Some thought the enemy were upon them, it being so unusual to have parades when on a march.

"At half-past six the parade was formed, ten columns deep and nearly a quarter of a mile in length.

"Both officers and men were amazed at this unusual parade after such a long and weary march, and wondered what it portended, when the Assistant Adjutant-General rode in front of the lines and, in a grave, loud and clear voice, read the following order:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY IN THE FIELD.

"SPECIAL ORDER NO. —.

"Lieutenant Wickfield, of the Indiana Cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Trenton and Pocahontas and Black River and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin-pie, Lieutenant Wickfield is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry and eat that pie also.

"U. S. GRANT,
"Brigadier-General Commanding."

It is impossible to describe the effect the reading of this order had on the troops. Every one was expecting to hear some momentous announcement, and hence, listened with eager attention, and when it was finished looked at each other in utter bewilderment and asked, what *did* it mean.

The parade was over, and the moment they dispersed, each one sought an explanation of the strange affair. It soon leaked out, and by the time the crest-fallen lieutenant was ready with his escort to leave camp, it was in a perfect uproar, and peals of laughter followed him as he defiled along the road on his way back to eat that pie. Grant made no explanation of his conduct, followed it with no reprimand. The order carried its own lesson, administered its own rebuke, and each one knew that it would not be a safe business to pass himself off for the General-in-Chief, much less forage in his name for his own benefit. When the lieutenant returned to camp, late in the evening, he was glad to escape to his tent to avoid the numberless questions and jokes about that pumpkin-pie.

Fremont having been put over the department in the place of Pope, he placed Southern Missouri under Grant, together with the borders of Tennessee and Kentucky. The latter had established his head-quarters at Cairo.

He was now in a delicate position. Kentucky had publicly announced her neutrality, thereby forbidding the military occupation of any of her territory. Yet the rebels held both Hickman and Columbus on the Mississippi, and Bowling Green in the centre of the State, and Grant felt it necessary under these circumstances that he should occupy Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee

PONTOON BRIDGE AT PADUCAH.

and commanding the navigation of both it and the Ohio. He felt that this too must be done at once, or it would fall into the hands of the enemy; and so, without waiting instructions from Fremont, he simply notified the Govenor of his intentions and dispatched troops by steamer to take possession of the place.

In order, however, to render the act as little offensive as possible, he issued the following order:

PADUCAH, KY., September 6th, 1861.

To the Citizens of Paducah:

I am come among you, not as an enemy, but as your fellow-citizen. Not to maltreat you, nor annoy you, but to respect and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy in rebellion against our common Government has taken possession of, and planted his guns upon the soil of Kentucky, and fired upon you. Columbus and Hickman

are in his hands. He is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, to assist the authority and sovereignty of your Government. *I have nothing to do with opinions*, and shall deal only with armed rebellion, and its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear. The strong arm of the Government is here to protect its friends and punish its enemies. Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves, and maintain the authority of the Government, and protect the rights of loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command.

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

The Legislature remonstrated against the act, as an invasion of State Rights, and a correspondence between the Governor and Grant followed. The latter defended his course and held the post. Soon after, Polk sent him a letter proposing an exchange of prisoners, to which Grant replied that he could recognize no rebel authority, and could do nothing about it till he received instructions from his superiors.

TRANSPORT FOR LANDING TROOPS.

Columbus, just below the mouth of the Ohio, was the highest point on the Mississippi occupied by the enemy, and the whole country north of it, bordering on the river, were clamorous for its capture, and Fremont, hearing that troops were about to proceed from it to help Price in Missouri, directed Grant to threaten it, in order to

prevent the movement. The latter was not strong enough to attack the place, but he thought that he could break up the camp of rendezvous at Belmont, directly opposite it, on the other side of the river. In order to distract the attention of the garrison, he dispatched two small forces to make demonstrations against the place from different directions, while he, on the evening of November 6th, embarked nearly three thousand men in transports, and moved quietly down to within ten miles of Columbus, and tied up to the Kentucky shore. Two gun-boats, the Tyler

ABATIS.

and Lexington, accompanied them. The next morning at daylight they cast loose and floated down till almost within range of the guns of the fort, when they were swiftly towed over to the Missouri shore, and the troops landed. The cannon were pulled up the bank, and the columns started forward.

While Colonel Buford was detached to the right to move down on the enemy's camp, Grant moved directly forward till he came near the abatis, which

consisted of great piles of trees that had been felled, with their tops and limbs pointed outward and sharpened, making a tough net-work, through which troops, if they forced their way at all, would have to do it very slowly, and exposed all the time to a galling fire. In order to divert the fire of the guns of the fort from the troops, now in plain sight of the garrison, the two gun-boats advanced and attacked it. Grant and McClernand led in person the volunteers into the fire, and began to work their way onward. The garrison in the fort seeing what was going on ceased to fire on the gun-boats and sent shot and shell into Grant's advancing columns. The troops were raw—he had to set them an example of daring, and therefore threw himself into the thickest of the fight. The bullets whistled around him so thickly that it seemed impossible that he should not be struck, and at length his horse sunk under him, and he strode on foot at the head of his column. The new troops, under fire for the first time, and tangled in the fallen trees, began to show signs of discouragement, when a loud volley at the right showed that Buford was charging home on the enemy's rear. A loud hurra greeted the welcome sound, and the now thoroughly excited soldiers rushed on, and in a few minutes the astonished rebels found themselves about to be inclosed in a net, and broke for the woods, leaving tents and baggage behind. The victorious troops met in the open space, and made the air ring with their shouts. Grant ordered the torch to be applied to them, and in five minutes a sheet of flame wrapped the encampment, and a cloud of black smoke rolled heavenward. The garrison across the river, in Columbus, enraged at the sight, turned all their guns upon it, and shot and shell fell like hail on the spot.

Grant, seeing that the place could not be held under such a destructive fire, gave the order to fall back to the boats. But the retrograde movement had hardly commenced, when an officer dashed up to him and reported that the enemy had thrown a heavy force between him and the river, and his retreat was cut off. Exhibiting no surprise at the exciting news, he said, simply: "Well, if that is so, we must cut our way out, as we cut our way in." Coming in sight of the enemy, an officer expressed some fears about their being able to reach the river, and Grant replied in the same quiet, curt, confident manner: "We have whipped them once, and we can whip them again," and ordering the artillery to the front to clear a path, he moved straight for his transports, and reaching them, embarked his troops. In this short, fierce encounter he lost nearly three hundred men, while the enemy lost nearly double that number. Grant was delighted with the conduct of these new levies, as is shown in the following short order, issued after the battle:

HEAD-QUARTERS DISTRICT, S. C., MO.,
CAIRO, November 8th, 1861.

The General commanding this Military District returns his thanks to the troops under his command at the battle of Belmont on yesterday.

It has been his fortune to have been in all the battles fought in Mexico by Generals Scott and Taylor, except Buena Vista, and he never saw one more hotly contested, or where the troops behaved with more gallantry.

Such courage will insure victory wherever our flag may be borne and protected by such a class of men. To the brave men who fell, the sympathy of the country is due, and will be manifested in a manner unmistakable.

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Although the victory was complete, the apparent barrenness of results, deprived it of all eclat, and the public

expressed disappointment rather than pleasure over it. It was thought that the object of the expedition was to take Columbus, when it turned out that only a camp had been carried and immediately after abandoned to be occupied as before, while nearly three hundred men had been sacrificed. It was shown afterwards, however, that he simply executed the order of his superior, and accomplished all that had been expected of him.

It is pleasant to record, as illustrative of the man, that one of his first acts after the battle, was to write a full account of it to his father, closing with the following paragraph:

"There was no hasty retreating or running away. Taking into account the object of the expedition, the victory was complete. It has given confidence in the officers and men of this command, that will enable us to lead them in any future action without fear of the result. General McClernand (who, by the way, acted with great coolness and courage throughout) and myself each had our horses shot under us. Most of the field-officers met with the same loss, besides one-third of them being themselves killed or wounded. As near as can be ascertained, our loss was about two hundred and fifty killed and wounded."

Four days after this battle, Halleck was put over the Western Department in place of Fremont, and Grant's district, under the name of the Cairo district, included all the Southern part of Illinois, that portion of Kentucky west of the Cumberland River, and the southern counties of Missouri.

The battle took place in November, and he remained comparatively idle till midwinter, when, under the orders of Halleck, the "Cairo Expedition," as it was called, took place. Great mystery was observed in regard to it.

Nineteen regiments of infantry and six of cavalry, with five batteries, struck into the interior of the State, designed as it was supposed to attack Columbus, but it returned as quietly as it departed—the only achievement accomplished being the march of McClernand with 5,000 men over ice and snow and through mud for seventy-five miles, while the cavalry marched one hundred and forty. The object it is said was to keep the enemy from sending reinforcements to Bowling Green. But how a march through the country and back again without establishing and holding any posts accomplished this, does not appear. The only notable thing about it is the order of Grant, which, after giving the needed military instructions, refers to the habit of many of the Union troops of abusing the inhabitants of the country through which they passed, and wantonly destroying their property. He says:

"It is ordered that the severest punishment be inflicted upon every soldier who is guilty of taking or destroying private property, and any commissioned officer guilty of like conduct, or of countenancing it, shall be deprived of his sword, and expelled from the army, not to be permitted to return," etc.

His conduct in this respect stands out in bright contrast to that of many of the Union officers, who, looking on every man, woman and child in the seceded States as a rebel, considered the confiscation of property and abuse of all as pure patriotism.

CHAPTER III.

GRANT ASKS LEAVE TO ATTACK FORT HENRY—AN EXPEDITION ORGANIZED AGAINST IT—FOOTE CAPTURES IT WITH HIS GUN-BOATS BEFORE GRANT'S ARRIVAL—GREAT TRIUMPH—GRANT RESOLVES TO MOVE AGAINST FORT DONELSON—DESCRIPTION OF THE FORT—SUFFERING OF THE SOLDIERS FROM COLD—FOOTE ATTACKS THE FORT—TERRIBLE ARTILLERY FIGHT—THE GUN-BOATS BEATEN OFF AND FOOTE WOUNDED—GRANT LEFT ALONE—THE ENEMY RESOLVES TO CUT HIS WAY OUT—A DESPERATE ASSAULT—M'CLERNAND DRIVEN BACK—REINFORCED—GRANT HURRIES TO THE RESCUE—DESPERATE ASSAULT OF SMITH—HIS GALLANTRY—THE VICTORY—THE NIGHT—SINGULAR SCENE IN THE FORT—ESCAPE OF THE REBEL COMMANDERS—THE SABBATH MORNING—A FLAG OF TRUCE—THE SURRENDER—THE ARMY CONGRATULATED—A SCENE OF TERROR AT NASHVILLE—RESULTS OF THE VICTORY—GRANT CONGRATULATED AND MADE MAJOR-GENERAL—HALLECK'S SHAMEFUL PERSECUTION AND FALSEHOOD—IS COMPELLED TO BACK DOWN—GRANT GIVEN HIS OLD COMMAND—THE ARMY AT PITTSBURGH LANDING.

GRANT having learned that Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, was but slightly defended, and could be easily captured, asked Halleck for permission to organize an expedition against it. The latter, however, treated the proposal with contempt. But he soon learned that the Government had determined to attack not only this post, but also Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, the capture of which would not only open the road to Nashville and break the line of defense of the rebels running from Columbus to Richmond, but also completely flank Columbus.

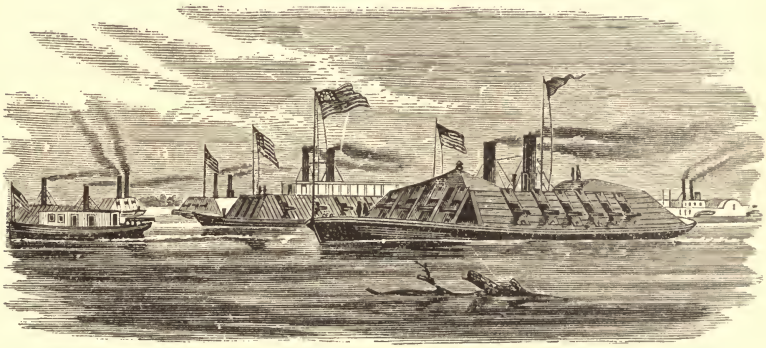
Although Sherman, in his memoirs, gives the credit of originating the plan for the capture of these forts to Halleck, he was, in fact, opposed to it. That plan had been discussed and maps made of the country early in the winter, in Washington, and Buell had been consulted upon the subject before he started West.

Foote, in the meantime, had been building a flotilla on

the Ohio, to be ready to move against Fort Columbus in the spring. This plan was now abandoned, and he was directed to move up the river with his gun-boats and attack the fort in front, while Grant marched by land and attacked it in the rear.

ANDREW H. FOOTE.

Foote set sail on the 6th of February, and laying his vessels alongside of the fort, opened fire upon it, while Grant marched his troops inland. But the recent rains had made the roads so muddy that his progress was slow. The heavy boom of Foote's guns echoing over the woods awakened the most intense anxiety, and he urged on his troops to their utmost speed. But while he was thus toiling forward the cannonading suddenly ceased. Sur-



FOOTE'S FLOTILLA.

prised at this, and fearing that the gun-boats had been beaten off, he sent forward an officer to ascertain the truth. He soon came galloping back, saying that our flag was flying above the fort. As the announcement

passed down the lines cheer after cheer made the welkin ring. Grant, with his staff, immediately spurred forward, and in a half an hour dashed into the fort. Tighman, with only sixty men, were found in the place, the rest having escaped and gone over to reinforce Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland.

Against this Grant now proposed to move. It was a bold and daring attempt, for, added to the strong works that had been thrown up there, and the heavy batteries defending them, its garrison of over twenty thousand men, was equal in number to the whole of Grant's army. The

INTERIOR OF FORT HENRY.

co-operation of the gun-boats, however, was expected to make up for any deficiency of numbers.

The fort stood near the river and its heavy guns completely swept the stream for a long distance. Back of it rose a series of hills, some of them a hundred feet high and very steep, which were crowned with strong works, the advance to which was obstructed, not only by the ruggedness of the ascent and broken character of the ground, but by long rows of trees which had been felled point downward and piled on top of each other. Foote,

who was to co-operate with him, did not arrive till after he reached it.

The night before his arrival (the 13th) was intensely cold, the thermometer reaching only ten degrees above zero. The soldiers, most of them, were without tents or blankets, and lay down on the frozen ground to get such rest as they could. There had been more or less skirmishing between the advanced posts and many killed and wounded. The moans of the latter, lying uncared for, loaded the wintry air, and added to the suffering and terrors of the night. The next morning Foote advanced to the attack, moving his gun-boats to within three hundred yards of the fort and opened his broadsides. This fearfully close range made the artillery fight the fiercest that had yet occurred during the war. The sound of the heavy shot striking on the iron sheathing, sounded like the blows of a thousand hammers smiting as many anvils. The gun-boats suffered terribly under this desolating fire, and one after another became crippled. At length a rifled cannon burst aboard one of the ships, doing great damage. The Commodore was wounded and fifty-four men killed and wounded, and the vessels so damaged that in an hour and a half, Foote was compelled to withdraw from the fight. From that moment the gun-boats were useless to Grant, and his situation became critical, and he surveyed with no little anxiety the task before him and the formidable obstacles that he now, unaided, must overcome.

Not only had scientific engineering made the best use of the broken nature of the ground, but two streams, one on either side, flowed into the river, rendering a flank movement almost impossible.

Grant now resolved to invest the place so that the garrison could not escape, when he made his final assault, which he determined should be successful.

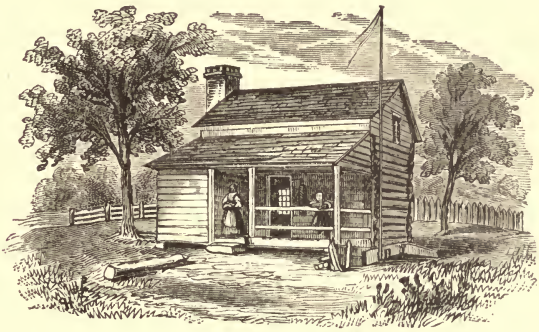
McClernand with three brigades was sent to the south to rest on the river, or as near it as the flooded ground would permit, to prevent escape in that direction; while General Smith did the same thing with his division below the fort. The rest of the army stretched in a semi-circle two miles long, between these two divisions around the works, thus inclosing them. Floyd commanded the fort, with Buckner and Pillow under him.

Finding themselves thus cooped up, they held a council of war and decided that it would not do to sit down and wait till Foote repaired his boats; in short, it was plain they had got to cut their way out or be starved into a surrender. They had depended on the river for supplies, but this was cut off, or soon would be, while they could not forage through Grant's lines. They therefore determined to throw themselves in one desperate assault on McClernand's lines, cutting their way out, and retreat south to Nashville. Saturday morning was fixed upon as the time to make the attempt.

Fortune seemed to favor them, for Grant on that critical morning was on board the flag-ship, consulting with Foote respecting their future movements. The rebel plan was to have the real attack on McClernand's division to open the way to the south, while a feigned one should be directed against the centre to distract attention and prevent reinforcements being sent to McClernand.

Pillow, at the head of several thousand troops, and preceded by three batteries, moved without beat of drum quietly out of the works, and fell like an avalanche on McClernand's division. Unfortunately, it had erected no breastworks, while the broken country, covered with woods and underbrush, made it impossible to detect the movements of the enemy. Wallace was posted next to McClernand, on a high ridge, and when the fierce can-

nonade burst upon his ears he did not know what it meant. McClernand, after bearing up awhile against the overwhelming force, at last sent off a staff officer in desperate haste to him for help. But Wallace's orders were to hold the position he occupied, and he hurried off an officer to head-quarters for instructions from Grant.



GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

But the latter had gone to see Foote, so the messenger kept on to the river.

McClernand, wondering why Wallace did not send help, dispatched another officer in hot haste with a still more urgent request for immediate help, or he would be overwhelmed. Wallace sat on his horse listening with a beating heart to the loud explosions that incessantly burst out of the woods, and seeing, by the receding thunder, that McClernand's right flank was turned, could wait no londer to hear from Grant, and hurried off Croft with a brigade to his help. The next moment a crowd of flying fugitives burst into view, while an officer dashed by, on a headlong gallop, crying: "We are all cut to pieces." Croft at once moved forward and formed a new line of battle with his troops, behind which the fugitives could rally. He was scarcely in position before the excited, victorious enemy was upon him. But he met the

shock firmly, and a terrible conflict ensued. Hand-to-hand fights over batteries, shouts and curses, mingled with the perpetual crash of small arms and thunder bursts of artillery, great columns of smoke rolling up the wintry heavens, crowds of fugitives filling the roads and dotting the fields, made that February morning as wild a morning as the sun ever shone upon.

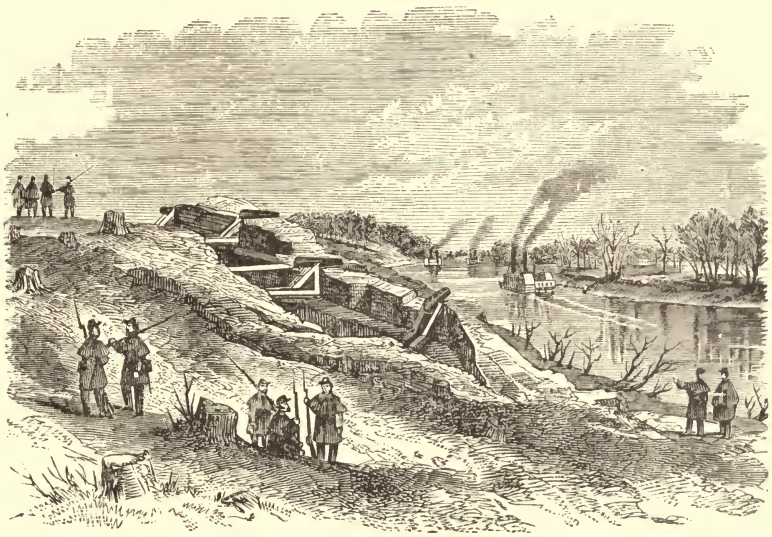
Grant, on board of Foote's flag-vessel, was startled by the early cannonading that shook the river, and hastened ashore, and mounting his horse rode back toward the lines. While pressing forward he suddenly saw an officer tearing down the road toward him. His message was brief and startling enough. But Grant, instead of being alarmed at the state of things reported to him, told General Smith, commanding the division that rested on the river below the fort, to prepare for a general assault of the enemy's works, and galloped on toward the spot where the heavy thunder of cannon and rolling volleys of musketry told that a doubtful combat was raging. As he approached the scene of conflict he saw the field covered with flying men, his line of battle disordered, his best troops demoralized, the field covered with the dead and wounded, ammunition gone, and no longer a steadfast front of battle presented to the enemy.

To an ordinary commander this disordered, frightful state of things would have suggested an immediate retreat, but to him it suggested anything else. Although the confusion was frightful and the demoralization of the forces apparently complete, yet to his practiced ear it was plain that the enemy had exhausted his strength, delivered his strongest and last blow, and with the sudden inspiration of true military genius, he saw that the moment had arrived not to retreat, but to assume a bold offensive,

and instead of moving forward to the right to restore order and organize a broken army, he galloped back to Smith down the river and ordered him to move at once on the enemy's works in front of him.

With that sudden inspiration that has won so many battles, he perceived that the enemy had concentrated all his force on McClernand's division to the south, and hence was weak at this point down the river.

But in the meantime to make this sudden movement more successful, he ordered McClernand to reorganize his disordered columns and resume the offensive, and



WATER BATTERY.

marching back over the field covered with his own dead and wounded, move boldly on the enemy's works. Wallace was directed to command the assaulting columns, and told the two brigades that composed them, that desperate work was before them. The ringing cheer that responded to this announcement assured him that he need have no fear of them, and they started on a run for

the works from which they had in the morning been rolled back with such slaughter.

In the meantime, Smith down the river was in motion. Right in front of him was an isolated hill crowned with a heavy battery and strongly intrenched. Its natural formation and position made it a key to the fort. Once occupied by the Union forces and planted with Union batteries, the fort was wholly uncovered, and shot and shell could be rained into it with such destructive effect, that no troops could maintain their position there. To carry this, therefore, was the great object. If accomplished, the fate of the fort was decided. Smith saw clearly the situation and understood perfectly what the result would be if that hill was taken and held, and he determined to carry it if human daring could do it. Ordering a body of troops to the right, as though the ascent was to be made there, he took three picked regiments, the Second and Seventh Iowa and Fifty-seventh Indiana, and forming them into a storming column and riding to their head, gave the order to advance.

There was to be no firing till the last moment. Any delay was defeat, and riding at their head with his cap lifted on his sword, that was to be like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, the oriflamme of that day, he pressed straight up the heights—the brave column taking the desolating fire that smote it without flinching and without wavering. Closing the rent ranks, the living stepping where the dead fell, they strained forward until the summit was at last reached; and then, for the first time, the gleaming barrels were brought to a level and a sheet of fire swept over the intrenchments, and the next moment, with a loud and ringing cheer, they sprang upon the ramparts, and rolled like a sudden inundation over them, and before the smoke of their deadly volley had fairly

cleared away, the Stars and Stripes were fluttering upon them, while shout after shout went up from the blood-stained summit, sending dismay into the fort below.

Darkness now fell on the field, and the uproar and tumult that had lasted from early dawn ceased, and the silence that rested on the leafless wood was broken only by the groans of the wounded and the heavy rumbling of ambulances over the frozen field. Smith and his gallant troops lay down beside their arms on the frozen ground, now crimsoned with blood, while Grant snatched a few hours of repose in a negro hut near by. All awaited anxiously the dawning of the next morning, for they well knew it would bring the decisive hour.

But while quiet reigned in the encampment a singular scene was passing in the fort. Floyd had summoned his officers to a council of war. Buckner, an accomplished officer, whose troops would be the first to feel the fire of Smith's guns, declared that he could not hold out a half an hour after the attack commenced. Floyd then said he should leave his troops to their fate and escape; Pillow said he should go too, and so the chivalrous commander-in-chief turned over the command to Pillow, who, in turn, transferred it to Buckner. The former then took two steamers, and as many men as could be crowded into them, and amid the cursing and jeers of officers and men, steamed off for Nashville. Pillow escaped on a hand flat, while Colonel Forest, with his cavalry, forded the wintry stream and made off after them. It was intensely cold, and many were frozen to death. In all, about three thousand got off.

The roll of the drum, in the morning, called the tired sleepers from their frozen bed, and to the right and left preparations began for the final assault. It was a sublime spectacle to see those raw recruits, most of them

just from their comfortable homes, after three days' exposure to cold, and snow, and storm, without fire or shelter, and the last day to the fierce onsets of the enemy, on this cold Sabbath morning, take their places sternly in the ranks, ready to make the last desperate assault on the enemy's works. But just before the order to move was given there arose out of the enemy's works the shrill notes of a bugle, and then a white flag waved above them. Instead of the deadly encounter and the desperate struggle, there was the sign of bloodless victory. As the troops caught sight of it there went up a long, loud cheer that, taken up regiment by regiment, traveled along the lines till, for two miles, the wintry heavens rung with glad echoes, more exulting and joyful than the sound of Sabbath bells pealing far away over the land. In a short time an officer from Buckner arrived with proposals for an armistice to settle the terms of capitulation. But Grant wanted no armistice. He knew his advantage; besides, his blood was up, for more than two thousand of his brave soldiers had been stretched upon the frozen field, and he replied: "No terms but unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. *I propose to move immediately upon your works.*"

Buckner saw that postponement or arrangements of any kind to lessen his mortification was out of the question, and he hastened to send back the following message:

"The disposition of the forces under my command, incident to the change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms yesterday, compel me to accept the ungenerous and unchivalric terms you propose."

Grant did not trouble himself about the "chivalry" of

the matter, but mounted his horse and rode direct to the head-quarters of Buckner, and told him that he had no desire to humiliate his troops, and that the officers might retain their side-arms and personal baggage, but that all the public property must be turned over to the Government. Grant and Buckner had been schoolmates at West Point and comrades in the army, and the formalities of the capitulation being settled, were once more on their old friendly footing. Nearly fifteen thousand prisoners fell into our hands, which, with twenty-five hundred killed and wounded, and the four thousand or five thousand that escaped, made the garrison, as before stated, over twenty thousand strong.

Grant, when he started for the fort, had about the same number, but reinforcements kept arriving rapidly, so that on this Sabbath morning he could have put 27,000 men in the field. But he had only eight light batteries with him when he started from Fort Henry, while sixty-five guns defended the rebel works which fell into our hands. It was a great victory, and won without the aid of the gunboats, against terrible odds, by the valor of our troops alone. It was the first real success of the war, and electrified the nation, and letters of congratulation came pouring in to Grant. He himself felt elated, and issued the following spirited order to the army:

HEAD-QUARTERS, DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE,
FORT DONELSON, February 17th, 1862.

The General commanding takes great pleasure in congratulating the troops of this command for the triumph over rebellion gained by their valor, on the 13th, 14th and 15th instant.

For four successive nights, without shelter, during the most inclement weather known in this latitude, they faced an enemy in large force, in a position chosen by himself. Though strongly fortified by nature, all the additional safeguards suggested by science were added. Without a murmur this was borne, prepared at all times to receive an

THE SURRENDER OF FORT DONELSON

attack, and with continuous skirmishing by day, resulting ultimately in forcing the enemy to surrender without condition.

The victory achieved is not only great in the effect it will have in breaking down rebellion, but has secured the greatest number of prisoners of war ever taken in any battle on this continent.

Fort Donelson will hereafter be marked in capitals on the map of our united country, and the men who fought the battle will live in the memory of a grateful people. By order,

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

The capture of the fort left an open road to Nashville, and the announcement of its capture fell like a thunderbolt on the astonished citizens. The last news that reached the city promised victory, and hence the utter defeat was the more appalling. The church bells that morning sounded more joyful than usual over the anticipated triumph, and worshipers thronged the sanctuary with glad and thankful hearts. But the day closed in gloom and darkness, and terror seized the inhabitants. Excited men rushed hither and thither, carts and wagons were loaded with furniture, and such as could, fled southward as though the approach of the Union troops was to be the signal of a general massacre. All law and order disappeared, and an indiscriminate pillage commenced; and for twenty-four hours the city was given over to a wild and lawless mob. Not only did Nashville and Bowling Green—two great rebel centres—fall with Fort Donelson, but Columbus, that great stronghold, became uncovered and indefensible, and thus the long line of defense, stretching from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, was broken through, and the series of conquests started that ended in the capture of Vicksburg and the entire overthrow of the rebel army west of the Alleghanies.

We said that congratulatory letters were poured into General Grant for this great victory, but none came from

his commander, Halleck. This man, who was never anything but a martinet, not only refrained from complimenting him, but from some unaccountable freak of temper attempted to destroy his reputation. He telegraphed to Washington: "Smith, by his coolness and bravery at Fort Donelson, when the battle was against us, turned the tide and carried the enemy's outworks. Make him a Major-General. You can't get a better one. Honor him for the victory, and the whole country will applaud." The Secretary of War, however, took a different view of the matter, and instead, recommended Grant for this grade, and the Senate confirmed it the same day that Halleck's telegram was dated. Nor did his petty jealousy and hostility end here. On the 3d of March, without a syllable of previous explanation or intimation to Grant, Halleck sent the following dispatch to the General-in-Chief, at Washington: "I have had no communication with General Grant for more than a week. He left his command without my authority, and went to Nashville. His army seems to be as much demoralized by the victory of Fort Donelson as was that of the Potomac by the defeat of Bull Run. It is hard to censure a successful general immediately after a victory, but I think he richly deserves it. I can get no returns, no reports, no information of any kind from him. Satisfied with his victory, he sits down and enjoys it, without any regard to the future. I am worn out and tired by this neglect and inefficiency. C. F. Smith is almost the only officer equal to the emergency." The next day, having probably received authority from Washington, he telegraphed to Grant: "You will place Major-General C. F. Smith in command of expedition, and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and position of your command?"

Grant replied on the 5th: "Your dispatch of yesterday is just received. Troops will be sent under command of Major-General Smith, as directed. I had prepared a different plan, intending General Smith to command the forces which should go to Paris and Humboldt, while I would command the expedition upon Eastport, Corinth and Jackson, in person. . . . I am not aware of ever having disobeyed any order from your head-quarters—certainly never intended such a thing. I have reported almost daily the condition of my command, and reported every position occupied. . . . . In conclusion, I will say that you may rely on my carrying out your instructions in every particular to the best of my ability."

A few days later Halleck sent the following astounding dispatch to Grant:

"General McClellan directs that you report to me daily the number and position of the forces under your command. Your neglect of repeated orders to report the strength of your command has created great dissatisfaction, and seriously interfered with military plans. Your going to Nashville without authority, and when your presence with your troops was of the utmost importance, was a matter of very serious complaint at Washington, so much so that I was advised to arrest you on your return."

In reply, Grant vindicated his course, denied every one of the allegations of Halleck, and finally said: "There is such a disposition to find fault with me, that I again ask to be relieved from duty until I can be placed right in the estimation of those higher in authority."

But Halleck now found that in his jealousy, envy or childish petulance, he had gone too far, for when he received explicit orders from Washington to state fully in detail and definitely the crimes of which Grant had

been guilty, he backed down, and wrote to the Government that Grant had satisfactorily explained everything.

There is great reason to believe that the statement that McClellan had ordered him to be put under arrest was a pure fabrication, for no such order was ever on file in the War Department, and Stanton declared he had never heard of such an order being given. How far he might have carried this contemptible persecution, had he not received orders to put his complaints in the form of open charges, and the declaration of Grant that he should demand a court-martial, it is impossible to say. But it was evident, from the complete change of tone toward Grant, and flattering declaration in a letter, which he now wrote him, that he could not dispense with his valuable services in the field, that he was extremely anxious to hush the matter up. A court-martial would have placed him in such a light that public indignation would have demanded his own removal. To have attempted to disgrace the first general who had won the first great victory could not but react on him. Halleck's representation to the Government stopped further inquiries from that source, while his apologetic, and flattering, and dissimulating letters to Grant made the latter recall his request to be relieved from duty till his case could be investigated by the proper authorities, and on the 17th he was given again his old command, and took up his head-quarters at Savannah. From here he wrote to Sherman, saying: "I have just arrived, and although sick for the last two weeks, begin to feel better at the thought of being again with my troops."

CHAPTER V.

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

POSITION OF THE TWO ARMIES—GREAT CARELESSNESS—THE SUDDEN ATTACK—THE UNION FORCES BEATEN BACK—PRISONERS AND CANNON TAKEN—GRANT HURRIES TO THE FIELD—A DISHEARTENING SPECTACLE—ARRIVAL OF BUELL—A GLOOMY PROSPECT—FIRING OF THE GUN-BOATS—A HALT ORDERED—A TERRIBLE NIGHT—THE NEXT MORNING—THE ENEMY FORCED BACK—GALLANT ACT OF GRANT—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN BEAUREGARD AND GRANT—THE FIELD OF BATTLE NEXT DAY—BURIAL OF THE DEAD—GRANT IN DISGRACE—CHARGES AGAINST HIM—HALLECK TAKES COMMAND IN PERSON—HIS SLOW PROGRESS—CONTEMPTUOUS TREATMENT OF GRANT—HIS FAILURE—ATTEMPTS TO DEPRIVE GRANT OF HIS COMMAND ENTIRELY—HIS RESTORATION—HIS ORDER—THREATS AGAINST HIM—ROSENCRANZ AT IUKA AND CORINTH.

THE rebel forces being concentrated at Corinth and the Union forces posted at Pittsburgh Landing, the opposing armies were in such close proximity that either side could bring on a battle in a few hours. Buell, with his division, was marching across the country from Nashville to join Grant, who was ordered by Halleck to avoid an engagement till he came up. His arrival being almost hourly expected, the different divisions, that were some three miles out from the river, threw up no breastworks, did not even take the precaution to fell trees in front of their positions. The ground had been admirably selected, and, with proper defenses in front, could have been held against a vastly superior force. Two creeks, about three miles apart, emptied into the river at nearly right angles with it, which protected the right and left wings of the army. About three miles out, another, called Owl Creek, flowed north, emptying into Snake Creek, which protected the right

flank. Behind this, a large part of the army was stationed. As it was heavily flooded, it furnished for a large part of

PITTSBURGH LANDING.

the interval between the two creeks an admirable defense in front. The other creeks also being flooded, made a flank movement exceedingly difficult, and necessitated a front attack. Sherman was the farthest out, and was located near a a log church, known as the "Shiloh Meeting-house," his division stretching directly across the road. Next came McClernand, and then Prentiss and Hurlbert, and last Wallace to the right of Sherman, in all 35,000 men. Such was the position on Sunday morning, the 6th of April.

SHILOH MEETING-HOUSE.

Grant, seven miles away, at Savannah, was preparing to ride out in the country and meet and hurry up Buell's troops, when his ear was greeted by a tremendous burst of artillery—the shock had come. General Albert Sydney Johnston, in command of the rebel forces, 40,000 strong, had left Corinth three days before without the knowledge of our generals, and at daybreak fell with the suddenness of a thunderbolt upon our extended lines. The first blow fell on Prentiss and scattered his men like chaff. In a short time he was surrounded, and, with 3,000 men, surrendered. Sherman caught it next, and his raw troops recoiled before the furious onset. Other divisions were brought up, and gallant stands were made and heroic fighting done, but our whole line was pushed back and ready to rend asunder.

Grant, who at first thought that the firing was between some skirmishing parties, soon found, by the rapid, and continuous, and heavy roar of artillery, that the two armies were engaged, hastened to a steamboat and hurried up to the field. As he drew near the landing the roll of artillery and crash of small arms, evidently drawing near the river, filled him with the deepest anxiety. As he spurred up the bank the crowd of fugitives swarming the road confirmed his worst fears—his army was being forced back toward the river. Instantly sending off an aid to Crump's Landing, five miles distant, to hurry up Wallace's division, and another across the river to Nelson, commanding Buell's advance, to march with all speed, he rode into the midst of the fight. Patches of wood here and there shut out portions of the field, and he could judge of the condition of things only by reports, and these were confused and contradictory. The truth was there was no plan of battle, it was simply a desperate effort to keep from being overwhelmed.

GRANT AND SHERMAN AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

The enemy pressed their advantage so furiously that the line was steadily forced back, while the ground was strewn with the dead and wounded. They had taken a great number of prisoners, captured three batteries and carried three encampments with all they contained, before eleven o'clock. At this rate, by sundown, Grant's army would entirely disappear. He saw the peril, and dispatched officers off after Buell's division, with the most urgent request to hurry its march. Boats were already on the other side of the river to ferry over the troops, toward which his eyes constantly turned with painful solicitude. To add to his anxiety, Wallace's division at Crump's Landing, although in full hearing of the terrific cannonading, strangely lost its way and never reached the battle-field at all. Noon came, and still no reinforcements arrived, and the conflict raging as furious as ever, and the bleeding and decimated line still reeling back toward the river. Grant and his officers made almost superhuman efforts to hold their ground till help should arrive, for if once crowded to the bank of the river the fate of the army was sealed. Johnston in the meantime had fallen, and Beauregard assumed command, and swore that his steed should drink that night of the waters of the Tennessee. This boast, to all human appearance, would prove true. Buell's troops were not in sight, and it was plain they could not arrive to take part in that day's battle, and as the sun slowly moved down the western sky, the prospect grew gloomier and gloomier. There seemed to be but one hope left—that when the exultant foe got near the river, where, under ordinary circumstances, the long and bitter conflict would end, the two gun-boats with their heavy metal might arrest him.

But in the meantime Buell had arrived at Savannah, Grant's head-quarters, and there hearing of his departure

for Pittsburgh Landing and that a great battle was going on there, hurried down the river. As he landed and spurred up the bluff, the sight that met his gaze was appalling. There seemed nothing but a broken, fugitive army, whose only safety lay in getting across the river, and he asked Grant what provisions he had made for the transport of his army. The latter replied: "None; I don't despair of whipping them yet." He calculated that the stubborn resistance that the enemy had met with had nearly exhausted his energy, and the time was near at hand when, the force of the blow being spent, he could rally his troops and assume the offensive. If the troops had all been like him, this would have been possible—*he* could never be demoralized by reverses, could never reach a point when he could not turn and fight, but he was dreadfully mistaken, if he supposed he could ever rally these raw, undisciplined and thoroughly whipped troops into any effort beyond dogged resistance for self-preservation. As the sun went down over the western forest, and evening drew on, it seemed that the last hope was gone. Buell was in despair, for it apparently needed but one more effort of the enemy and the army would stand uncovered on the banks of the river, with nothing left to do but surrender. But at this critical moment the gun-boats began to heave their enormous shells into the rebel ranks, while Webster, gathering together some heavy guns, established a semicircular battery that opened with such a horrible fire on the enemy, that their onward movement was arrested.

This sudden volcano opening in the faces of the thoroughly exhausted troops, which had now been fighting without a moment's rest since daybreak, and the horrible screech of the shells from the gun-boats, the unearthly sound of which produced greater terror than

damage, caused Beauregard to order a halt till morning. There can be little doubt but that one supreme effort at this moment would have hurled the Union army into the Tennessee. Whether they were capable of making it is very doubtful, especially as both Grant and Beauregard said afterward they were not. Southern writers have blamed the latter for halting as he did; but human effort has its limit, beyond which, no matter how great the stake at issue, it cannot go. The extent of human endurance is a very important factor in any calculation of results to be accomplished, and yet the last one ever considered by mere spectators, who see only what momentous consequences are depending on one more great effort. Both armies, in the long, incessant, tremendous struggle of that day had done their utmost, and were glad to lie down on the field where the last onset was made and the last shot fired, to rest. No attempt was made to care for the wounded. They lay by thousands along the road, in the fields and scattered through the woods, loading the air with their moans and cries for help, while around and above them shrieked and burst the ponderous shells from the gun-boats, making the night hideous and setting the woods on fire, that blazed up in the darkness like a great funeral pyre, and added tenfold wildness to the scene. Added to all, the wind arose, fanning the flames into greater fury, and at length the rain came down in torrents, drenching the dead, and dying, and sleeping soldiers alike. To the wounded, burning with thirst, it was a great boon. The agony of the mighty multitudes that lay gasping and dying on the bloody, trampled field all that night, none but the God who witnessed it will ever know. Amid this driving storm Grant rode from division to division, visiting the several commanders and giving orders to commence the battle at daybreak, and

leaving no reserves, throw their whole weight on the enemy.

About midnight he rode back to the landing, drenched to the skin, and stretching himself on the ground, with a stump for a pillow, sought a few hours' rest.

Nelson's division had been ferried over the river before the battle ceased the night before, and taken up a position to aid the hard-pressed army. All night long Buell's troops were being ferried across, and before daylight at least twenty thousand fresh and well-disciplined troops formed a new line of battle in front of Grant's shattered army. The losses on both sides the day before had been frightful, so that Beauregard, out of the 40,000 with which he commenced the attack the previous morning, could bring but 20,000 into the field, while Grant's own force was still less.

The storm had broken with the night, and the April morning dawned sweet and tranquil, but the trampled ground was wet and miry and the woods dripping with rain-drops. Soon the sharp rattle of musketry from the skirmish lines told that the fierce conflict of the day before was begun again. Then the heavy roll of artillery shook the banks of the Tennessee, and the order forward rang along the lines. The long, swinging, confident tread of Buell's soldiers was in marked contrast to the irregular marching of Grant's troops, and the steady ranks moved with the precision of soldiers on parade into the enemy's fire. Beauregard strove desperately not to lose the results of the great victory he had gained, and his troops seconded his efforts gallantly. It was hard to give up what had been won with such terrible sacrifice of life and blood. But they could, after the disastrous losses of the day before, bring into the field but little more than half as many men as Grant, a large portion of whom were

comparatively fresh. Buell handled his troops splendidly, and the three miles of our encampment that had been swept with such a storm the day before were steadily recovered, and the enemy was pressed so hard that he at length turned and retreated to Corinth. Grant wished to press after in hot pursuit, but Buell said that his troops had made a forced march the day before and most of them been all night in crossing the river, and were too jaded to chase a flying enemy, and the recall was sounded and the tired columns prepared to bivouac for the night.

PICKETS ON DUTY.

Grant watched the progress of the battle with the deepest anxiety, and, stung by the punishment he had received the day before, strove desperately to break the enemy's lines and close the day's victory with a rout. But the rebel troops were handled with so much skill and fought so stubbornly, that though overwhelmed by our fire and forced to yield, they fell back step by step.

"Near the close of the day, Grant met the First Ohio Regiment marching toward the northern part of the field, and immediately in front of a position which it was important to take at that particular juncture; another regiment to the left was fighting hard, but about to yield—had, in fact, given way. Grant saw the emergency, and instantly halted the passing force on the brow of a hill, the enemy lying in a wood at its base; he changed the direction of the First Ohio, and himself ordered it to charge, in support of the yielding battalion. The men recognized their leader, and obeyed with enthusiasm, and Grant rode along with them in the line of battle, as much exposed as any private in the ranks. The retreating troops on the left took courage at this sight; they stopped their backward movement, closed up their wavering ranks with cheers, and the two regiments swept the enemy at once from the coveted spot, thus capturing one of the last important positions in the battle of Shiloh."*

It seems to be a standing rule among military men never to admit they are fairly whipped in a straightforward, manly way; but there are always some unforeseen, unexpected circumstances that compel them to yield what was not legitimately won. So Beauregard, the next day, wishing to bury his dead, thought fit to accompany his request to do so with an intimation that he did not yield the battle-field from necessity, but from prudence. This is his letter to Grant:

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
Monday, April 8th, 1862.

SIR:—At the close of the conflict yesterday, my forces being exhausted by the extraordinary length of time during which they were engaged with yours on that and the preceding day, and it being apparent that you had received and were still receiving reinforcements, I

* Colonel Baleau.

felt it my duty to withdraw my troops from the immediate scene of conflict.

Under these circumstances, in accordance with usages of war, I shall transmit this under a flag of truce, to ask permission to send a mounted party to the battle-field of Shiloh, for the purpose of giving decent interment to my dead.

Certain gentlemen wishing to avail themselves of this to remove the remains of their sons and friends, I must request for them the privilege of accompanying the burial party; and in this connection, I deem it proper to say, I am only asking what I have extended to your own countrymen, under similar circumstances.

General, respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

To Major-General U. S. GRANT, commanding United States forces near Pittsburgh, Tenn.

To this Grant replied in a short note, saying, that owing to the extreme warm weather, he had the day before detailed a heavy force to bury the dead of both armies, hence there was no reason for granting his request, and closing with, "I shall always be glad to extend any courtesy consistent with duty, and especially so when dictated by humanity."

The burial of the dead was toilsome work, and to those volunteers, fresh from their peaceful vocations, a sad one. They lay by thousands over the trampled ground, the two uniforms in about equal proportion—here the bodies lying in line where they fell in the ranks, and there in heaps where there had been a desperate struggle over a battery, while among them were scattered thousands of wounded, unable to move. It was a ghastly spectacle, and contrasted strongly with the sublime heroism and gallantry of the day before. Our loss was the greatest, being a little over twelve thousand, while that of the enemy was not quite eleven thousand. This was a large proportion for both armies, and shows that the fighting

was close and desperate, more so than in almost any battle during the war.

The shouts with which the first news of the repulse of the enemy was received was soon changed into bitter recriminations. It was a barren victory, nay, almost a disastrous defeat, said the press, and not only was Grant's military but personal character assailed. It was asserted that he was intoxicated on the field, and unfit to command the army. The West was especially loud in its outcry, and Congressmen and politicians urged the President to remove him from command, and but for the noble and determined defense of him by Washburne, their request would have been granted and this hero of the war been heard of no more. As it was, though left nominally in command of the West District of Tennessee, his army was broken up into the right wing, commanded by Thomas and McClernand, and hence, under their orders, which were often sent to Grant's subordinates instead of to him, thus ignoring him altogether. But the latter uttered no complaint, leaving it to time to set things right.

REMOVING THE WOUNDED.

Halleck now took the field in person, determined to show both Grant and the country how war should be conducted, and began to advance toward Corinth. He had under him 120,000 soldiers. Had Grant been at the head of this mighty army, he would have been in Corinth in a week, while it took Halleck six weeks to go fifteen miles. Grant, in the meanwhile, took little part in

what was going on. His position in the army was a painful one, for he knew he was regarded by the officers as in disgrace. He felt it deeply, but uttered no complaint, performing whatever duties were imposed on him with promptness, yet with a heavy heart. But he clearly foresaw that Halleck's mode of conducting a campaign would never end the war. He built defenses only to leave them, evidently intending to dig his way into Corinth. Grant, as well as the commanding officers, chafed under this tardy advance, believing that Beauregard would take advantage of his dilatory movement to evacuate the place and carry off everything of value with him. He, however, kept silent, except in a single instance, when the probability of Beauregard's evacuating Corinth was under discussion at Halleck's head-quarters. He had carefully noted the movements and position of the enemy, and remarked that he believed if a vigorous attack was made on the extreme right of the enemy's line, it could be easily carried, when the victorious columns could wheel to the left and sweep the entire works. But Halleck ridiculed the idea, and very haughtily intimated that it would be time for him to give his opinion when asked to do so. Grant, after that, said no more, but quietly looked on while Halleck should exhibit to the world what a martinet he was. At length, on the 30th of May, he announced that the enemy was about to attack the left, and the vast army was drawn up in line of battle, and waited in silence for the momentous assault, but none came. At last, on closer inspection, it was discovered that the imposing works were empty of both men and guns, and the disgusted army marched into the quiet little town and took possession of it. Grant immediately rode over to the point where he told Halleck an assault could be successfully made and found

his conjectures true. The works were weak there, and could have been easily carried and Beauregard's army demolished.

Halleck had built miles of roads and intrenchments to avoid being surprised by Beauregard, and was surprised most of all to find that he never intended to attack him, but when the proper time came, quietly to retire. Thus this mighty movement, which was to wipe out the remembrance of Shiloh and overthrow the rebel army, turned out a miserable farce, and the great army was broken up and distributed to different points.

In July, Halleck was called to Washington as com-

CORINTH AFTER THE EVACUATION.

mander-in-chief of all the armies, to repeat on a grander scale the blunders which, it seems, recommended him to the Government for that responsible position.

He signaled his departure by offering to Colonel Allen, a quartermaster, the command of the Army of Tennessee, in place of Grant, but he had the good sense to refuse it. It was a fitting close to his total failure as commander of the Western District to attempt still further to degrade the only man who had redeemed his administration of affairs from utter contempt. A kind Providence prevented him from further efforts to check the upward career of a man who was soon to occupy his place and

shed lustre on the country that delighted to do him honor.

Grant retained his command, and established his headquarters at Corinth, where, for two months, he was occupied entirely in protecting the railroad running from that place to Bolivar and Columbus. He issued an order while here to employ fugitive slaves, that were constantly escaping to his lines, in any way in which they could be made useful.

Memphis being captured by our gun-boats, fell under his command, and the inhabitants, by maintaining a constant communication with the Confederates, kept them informed of all his movements. This at last became so intolerable that he issued the following order:

> The families now residing in the city of Memphis of the following persons, are required to move south beyond the lines within five days of the date hereof:
>
> *First.* All persons holding commissions in the so-called Confederate army, or who have voluntarily enlisted in said army, or who accompany and are connected with the same.
>
> *Second.* All persons holding office under or in the employ of the so-called Confederate Government.
>
> *Third.* All persons holding State, county or municipal offices, who claim allegiance to said so-called Confederate Government, and who have abandoned their families and gone South.
>
> Safe conduct will be given to the parties hereby required to leave, upon application to the Provost-Marshal of Memphis.
>
> By command of Major-General GRANT.

But that it might not act oppressively on innocent persons, he directed that all those should be exempt from the sweeping effect of this order who would sign a paper stating that they never had given, and never would, while he occupied Memphis, give any information or encouragement to the Confederate army, or in any way conspire against the Federal Government. He also

suspended for awhile the *Avalanche*, for its treasonable course. This order awakened the deepest indignation, and all sorts of threats were made against him, of which the following is a fair sample:

U. S. GRANT: *Sir*—We have seen your infamous and fiendish proclamation. It is characteristic of your infernal policy. . . . We had hoped that this war would be conducted upon the principles recognized by civilized nations. But you have seen fit to ignore all the rules of civilized warfare, and resort to means which ought to and would make half-civilized nations blush. If you attempt to carry out your threat against the property of citizens, we will make you rue the day you issued your dastardly proclamation. If we can't act on the principle of *lex talionis*, in regard to private property, we will visit summary vengeance upon your men. You call us guerrillas, which you know is false. We are recognized by our Government; and it was us who attacked your wagons at Morning Sun. We have twenty-three men of yours, and, as soon as you carry out your threat against the citizens of the vicinity of Morning Sun, your Hessians will pay for it. You shall conduct this war upon proper principles. We intend to force you to do it. If you intend to make this a war of extermination, you will please inform us of it at the earliest convenience. We are ready, and more than willing, to raise the "black flag." There are 2,000 partisans who have sworn to retaliate. If you do not retract your proclamation, you may expect to have scenes of the most bloody character. We all remember the manner in which your vandal soldiers put to death Mr. Owens, of Missouri. Henceforth our motto shall be, Blood for blood, and blood for property. We intend, by the help of God, to hang on the outskirts of your rabble, like lightning around the edge of a cloud.

We don't intend this as a threat, but simply as a warning of what we intend to do in case you pursue your disgraceful and nefarious policy toward our citizens, as marked out in your letter of recent date, Respectfully,

GEO. R. MERRITT.

He strengthened the works around Corinth, which, at a later day saved it from being captured when occupied by Rosencranz, and made his own head-quarters at

Jackson. In the meantime Price and Van Dorn kept him constantly on the alert, the former having pounced suddenly upon Iuka and captured it before Murphy, in command there, could offer any resistance. Rosencranz and Ord were sent out against them with some eight thousand men, but owing to the information given the rebel leaders by Confederate spies, they failed to inflict any heavy damage on the enemy, and the army of Price, that Grant felt confident of destroying, got off with little loss. They afterward formed a junction of their forces, and attacked Rosencranz on the 3d of October. Although the latter had only about half the force of the enemy, he not only resisted all their efforts to take Corinth, which Grant's precaution had rendered almost invulnerable, but were so broken and shattered, that they ceased to cause him anxiety.

Seeing his department relieved from all immediate danger, and having received large reinforcements, he now planned a campaign against Vicksburg to reduce it. This was an herculean task, and if once accomplished, would be the most decisive blow yet struck against the Confederacy.

CHAPTER VI.

VICKSBURG IMPREGNABLE—GRANT AND HALLECK—GRANT NEARLY SUPERSEDED BY M'CLERNAND—CUT OFF FROM HIS BASE OF SUPPLIES—A USEFUL LESSON NOT TAUGHT IN THE SCHOOLS—GRANT RESOLVES TO TAKE VICKSBURG—UNHEALTHY ENCAMPMENT—ENLARGING AN OLD CANAL—GRANT HAS NO CONFIDENCE IN IT—A GOVERNMENT SCHEME—A DISASTER—THE ENEMY JUBILANT—A NEW PLAN—ITS FAILURE—A THIRD PLAN TO GET IN REAR OF VICKSBURG—WILSON'S EXPEDITION—HARD WORK—A SECOND FAILURE—A FOURTH EXPEDITION, COMMANDED BY ADMIRAL PORTER, TO GET AROUND VICKSBURG—GRANT'S LAST DESPERATE RESOLVE—OPPOSED BY SHERMAN—REFUSES TO CALL A COUNCIL OF WAR—GRAND SELF-RELIANCE—RUNNING THE BATTERIES—A FEARFUL SPECTACLE—THE BATTERIES PASSED—M'CLERNAND'S STRANGE INACTION—A BEAUTIFUL PLANTATION BECOMES A SCENE OF RUIN—GRANT ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE ADVANCE.

VICKSBURG not only prevented the navigation of the Mississippi by our vessels, but it connected the South with its great source of supplies. While the Confederacy had free access to Texas it could always obtain beef to feed its armies, though all its ports were blockaded.

After the fall of New Orleans, Farragut endeavored to reduce this stronghold, but could not succeed, and its naturally strong position, on a high bluff, had been rendered well-nigh impregnable by formidable works and powerful batteries. A canal had been cut around the city in order to turn the waters of the Mississippi into it, and so leave the place inland, but had failed.

Grant was now receiving reinforcements, and he only waited permission from head-quarters to start an advance against this stronghold. Messages were constantly passing between him and Halleck, and many difficulties had to be overcome. The latter, however, did one good thing at this time that should go far to atone for much of his

conduct in the past. McClernand, ambitious of a general command, and wielding much political influence, had prevailed on Lincoln to promise to put him at the head of the Western army, but Halleck stubbornly resisted, and it was through his efforts alone Grant was left in chief command.

While things were in this unsettled condition Grant met with a disaster which at first threatened serious consequences. His secondary base of supplies at Holly Spring was captured, with all its stores for the army, by Van Dorn, which left him shut up in the enemy's country, and it was some time before he could open his communications again. It, however, taught him one lesson which was of incalculable service to him, and one that had never been taught him before, viz., that an army could live in that section of the country without communication with its base of supplies. That it was safe for an army of 30,000 men to cut loose from its base and live off the country while marching and fighting, had never been taught him at West Point, yet it was a lesson he learned now, and acted on afterward, or Vicksburg would not have been taken. It is true he plundered barns and storehouses, so that the people suffered, but the army lived.

Vicksburg, as stated before, was situated on a high bluff—so high that the gun-boats were useless against it, while the shore opposite was so low that the guns of the place completely commanded it, so that no works could be erected there, hence it could be reduced only by getting in its rear and attacking it from the land side. Sherman, with a strong force, undertook to carry the works that defended it on the north, at Haines's Bluff, but was driven back with heavy loss.

The ridge on which Vicksburg stands, extends twelve

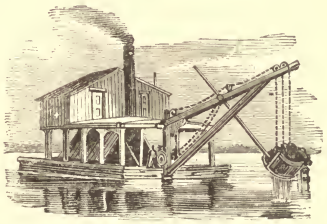
miles north to the Yazoo, where it abruptly terminates in Haines's Bluff. He found that the works erected here, with the natural formation of the ground, made it impregnable, while if it were carried, the whole twelve miles from there to Vicksburg was strongly fortified. Grant, his army now swelled to 50,000 men, pitched his encampment at Young's Point and Milliken's Bend, and began that series of movements which finally ended in the fall of Vicksburg. The location was unhealthy, and rendered still more so by heavy rains, which submerged the encampment, and diseases of various kinds set in which took off a great number, and rendered others unfit for service.

VIEW SHOWING THE SITE OF THE CANAL.

His first attempt to get below Vicksburg was by enlarging the old canal cut by General Williams, mentioned above, and turn the Mississippi into it. McClernand began its enlargement on the 20th of January. This was, however, not Grant's plan, but one adopted at Washington, and greatly admired by Lincoln. Four thousand men were set to work, but at the end of a fortnight he reported to Halleck that it never would succeed, saying, in his blunt, concise way: "The canal is at right angles with the thread of the current at both ends,

and both ends are in an eddy, the lower coming out under bluffs completely commanding it. Warrenton, a few miles below, is capable of as strong a defense as Vicksburg, and the enemy seeing us at work here have turned their attention to that point." This simple statement was enough to show the impracticability of the scheme. But the Government persisted in the undertaking, so improvements were made, and for two months the work went steadily on. At last it seemed as if Grant's prognostications were about to prove false.

The dredging machines worked satisfactorily, so that the canal which, owing to the character of the soil, had reached a depth of only six feet, was now deepened, and it looked as if the dam at its mouth on the Mississippi to the north might in a few days be removed and the water let in and a new channel made for the river, which would leave Vicksburg, with all its works and strong batteries, inland.



DREDGING MACHINE.

But at this critical moment, when everything seemed to be working favorably, the river—from heavy rains above—began to rise, and increasing every hour, at length pressed with its accumulated waters so heavily on the dam, which kept the canal dry for the workmen, that it suddenly gave way, and the water which they soon hoped to let in, came in of its own accord and with such a rush and power, that it lifted the workmen bodily out of the channel and hurled them on dry land and carried horses and implements away to be submerged or lost.

This sudden eruption of the river, instead of widening and deepening the canal, broke through its dykes and flooded the whole country around, and in a few hours ren-

dered the labor of weeks totally useless. In fact, the canal from the first was a failure, for the batteries at Vicksburg so enfiladed it that the moment large bodies of troops attempted to pass through, their destructive fire would have annihilated them. The enemy laughed at these splendid exhibitions of strategy, and said they hoped the Yankees in future would not attempt to disturb the natural features of the globe, while Grant chafed at this waste of time and effort.

Another plan was now adopted, which seemed more feasible. About a mile west of the Mississippi, at this point, lies Lake Providence, which is a portion of the old bed of the Mississippi, long since abandoned by this capricious river. Grant thought that by cutting a canal to this he might restore the river to its old course, or at least, a portion of it. As this lake connected with two bayous, which, in turn, connected with the Tensas, Washita and Red Rivers, he might in this way open a route for transports of light draft, through which they could pass and reach the Mississippi again below, and thus put himself in connection with Banks, whose objective point was Port Hudson, and after co-operating with him in the reduction of the place, the two armies might move together against Vicksburg. So the levee was cut and the canal dug, and the water passed through into the lake satisfactorily. But the two bayous beyond were so choked with fallen timber and overhanging trees that it was found impossible to make a channel for the heavy transports. It was thought, both North and South, that this diversion of the Mississippi might change its course so entirely that it would flow west of New Orleans, and leave that city an inland town.

Grant, however, did not share in these chimerical expectations, he believed that Vicksburg, if ever taken, must

be won by hard fighting alone; still, he kept the men at work to gratify the strategists at Washington, meaning, so soon as the water subsided, to take his own course and carry out his own plan, which always was, "to move on the enemy's works." But, while he was busy in digging these ditches, he sent Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, of his staff, to organize an expedition to open the Yazoo Pass, in order to destroy the enemy's boats on the Yazoo River, above Haines's Bluff. This pass is crooked, and though only some seventy feet wide, is half as many feet deep, and runs from the Mississippi into Moon Lake, also a former bed of the river on the east side. Thence it flows eastward fifteen miles, and connects with the Coldwater River, which, after a course of fifty miles, empties into the Tallahatchie. The latter pursues a winding course for fifty miles more, and then joins the Yallabusha, the two forming the Yazoo, 115 miles below. This route had in former times been used by light-draft boats, but, as in high-water times, it caused often an overflow of the plantations in its course, the State of Mississippi had closed up the entrance to the pass, and so shut off the river. This dam or levee Wilson, in accordance with Grant's instructions, removed, by exploding a mine under it, and the water resumed its old course, making a channel deep enough to let the largest steamers pass through to Moon Lake, a mile distant. But the rebels, aware of what was going on, began to fell trees in the outlet of the lake for four miles down, making such an entanglement that it required the greatest effort to clear it away.

Men, in parties of 500, relieved each other in cutting away and hauling ashore the huge trees that filled the stream, and lay across each other in every conceivable form. But the herculean work was finally accomplished, and a passage cleared to the Coldwater. And, although

the enemy erected works below to arrest the passage of the boats, a way was opened at last to the Tallahatchie, and General Ross, with twenty-two transports, preceded by two iron-clad gun-boats, and a mosquito fleet, as it was called, of light-armored craft, was ordered to move down this pass. This fleet entered the pass on the 24th of February, and reached the Coldwater, twenty-five miles distant, on the 2d of March. An almost unbroken forest now lined the stream till it reached the lower Tallahatchie, 250 miles distant. This lonely, gloomy passage through the primeval forest was, on account of the flooded banks which kept off all assailants, made without the loss of a man. The whole distance passed now was 250 miles, and Wilson reported that the route to the rear of Vicksburg was practicable, and Grant determined to avail himself of it. But it was a tremendous undertaking—for by this route he would be compelled to transport his entire army 900 miles with all its equipage. It is not necessary to go into all the details of this complicated movement. The rebels built forts along the route, hurried up troops to harass the expedition, and at last threatened to hem in and destroy it altogether, and it was at last abandoned, for the time being, to give place to a third expedition which was to leave the Yazoo below Haines's Bluff and proceeding to Steele's Bayou, keep on through Black Bayou to Deer Creek, and thence to Rolling Fork, and on to the Sunflower River, and down it to the Yazoo again, and so get around Haines's Bluff. The naval force, composed of four gun-boats, four mortar-boats and four tugs, were under the command of Admiral Porter. The difficulties of the route may be imagined when it is stated that one day, for twenty-four consecutive hours, the progress of the boats was at the average rate of *fifty rods an hour*. In the

best places, so obstructed was the stream, that Porter with the utmost exertion could make but half a mile an hour. But with the perseverance that is characteristic of him, he kept pushing on until he got within seven miles of the Rolling Fork, which would give him a free course to the Yazoo.

This flotilla, moving through the green fields and verdant plantations, seemed a strange vision to the inhabitants of the quiet interior, who hitherto had seen nothing of the

REMOVING OBSTRUCTIONS

war that was desolating other parts of the land, and they flocked along the shores, whites and negroes together, to gaze on it.

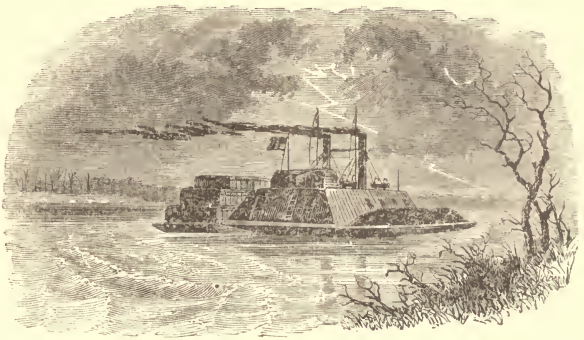
The rebels, however, soon understood the object of the movement, and negroes were set to work to cut down trees on the banks, which, falling across the stream, would arrest Porter's progress. He, however, pushed on, his men chopping or sawing the trees in two, until he at last got within three miles of the Rolling Fork,

where he saw smoke rising up from the woods in advance. Sending on scouts, he learned that the enemy was landing troops at the junction to stop his progress. He immediately dispatched a force to hold Rolling Fork till he could come up. He says: "After working all night and clearing out the obstructions, which were terrible, we succeeded in getting within 500 yards of the end of this troublesome creek, and had only two or three large trees to remove and one apparently short and easy line of willows to work through. The men being much worn out, we rested at sunset. In the morning we commenced with renewed vigor to work ahead through the willows, but our passage was very slow. . . . In the meantime the enemy had collected and landed about five hundred men and seven pieces of artillery (from twenty to thirty-pounders), which were firing on our field-pieces from time to time, the latter not having range enough to reach them in return.

"I was also informed that the enemy were cutting down trees in our rear, to prevent communication by water, and also prevent our escape; this looked unpleasant. I knew that 5,000 had embarked at Haines's Bluff for this place, immediately they heard we were attempting to go through that way, and, as our troops had not come up, I considered it unwise to risk the least thing; at all events, never to let my communication be closed behind me. I was somewhat strengthened in my determination to advance no further until reinforced by land forces, when the enemy, at sunset, opened on us a cross-fire with six or seven rifled guns, planted somewhere off in the woods, where we could see nothing but the smoke. It did not take us long to dislodge them, though, a large part of the crew being on shore at the time, we could not fire over them, or until they got on board.

I saw at once the difficulties we had to encounter, with a constant fire on our working parties, and no prospect at present of the troops getting along. I had received a letter from General Sherman informing me of the difficulties in getting forward his men; he doing his utmost, I knew, to expedite matters.

"The news of the felling trees in our rear was brought in frequently by negroes, who were pressed into the service for cutting them, and I hesitated no longer about what to do. We dropped down again, unshipped our rudders, and let the vessels rebound from tree to tree. As we left, the enemy took possession of the Indian mound, and in the morning began firing on the 'Carondelet,' Lieutenant Murphy, and the 'Cincinnati,' Lieutenant Bache. These two ships soon silenced the batteries, and we were no longer annoyed.



THE CARONDELET.

"The sharpshooters hung about us, firing from behind trees and rifle-pits, but with due precaution we had very few hurt—only five wounded by rifle-balls—and they were hit by being imprudent.

"On the 21st, we fell in with Colonel Smith, commanding Eighth Missouri, and other parts of regiments. We were quite pleased to see him, as I never knew before how much the comfort and safety of iron-clads, situated as we were, depended on soldiers. I had already sent

out behind a force of 300 men to stop the felling of trees in our rear, which Colonel Smith now took charge of.

"The enemy had already felled over forty heavy trees, which Lieutenant-Commander Owen, in the 'Louisville,' working night and day, cleared away almost fast enough to permit us to meet with no delay.

"Colonel Smith's force was not large enough to justify my making another effort to get through; we had no artillery, and would frequently have to use the vessels in following the roads."

The next day they came to a bend in the river, where the trees had been felled across it in such a manner as to make a matted mass, and it seemed impossible to force a way through. But the "Louisville" went to work at it, when the enemy, with artillery, appeared. Porter opened on them with his guns, which scattered them, and he was troubled no more. Sherman's advancing forces were now met, but it was plain that nothing would be gained by retracing his steps, and the expedition returned to its starting point, after having worked its tedious way for 140 miles through the country, dotted with plantations and covered with forests.

Grant had now tested every route that could be tried to get behind Vicksburg, from the north, and the whole end and aim of the campaign must be given up, unless he took the bold and desperate course of running the batteries with his transports, and marching his army inland, meet them below, cross the river and fight his way to the rear of Vicksburg and besiege it.

It was a terrible risk to run, but something must be done. The country and the Government had become very impatient. Clamors were raised everywhere against Grant's slowness; the old rumors about his personal character were revived; his soldiers were said to be

dying of swamp fevers and dysenteries, in the morasses around Vicksburg; he was pronounced utterly destitute of genius or energy; his repeatedly baffled schemes declared to emanate from a brain unfitted for such trials; his persistency was dogged obstinacy, his patience was sluggish dullness. McClernand, and Hunter, and Fremont, and McClellan were spoken of as his successors; senators and governors went to Vicksburg, and from Vicksburg to Washington, to work for his removal. McClernand's machinations at this time came very near succeeding. His advocates were never so earnest nor so hopeful, while some of Grant's best friends failed him at the critical moment. But the President said: "I rather like the man; I think we'll try him a little longer."* But for this persistency, Grant would undoubtedly have been relieved, and McClernand put in command of the expedition against Vicksburg. Grant was aware of all these efforts to supplant him, and of the probability of their success. His anxieties as a commander were of course enhanced by the near prospect of his removal.

Still patient and thoughtful, he was buoyed up with a strange confidence of success. At this critical period in his career he seemed to have had as much faith in his star as did Napoleon, and having settled on his course, he wrote the following letter to Halleck, giving his plan, and at once began to summon his energies and concentrate his forces for a final effort. In this letter he says:

"There is a system of bayous running from Milliken's Bend, also from near the river at this point" (Young's

* A Congressman, who had been one of Grant's warmest friends, was found wanting at this juncture. He went to the President without being sent for, and declared that the emergencies of the country seemed to demand another commander before Vicksburg. To him Mr. Lincoln replied: "I rather like the man. I think we'll try him a little longer."

Point), "that are navigable for large and small steamers, passing around by Richmond to New Carthage. There is also a good wagon-road from Milliken's Bend to New Carthage. The dredges are now engaged cutting a canal from here into these bayous. I am having all the empty coal-boats and other barges prepared for carrying troops and artillery, and have written to Colonel Allen for some more, and also for six tugs to tow them. With them it would be easy to carry supplies to New Carthage, and any point south of that.

"My expectation is for some of the naval fleet to run the batteries at Vicksburg, whilst the army moves through by this new route. Once there, I will move to Warrenton or Grand Gulf, probably the latter. From either of these points there are good roads to Jackson and the Black River bridge, without crossing Black River. I will keep my army together, and see to it that I am not cut off from my supplies, or beat in any other way than a fair fight."

A member of his staff says: "When the idea became known to those in his intimacy, to his staff, and to his corps commanders, it seemed to them full of danger. To move his army below Vicksburg was to separate it from the North, and from all its supplies; to throw what seemed an insurmountable obstacle between himself and his own base; to cut his own communications, and place his army exactly where it is the whole object and aim of war to get the enemy. In a word, it was to hazard everything, for if failure came, it was sure to be overwhelming; only the most complete and speedy victory could insure him against absolute annihilation. These considerations were urged upon Grant by the most accomplished soldiers of his command; those who have since acquired reputations of the most brilliant character, strove to divert their

chief from what they considered this fatal error. Sherman, McPherson, Logan, Wilson, all opposed his plan—all of course within the proper limits of soldiery subordination, but all with energy.

"Even after the orders for the movement had been issued, Sherman rode up to Grant's head-quarters and proposed his plan. He asserted, emphatically, that the only way to take Vicksburg was from the north, selecting some high ground on the Mississippi for a base. Grant replied that such a plan would require him to go back to Memphis. 'Exactly so,' said Sherman, 'that is what I mean;' and he developed the reasons, which seemed to him unanswerable, in favor of such a course. Grant, however, believed that a retrogade movement, even if temporary, would be disastrous to the country, which was in no temper to endure another reverse; he was determined to take no step backward, and so declared."*

Sherman then drew up a formal paper, going over the details of the plan, and showing its temerity, designed, doubtless, not only to deter Grant from his undertaking, but, in case of disastrous failure, which he believed to be inevitable, to place himself right before the country. Rawlins handed this paper to Grant without any comment, and the latter read it without making any remark, nor did he in any way indicate to Sherman that he had ever received it. Nothing can illustrate more strikingly the strong self-reliance of this strangely-silent man more than his conduct on this occasion. Sherman was his dearest, most trusted friend, and acknowledged by all to be his superior in military science, yet he never even answered this letter or referred to it in any way.

Nothing excites our admiration more than to see him thus stand all alone—enemies without and friends within,

* General Badeau.

keeping aloof—while he gazes thoughtfully, sternly, down the fearful abyss into which he has determined to cast himself and his 50,000 men.

To what a sublime height must he have reached, to be so completely above all surrounding influences of every kind! How clear and penetrating the glance that could see light beyond the darkness that bounded the vision of all others, even the most clear-sighted. Self-poised, self-sustained, equal in himself alone to the great crisis he had reached, he rises before us like some grand column, resting firm on its foundation by mere weight alone. "Call a council of officers before deciding on so hazardous a step," said the sagacious, true-hearted Sherman—but he wanted no council—his determination was unalterably taken, and nothing but positive orders from Government could change it, and when one remembers how near those orders came to be issued he is appalled.

Grant having got everything ready, started his army. This was marched inland to New Carthage and Perkins, below Vicksburg, a distance of some forty miles. But he must have transports and barges to take them across the river to the Vicksburg side, and these he proposed to run the batteries. Three steamers, having in tow ten barges loaded with rations and forage, were got ready. But the undertaking was so desperate, that only two of the steamboat masters and the crew of one transport would remain with their vessels, and Grant called for volunteers. The soldiers, weary with their long inaction or useless toil in digging their way inland, were so excited over the prospect of something decisive being done, that volunteers enough came forward to man a hundred steamers.

The vessels were therefore easily manned. The steamers, protected by bales of cotton and wet hay, took the barges in tow, while Porter, with seven iron-clads, got

ready to engage the batteries while they attempted to run this gauntlet of twenty-eight guns that commanded the river for over fifteen miles. It was a terrible undertaking—indeed, to human appearance, a hopeless one. How could those frail wooden structures be towed for an hour and a half through such a storm of shot and shell as would be rained on them? Says Badeau

"The night of the 16th of April was selected for the undertaking. There was no moon, and by ten o'clock all was ready. One after another, and as silently as possible, the venturous fleet steamed down the river to the bend. From this point they proceeded more leisurely, drifting with the current, the gun-boats in advance. Porter led the way, on the 'Benton,' and reached the first batteries without being discovered; but, at sixteen minutes past eleven, the artillery opened from the bluffs; the admiral at once responding with a rapid fire."

The night was dark, and to light up the river so that the vessels could be revealed to the gunners on shore, the houses on the banks were set on fire and shed a baleful glare on the water and on the slowly-passing vessels, and lighting up the city so that those on board could see the soldiers hurrying along the streets and working the guns. At half-past twelve they were directly opposite the Court-house, when the fire became terrific, and shot and shell crashed through the pilot-houses, and engine-rooms, and sides of the vessels, making wild work, while Porter's heavy guns replied, till shore and river shook with the heavy thunder. The barges were now cut loose, and left to drift down stream and shift for themselves. The "Forest Queen" was disabled and floated helplessly with the current. The "Henry Clay," having a barge filled with soldiers in tow, was soon in a sinking condition and cut loose.

Badeau, who stood by Grant's side in a boat, around which shot and shell fell like hail, and watched with him this terrific scene, says:

"The light streamed up from the blazing hull of the 'Henry Clay,' and threw into strong relief against the shadows of night the other transports, and the gun-boats at their fiery work. The currents were strong, and dangerous eddies delayed the vessels; the lights glaring in every direction, and the smoke enveloping the squadron, confused the pilots; the bulwarks, even of the iron-clads, were crushed; and the uproar of artillery, re-echoing from the hills, was incessant. One of the heaviest guns of the enemy was seen to burst in the streets of Vicksburg, and the whole population was awake and out of doors, watching the scene on which its destinies depended. For two hours and forty minutes, the fleets were under fire. But, at last, the transports and the gun-boats had all got out of range, the blazing beacons on the hills and on the stream burned low, the array of batteries belching flame and noise from the embattled bluffs had ceased their utterance, and silence and darkness resumed their sway over the beleaguered city, and the swamps and rivers that encircle Vicksburg.'

Although boats and barges were badly damaged, not a soul was killed. This was doubtless owing to the fact that no one was required to be exposed except the few necessary to manage the gun-boats, eight of whom were wounded.

McClernand, in command of the advance division, which had arrived at New Carthage, below, heard the terrible cannonade up the river, and waited anxiously to see if any of the transports had run with safety that terrble gauntlet of fire, but saw only burning fragments of the "Henry Clay," and the barge that had been cut

loose, come floating down, while an old rebel, on whose estate McClernand's head-quarters were established, was jubilant at what he supposed the defeat of the Yankees. "Where are your gun-boats now?" he exclaimed; "Vicksburg has put an end to them all;" and the National officers feared lest his elation might prove well-founded. By daylight, however, the wrecks had all passed by; and, after awhile a gun-boat appeared below the bend; and then, a transport; then, one after another, the whole fleet of iron-clads and army steamers hove in sight, from their perilous passage. The "Yankees" now had their turn of rejoicing, and thanked the rebel for teaching them the word. "Where are our gun-boats now?" they said. "Did Vicksburg put an end to them all?" But the old man was too much exasperated at the National success to endure the taunts he had himself provoked, and rushed away in a rage. The next day he set fire to his own house, rather than allow it to shelter his enemies.

His plantation was one of the loveliest in Louisiana; high enough to be secure from inundation, it overlooked the meanderings of the Mississippi for nearly fifty miles; wide savannas teemed with the wealth of the corn and the cotton-plant, while the spacious lawns were clad in all the charms of precocious summer in this balmy clime. Japan plums and fig-trees grew in the open air, and groves of magnolia and oleander bloomed. The softness of the atmosphere, redolent with unfamiliar fragrance, and the aspect of the landscape, brilliant with blossoms and verdure, enchanted the soldiers. "Here, at last," they cried, "we have found the sunny South." But desolation and destruction soon changed this fair scene into a desert. In a few hours a blackened pile was all that remained of the stately mansion; the venerable trees in which it was embosomed were hewn down for fire-wood,

and the secluded fields were speedily transformed into a confused and bustling bivouac. But McClernand, who had been given the post of honor, by leading the advance, seemed under some perverse influence, and did not take advantage of the successful passage of the transports to seize at once Grand Gulf, on the opposite side of the river, and secure it as a base.

Porter was distressed at the delay, and wrote to Sherman begging him to urge Grant to come down in person at once. The latter was at the time suffering severely from boils, but the moment he received the message he mounted his horse and rode forty miles to Perkins's Landing, and there found that the information he had received was true, and saw at once that he must take command of the advance in person, or all would be lost; in fact, become both quartermaster and commissary, and superintend and direct everything, if he expected to win in the hazardous enterprise in which he was now fairly embarked.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT CAMPAIGN BEGUN—CUTS LOOSE FROM EVERYTHING—ATTACK ON GRAND GULF—FIRST FAILURE—THE BATTERIES RUN—A LUCKY INCIDENT—ACROSS THE RIVER AT LAST—BATTLE OF PORT GIBSON—GRAND GULF EVACUATED—GRANT'S FATE NOW IN HIS OWN HANDS—HE STANDS ALONE—SUBLIME SELF-RELIANCE—HIS RAPID ORDERS—A GLOOMY PROSPECT—TURNS HIS BACK ON THE MISSISSIPPI—CONSTERNATION AT WASHINGTON—A STIRRING PROCLAMATION—PUSHES RAPIDLY INLAND—PLACES HIMSELF BETWEEN TWO ARMIES—CUTS LOOSE FROM HIS BASE OF SUPPLIES—SWIFT ORDERS—M'PHERSON MOVES INLAND—BATTLE OF RAYMOND—MOVES ON JACKSON—BATTLE—GRANT AND HIS LITTLE SON FIRST ENTER THE CITY—THE RAILROADS DESTROYED—THE ENEMY OUTWITTED BY HIS RAPID MOVEMENTS—A FORTUNATE DISCOVERY—A PERILOUS POSITION—PEMBERTON SURPRISED—BATTLE OF CHAMPION HILL—THE PURSUIT—GRANT PASSES THE NIGHT AMID THE REBEL WOUNDED AND DYING—BATTLE OF BLACK RIVER—GALLANTRY OF GENERAL LOWLER—THE REBELS DRIVEN INTO THE RIVER—PEMBERTON TAKES REFUGE IN VICKSBURG—GRANT'S ADVANCE—VICKSBURG INVESTED—SHERMAN'S CONFERENCE—THE WORK OF TWENTY DAYS.

GRANT had now practically, like Cortez, burned his ships behind him to prevent the possibility of retreat, and yet he himself does not seem to comprehend fully the work he is to perform. He is hampered by the instructions from Washington to co-operate with Banks at Port Hudson, either to help him reduce the place, or in case of its early fall, obtain from him reinforcements for his own army. But events were marking out his course for him and shaping his destiny.

He had expected McClernand to occupy Grand Gulf, below Carthage, but he not having done this, the army was marched down to Hard Times, fifty miles below. Grand Gulf had been fortified in anticipation of some such movement as this, and must now be taken before the troops could be landed on the east side of the river. Porter undertook to do this with his iron-clads, but though

he carried his vessels to within pistol-shot of the batteries, they were too elevated to be silenced, and he was compelled to withdraw; while Grant, standing on a boat a short distance off, watching the battle, saw with disappointment this first, and it might be, fatal failure. He at once signaled the flag-ship, and Porter coming up, he told him to run the batteries while he marched the army farther down the river. In the meantime he had the opposite shore carefully reconnoitered to find a place for landing his troops, but the country was so inundated that it seemed impossible, even if he reached the eastern bank, to march inland. But fortune at length favored him—a negro told him that from Bruinsburg, six miles below Grand Gulf, a good dry road led to Port Gibson, twelve miles in the interior and on high ground. He determined at once to cross there. In the meantime, in obedience to his orders, Sherman, still up the river, was making a demonstration on Haines's Bluff, to distract the enemy and direct his attention from the real point of attack on the south.

Grant at length, after prodigious effort, got his army across the river and started for Port Gibson, and McClernand, with his division, was dispatched to Grand Gulf, to attack it in the rear. Bowen, the commander of the garrison, did not wait to be attacked, but pushed boldly out and gave battle at Port Gibson. After a long and severe fight, he was soon compelled to retreat, and Grand Gulf was evacuated. Grant was at last where he could make a decided move, and Banks and Port Hudson were at once abandoned. He was also where dispatches from Washington could not reach him until too late to change his plans. He stood a free man, free to make or mar his fortune, to win an imperishable name or sink himself and army in irretrievable ruin. He had put him-

self in a position that most men would have shrunk from taking, and where all the rules of military science condemned him for placing himself. He had acted against the wishes of the Government—against the advice of his best friends—against the opinion of the ablest generals of the army. He had done what no sane man, in the estimation of the ablest tactician, would have done.

But there he was, with 50,000 troops in his hands, for whom he was responsible. But it was exactly this state of things that was needed to bring out the great qualities of Grant. His sluggish, inert nature needed just this kind of stimulus to wake it up, and it was now thoroughly aroused, and he struck right and left with an energy and power that astonished both friends and foes. His orders flew like lightning, while he seemed to forget that he needed either sleep or food. He was in a hostile country with slender connection with any supplies, and armies all around him, while he knew that one day's delay or one lost battle would be his ruin.

Says his aid: "Grant had not been abed, nor had off his clothes, since leaving Bruinsburg, three days before, and went aboard one of the gun-boats, where he borrowed a change of linen, and wrote dispatches till midnight. He sent long letters to Halleck, announcing the success of his operations, and detailing the movement against Grand Gulf, the march to the interior, and the battle of Port Gibson. Sherman, now on the march from Milliken's Bend, was informed: 'My base is now at this place, and in executing your orders for joining me you will govern yourself accordingly. . . . Logan is now on the main road from here to Jackson, and McPherson, closely followed by McClernand, on the branch of the same road from Willow Springs. . . . The road to Vicksburg is open. . . . .'

"It had already become apparent that 'the country would supply all the forage required for an active campaign, as well as the necessary beef; all other supplies would have to be drawn from Milliken's Bend, a long and precarious route;' but Grant declared: 'I have every confidence of succeeding in doing it.' Accordingly he wrote that night to Sullivan, who commanded the district between Milliken's Bend and Smith's plantation: 'You will give special attention to the matter of shortening the line of land transportation from above Vicksburg to the steamers below. As soon as the river has fallen sufficiently, you will have a road constructed from Young's Point to a landing just below Warrenton, and dispose of your troops accordingly. Everything depends upon the promptitude with which our supplies are forwarded.' To Sherman he said: 'I wish you to collect a train of 120 wagons at Milliken's Bend and Perkins's plantation, send them to Grand Gulf, and there load them with rations, as follows: 100,000 pounds of bacon, the balance, coffee, sugar, salt and hard bread. For your own use on the march from Grand Gulf, you will draw five days' rations, and see that they last five days. It is unnecessary for me to remind you of the overwhelming importance of celerity. . . . All we want now are men, ammunition and hard bread; we can subsist our horses on the country, and obtain considerable supplies for our troops.'"

Having abandoned all thought of Port Hudson and Banks, and certain that no orders could reach him from Washington till too late to change his plans, he fixed his eye steadily on Vicksburg, and resolved to take it or perish. Although he had found no one to uphold him in his bold undertaking, or share with him the terrible responsibility he had assumed—now that he was wholly

committed, all seemed to catch his enthusiasm and second his efforts. Still, it was not a flattering prospect that stretched out before him. Pemberton, with an army equal to his own, was behind the strong works of Vicksburg, while another army was in the field, of whose strength he was ignorant. This last he must fight and destroy before he advanced on Vicksburg. Cutting loose from his base, he at midnight, on the 3d of May, turned his back on the Mississippi, and with his gallant army well in hand, pushed for the interior. His whole personal baggage consisted of a tooth-brush.

Sherman, who had been ordered up, was amazed at the state of things that met him as he crossed the river, and began to follow Grant's line of march. His urgent orders had produced what seemed to him inextricable confusion, and he wrote to Grant, saying: "Stop all troops till your army is partially supplied with wagons, and then act as quick as possible. For this road will be jammed, as sure as life, if you attempt to supply 50,000 men by one single road."

To this Grant replied: "I do not calculate upon the possibility of supplying the army with full rations from Grand Gulf. I know it will be impossible without constructing additional roads. What I do expect, however, is to get up what rations of hard bread, coffee and salt we can, and make the country furnish the balance. We started from Bruinsburg with an average of about two days' rations, and received no more from our own supplies for some days; abundance was found in the meantime. Some corn-meal, bacon and vegetables were found, and an abundance of beef and mutton. A delay would give the enemy time to reinforce and fortify. If Blair was up now, I believe we could be in Vicksburg in *seven days. The command here has an average of about three*

days' rations, which could be made to last that time. You are in a country where the troops have already lived off the people for some days, and may find provisions more scarce; but, as we get upon new soil, they are more abundant, particularly in corn and cattle. Bring Blair's two brigades up as soon as possible. . . ."

He had now over forty thousand men in motion, with a train of artillery numbering 120 guns. Halleck had sent orders for him to co-operate with Banks, while Grant had telegraphed: "I shall communicate with Grand Gulf no more."

When it was at last known at Washington what he had done, Halleck and the President were both astounded, and all men familiar with military movements considered him a lost man and the army doomed. Swift marching and constant victories alone could save him. No man was more aware than he of the perilous position in which he had placed himself, but he felt no hesitation or regret. He was thoroughly aroused, and looked his situation undauntedly in the face. The following order shows the spirit that animated him, while it stirred his brave army like a bugle call:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, IN THE FIELD,
HANKINSON'S FERRY, May 7th.

Soldiers of the Army of Tennessee:

Once more I thank you for adding another victory to the long list of those previously won by your valor and endurance. The triumph gained over the enemy near Port Gibson, on the 1st, was one of the most important of the war. The capture of five cannon and more than one thousand prisoners, the possession of Grand Gulf, and a firm foothold on the highlands between the Big Black and Bayou Pierre, from whence we threaten the whole line of the enemy, are among the fruits of this brilliant achievement. The march from Milliken's Bend to the point opposite Grand Gulf, was made in stormy weather, over the worst of roads. Bridges and ferries had to be constructed.

Moving by night as well as by day, with labor incessant, and extraordinary privations, endured by men and officers, such as have been rarely paralleled in any campaign, not a murmur or complaint has been uttered. A few days' continuance of the same zeal and constancy will secure to this army crowning victories over the rebellion.

More difficulties and privations are before us; let us endure them manfully. Other battles are to be fought; let us fight them bravely. A grateful country will rejoice at our success, and history will record it with immortal honor.

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

McPherson was now pushed inland, to the north and east, in search of a rebel force, intended to co-operate with Pemberton, and crush Grant between their two armies. It would not do to wait till this happened. He knew that Pemberton, with 50,000 men, was in Vicksburg, while along the Vicksburg and Jackson Railroad, another force he knew was collecting to the north and east, but of its strength he could learn nothing. Now his bold plan was to push between these two armies and crush the latter, and moving on to Jackson, at the junction of the railroads, that supplied Vicksburg, destroy them, and then turn round and attack Pemberton. But if he waited till all his supplies were across the river and up, it would be too late to do this, the junction would be effected, and he be vastly outnumbered in a country of which he knew comparatively nothing.

In this dilemma, he took the hazardous, daring resolution to cut off from his base entirely, and gathering up what portion of the army had crossed the river and was within reach, march forward and live off the country. By most military men this would be looked upon as almost certain destruction; for, independent of the danger of being attacked, both in front and rear at the same time, and crushed between them, he left Pemberton free to cut

off his connection with the Mississippi altogether, and leave him isolated in the heart of the enemy's country. This was taking one of those terrible risks which success alone can justify, but if successful, lifts a man to the highest point of military genius, while defeat ruins him forever. A single defeat, nay, a drawn battle or a little delay, and the whole plan would have fallen through, which meant that in all probability the whole Union army would have been captured.

Grant knew that if he telegraphed his contemplated movement to Washington, he would have been peremptorily ordered to abandon it. In fact, his orders were to co-operate with Banks farther down the river, laying siege to Port Hudson. Halleck, having got some hint of this bold movement, had telegraphed him not to make it; but communication was already cut off, and the order never reached him till too late to be obeyed. Some of his best generals declared that to take only three days' rations as he had, and cut loose from his supplies, and throw himself between two armies, when nothing but swift marching and constant victories could save him, was contrary to all military rules, and, in their opinion, could be justified only on the ground that it was the last chance of saving himself and army from impending destruction. There is something Napoleonic in this falling back on his own genius and resting on himself alone.

But having once determined on his course, his natural sluggish nature suddenly awakened into the most intense action—every nerve was strung to its utmost tension, and disencumbering himself of all baggage, he stripped for the race. His orders now flew rapidly on every side. To Sherman, who had left Blair's division at Milliken's Bend, to guard that place, he wrote: "Order forward immediately your remaining division,

leaving only two regiments (to guard Richmond), as required in previous orders. Have all the men leave the west bank of the river, with three days' rations in haversacks, and make all possible dispatch to Grand Gulf." In order that Blair might be brought forward, Hurlbut, who was still at Memphis, was directed to order four regiments of his command to Milliken's Bend, "with the utmost dispatch." "Take them from the troops most convenient to transportation." On the 5th, Grant also ordered Hurlbut to "send Lauman's division to Milliken's Bend, to be forwarded to this army with as little delay as practicable. . . . Let them move by brigades, as fast as transportation can be got. . . . This order for Lauman's division is in addition to the four regiments ordered a few days since."

The commissary of subsistence at Grand Gulf was instructed: "You will load all teams presenting themselves for rations with promptness and dispatch, regardless of requisitions or provision returns. There must be no delay on account of either lack of energy or formality." To an officer of his staff, who had been left at Grand Gulf to hurry up supplies and superintend transportation, Grant wrote: "See that the commissary at Grand Gulf loads all the wagons presenting themselves for stores, with great promptness. Issue any order in my name that may be necessary to secure the greatest promptness in this respect. . . . Every day's delay is worth two thousand men to the enemy."

To McClernand he sent: "There will be no general movement of the troops before the cool of the evening, if at all to-day. You can therefore collect for your command such supplies as the country affords. Reconnoitre the Jackson road, and ascertain if the enemy has retreated in that direction, and if so, whether any considerable por-

tion of them." And to McPherson, on the same day: "I wish you would have a reconnoissance made of the roads near the river, up and down."

McPherson at once moved forward. The same day he wrote to McClernand: "Move your command to-morrow on the telegraph road to Five-mile Creek. Have all the lateral roads leading from line of march carefully examined to facilitate communication with the other corps in case of necessity." All these orders were to merely start his march, and they show how broad and comprehensive the plan adopted was.

On the 10th, however, the head-quarters were removed to Cayuga, eight miles beyond Rocky Springs, and, in accordance with the plan already described, McPherson moved to the north and east of the rest of the army; Sherman had the centre, while McClernand, further west, kept one division as far to the left as the Big Black River, and, in his turn, was ordered to watch the ferries, and thus secure the rear against Pemberton. Grant's position now was with the centre, Sherman's corps. He had at this time about forty-three thousand men in motion, besides an artillery force of one hundred and twenty guns; but these numbers include Blair's division, as well as McArthur's, of the Seventeenth corps, neither of which had yet crossed the river. The column absolutely in march on the east side of the Mississippi, on the 10th of May, did not number more than thirty-five thousand men, and twenty light batteries.

"When I crossed the Mississippi River," said Grant, "the means of ferriage were so limited, and time so important, that I started without teams, and an average of two days' rations in the haversacks. . . . . We picked up all the teams in the country and free Africans to drive

them. Forage and meat were found in great abundance throughout the country."

On the 11th of May, Grant finally wrote to Halleck, from Cayuga: "My forces will be this evening as far advanced toward Jackson as Fourteen-mile Creek, the left near Black River, and extending in a line as nearly east and west as they can get without bringing on a battle. As I shall communicate with Grand Gulf no more, except it becomes necessary to send a train with heavy escort, you may not hear from me again for several days." Singularly enough, this was the date of Halleck's dispatch to Grant, to return and co-operate with Banks. While the General-in-Chief, at Washington, was issuing his orders forbidding the campaign, Grant, of course in ignorance of these commands, sent word to his superior: "I shall communicate with Grand Gulf no more."

On the same day, he ordered McPherson, who was now beyond Utica: "Move your command to-night to the next cross-roads, if there is water, and to-morrow with all activity, into Raymond. . . . We must fight the enemy before our rations fail, and we are equally bound to make our rations last as long as possible. Upon one occasion you made two days' rations last seven. We may have to do the same thing again. . . . Sherman is now moving out on the Auburn and Raymond road, and will reach Fourteen-mile Creek to-night. When you arrive at Raymond, he will be in close supporting distance. I shall move McClernand to Fourteen-mile Creek early to-morrow, so that he will occupy a place on Sherman's left. . . ."

On the 12th, McPherson came up with the enemy, 5,000 strong, two miles from Raymond. The greater portion had taken position on a hill to the left of the

road, and in the woods and ravines at its base in front. At two o'clock the attack was made, and the enemy were soon compelled to retreat, when the pursuit commenced, and the rebels were chased through the place and kept on toward Jackson, the capital of the State, where Johnston commanded, and where he was waiting for reinforcements. His force numbered about six thousand men, a part of whom were fugitives from the battle-field of Raymond. Orders were immediately issued to McPherson, Sherman and McClernand to move on Jackson. Here, again, Grant's celerity of movement saved

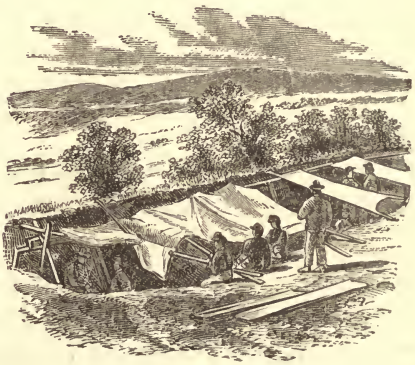
BATTLE-GROUND, NEAR JACKSON.

him, doubtless, a heavy battle, for reinforcements were on the way to Jackson of over 20,000, of which 10,000 were expected to be there in two days.

Jackson was strongly fortified, and had Johnston been able to bring up these reinforcements, he could, behind his strong works, have given Grant a great deal of trouble and caused him much delay, which would insure defeat. All this time, Pemberton lay at Fort Edward station, waiting for Grant to attack him. He was completely deceived by the presence of the enemy's forces in front, never dreaming that Grant, with three divisions, was crushing

by his rapid blows, Gregg and Johnston, and moving on the capital of the State.

As Grant, with his three tired columns, pressed forward, the rain came down in torrents, rendering the roads slippery, but the troops were kept at the top of their speed, for he had determined to attack Jackson at daybreak next morning. Staggering along the heavy road, McPherson did not arrive before the breastworks that stood outside of the town, till ten o'clock. His troops were drenched to the skin, but fresh in daring and purpose. As he formed his line of battle, he rode along its front on his splendid black charger, which was always a conspicuous object on the field, and roused his troops by a few stirring words which he knew so well how to utter. The artillery opened a deadly fire on the works for awhile, and then he gave the order to his impatient troops to charge. Steadily and silently they moved forward to the sound of the bugle, till within thirty yards of the works, when they poured in a deadly fire, and, with a loud cheer, sprang forward. Over the ramparts they went, like an inundation, driving the enemy before them, who fled to the intrenchments and rifle-pits immediately around the city, and attacked them there. Sherman was, at this time, advancing along another road, and Grant had been with him all the morning, and as they now came within sight of the intrenchments that presented a formidable appearance, he directed the former to send a



RIFLE-PITS.

reconnoitering party to the extreme right to see if they could not be flanked in that direction.

The party not returning promptly, and Sherman being still detained, Grant rode to the right himself, escorted only by his staff, and found a clear road into Jackson. The enemy had evacuated the town, and Grant, with his party of about a dozen officers, was the first to enter the works. His son, a lad of thirteen years, accompanied him on this campaign, and as they rode up to the limits of the town, the boy spurred on his horse and galloped ahead of the army into the capital of Mississippi. This boy had been with him from the outset of the campaign, sharing the father's hardships, and fatigues, and exposures.

Johnston, in this battle, lost seventy cannon and over eight hundred men. Grant slept that night in the house that Johnston had occupied, and it was evident that the latter and his friends had had a good time of it, and had never dreamed they would be compelled to vacate it so soon. Grant called his corps-commanders together that afternoon, and gave them their several orders. Sherman was directed to the work of destruction of the railroad, and this was his order:

> Designate a brigade from your command to guard the city. Collect stores and forage, and collect all public property of the enemy. The division from which such brigade may be selected will be the last to leave the city. You will direct them, therefore, to commence immediately the effectual destruction of the river railroad bridge, and the road as far east as practicable, as well as north and south. The Fourth Iowa Cavalry and a brigade of infantry should be sent east of the river, with instructions for the cavalry to go on east as far as possible. Troops going east of the river should burn all C. S. A. cotton and stores they find.

Johnston marched six miles out of the city and en-

GRANT ENTERING THE CAPITAL OF MISSISSIPPI.

camped on the Canton road, and sent out forces to prevent Grant from foraging to the north and east. He also sent a dispatch to Pemberton, announcing to that bewildered commander the fall of Jackson, and saying that as soon as all the reinforcements came up the forces must be united and Grant beaten. He also inquired if Grant "could supply himself from the Mississippi. Can you not cut him off from his supplies; and, above all, should he be compelled to fall back for want of supplies, beat him."

Neither of them knew that Grant had cut himself from his supplies more than a week before, and had been subsisting on the country.

Grant now saw that the first thing the enemy would attempt to do would be to concentrate his forces, and he received positive information that Johnston had ordered Pemberton to attack his rear. He, therefore, turned quickly on his heel and moved with his usual promptness to frustrate the enemy's design. The rains were constant, flooding the roads and making the marching heavy, but Grant had infused his own spirit into the soldiers, and they seemed, like him, impervious to fatigues. His orders now flew with the same rapidity they did when he first started inland, and the various corps and divisions were urged along the muddy roads, lifting, by main strength, the artillery and baggage-wagons out of the deep holes.

Pemberton concluded that, instead of attacking Grant, as Johnston had ordered him to do, he had better cut his communication with the Mississippi, so that the extraordinary exhibition was seen of Pemberton marching south, Johnston north and Gregg east, while Grant was rapidly converging his columns, like the rays of a fan, between them, ready to strike with his whole force the first one he should encounter. Pemberton, being at length

ordered, peremptorily, by Johnston, to join him at Clinton, countermarched, and he moved back again toward Edward's station, and taking the Brownsville road, marched north to Clinton.

About five o'clock in the morning, two men who had passed through Pemberton's army the night before, were brought into Grant's head-quarters, at Clinton. He was awakened at once to receive them. They told him that Pemberton was only fifteen or eighteen miles distant, with eighty regiments of infantry and ten batteries of artillery. This was sudden and startling news, and he sent the following order to Sherman, at Jackson, where he intended to have him remain a short time longer.

"Start one of your divisions on the road at once with their ammunition-wagons, and direct the general commanding the division to move with all possible speed, until he comes up with our rear, beyond Bolton. It is important that the greatest celerity should be shown in carrying out this movement, as I have evidence that the entire force of the enemy was at Edward's depot, at seven P. M. last night, and was still advancing. The fight may, therefore, be brought on at any moment; we should have every man in the field."

In an hour after the messenger's arrival, his columns were on the march. To Blair, he wrote to push forward his division in the direction of Edward's station, with all dispatch: "The enemy have moved out to Edward's station, and are still pushing on to attack us with all their force. Push your troops on in that direction as rapidly as possible. If you are already on the Bolton road, continue so; but if you still have a choice of roads, take the one leading to Edward's depot. *Pass your troops to the front of your train*, except a rear-guard, *and keep the ammunition-wagons in front of all others.*" This last

injunction was very necessary, as Blair was obliged to reverse his command, which would bring the wagon-trains in front.

Grant had need now to put forth his almost superhuman energies. The tables had suddenly been turned upon him. Before he had concentrated his troops his enemy had wheeled about and was advancing to crush him. With 25,000 men, Pemberton was within a day's march of him, and he knew it only by the merest accident. Two laborers on the railroad, moved by some strange impulse, came into camp and gave him this startling information. It will be a miracle if he can get his army well in hand before two armies will be on him—one in front and one in the rear. But he had no intention of waiting for this calamity to overtake him. There were three roads leading to Edward's Station. Hovey was ordered to move on the northern one; Carr and Osterhaus on the middle; McClernand directed to put A. J. Smith and Blair on the southern, while Sherman was to come by a forced march from Jackson.

The advance came within about five miles from the station, when they met Pemberton's skirmishers on the southern road, preceding the advance of the rebel army, which had began its reverse movement to crush Grant. This entirely altered the aspect of affairs. Instead of attacking Grant, a battle was to be thrown on him there, with Johnston out of the fight. At first he could not believe that Grant's army was so near him, and kept moving forward; but, soon finding his mistake, he ordered a line of battle to be formed with his left resting on a wooded hill, sixty feet high, with precipitous sides covered by a forest, while the top was bald, giving him a commanding position for the artillery. The line was about four miles long, and strongly posted. Hovey was

soon engaged with the enemy, but Grant refused to give orders for a general attack till McClernand should arrive. The latter not making his appearance, Grant sent back an officer after him to urge him on with all speed, but he did not come, and his dilatoriness threatened to decide the fate of the battle against him. The latter saw that McClernand's unaccountable delay compelled him, in the midst of the fight, to change the whole plan of battle.

Hovey had pushed the rebels so hard right in their most vital, strongest position, that they hurried up reinforcements, and after a desperate resistance on his part, he was compelled to fall back. Grant, who was standing on the first spur of the hill, under fire, with his little boy, thirteen years old, beside him, found that he must win the battle without McClernand, and hurried up reinforcements to Hovey, who again recovered his lost ground: and he kept reinforcing him, and though for a time victory hung in the balance, Hovey and Crocker, covered by the fire of the artillery, charged like a storm on the rebel lines, and though the enemy bore up bravely for awhile, at length gave way, and our weary soldiers mounted the heights with a cheer, and the battle of Champion's Hill was won, and the road to Vicksburg opened.

Grant had two narrow escapes here. But for the accidental information of two Southern laborers, a battle would have been unexpectedly thrown on him, the results of which must have been doubtful. And when, by his promptness and ability, he at length had the position in his own hand, the delay of McClernand nearly ruined him, for it kept out of the battle 15,000 men. Our loss in this battle was about twenty-four hundred men, or more than a seventh of all engaged; that of the enemy, all told, full

six thousand men and eleven pieces of artillery, besides a whole division, which was cut off in the pursuit, and made its escape to Johnston.

The pursuit was kept up till after dark, and Grant and his staff got ahead of the army, and were compelled to retrace their steps, and finally stopped at a house for the night, which had been used as a rebel hospital during the battle, and was now filled with the wounded and dying, so that they were compelled to stretch themselves on the porch and snatch such repose as they could amid the groans of the sufferers that resounded through the rooms during the live-long night.

Sherman had evacuated Jackson by noon of the 16th, paroling his prisoners and leaving his wounded, on account of the haste of the movement. He marched twenty miles, reaching Bolton with his entire command the same day, and was that night informed of the victory of Champion's Hill, and ordered to turn his corps northward to Bridgeport, and press forward without delay. His rear-guard arrived at Bolton at 2 A. M., on the morning of the 17th, and the same troops started for Bridgeport at four and a half.

The next morning early, Grant started a column in pursuit of Pemberton, to harass him in his flight. After a march of some six miles they came up with him, strongly posted on both sides of Big Black River. The latter did not expect to win a victory at this point with his demoralized army, but he hoped to delay his pursurers till Loring should have time to come up with his division, that was cut off at Champion's Hill. He could get no tidings of him, and did not know that he was making his way to Johnston.

McClernand found the enemy resting on the river, with a bayou running in a semicircle in front of them,

the banks piled with brush-wood. Scarcely had the artillery opened, when General Lawler, finding an opening in the brush-wood wide enough for four men to pass abreast, rallied a few men, and with his coat off, led them to the opening. Dashing through it with a cheer, they reached the bank, and flinging their blankets and haversacks on the ground, plunged into the water, and were over the ditch before the astonished enemy could recover their senses at the unexpected apparition. The troops, hearing the cheers of Lawler's men, sent up a loud cheer in return and started on a run to the ditch, but found no enemy. Pushing across, a scene of indescribable confusion met their view. The rebels had abandoned their guns and were hurrying to the bridge. Those who first got over it spread such a panic among those stationed on the farther shore that they set fire to it before half were across. Those left behind were now cut off from the rest of the army, and became frantic with fear and ran to and fro like men distracted. Many flinging away their muskets, plunged into the turbid stream and attempted to swim over, and soon the surface was black with heads of officers and men, mingled in wild confusion. Ever and anon a poor wretch would fling up his hands with a cry of despair, and sink out of sight. Among the lost was General Greene. One entire brigade, however, surrendered. Over seventeen hundred prisoners, eighteen cannon and five stands of colors were the trophies of this short struggle.

Pemberton, dismayed and confused by the suddenness of Grant's movements and his strange, unbroken success, now started, with his army, which had become almost a mob, for Vicksburg, filled with alarm, lest his enemy, by a flank movement, should get there first. If Grant's pontoons had been up, so that he could immediately have

crossed his army, there is but little doubt that he could have marched that night into the place on the heels of the demoralized enemy. He immediately set to work to make bridges, while he hurried up his pontoons. Dry timber, taken wherever it could be found, cotton-gins or farm-houses were seized and converted into floating bridges. One was built of cotton-bales, fastened together and covered with planks—everything that Yankee ingenuity could devise was used to get the army across the river. They worked all night, and by eight o'clock next morning, the 18th of May, two corps were over and marching on Vicksburg. Sherman at once pushed his column northward till he struck the Yazoo, a few miles above Vicksburg, and cut off the rebel forts there from the city.

Grant was with Sherman when his column struck the Walnut Hills. As they rode together up the farthest height, where it looks down on the Yazoo River, and stood upon the very bluff from which Sherman had been repulsed six months before, the two soldiers gazed for a moment on the long-wished-for goal of the campaign—the high dry ground on the north of Vicksburg and the base for their supplies. Sherman at last turned abruptly round, and exclaimed to Grant: "Until this moment, I never thought your expedition a success. I never could see the end clearly until now. But this is a campaign; this is a success, if we never take the town." The other, as usual, smoked his cigar and made no reply.

The various columns now took up their several positions, and Vicksburg was at last invested, and Grant's arms thrown around it in no maiden's embrace.

It was just twenty days since the campaign began. In that time Grant had marched more than two hundred miles, beaten two armies in five several battles, captured

twenty-seven heavy cannon and sixty-one pieces of field-artillery, taken 6,500 prisoners, and killed and wounded at least six thousand rebels more. He had forced the evacuation of Grand Gulf, seized the capital of the State, destroyed the railroads at Jackson for a distance of more than thirty miles, and invested the principal rebel stronghold on the Mississippi River. Separating forces twice as numerous as his own, he had beaten first, at Port Gibson, a portion of Pemberton's army; then, at Raymond and Jackson, the troops under Johnston's immediate command; and again, at Champion's Hill and the Big Black River, the whole force that Pemberton dared take outside of the works of Vicksburg. Starting without teams, and with an average of two days' rations in haversacks, he had picked up wagons in the country, and subsisted principally on forage and rations that he found on the road. Only five days' rations had been issued in the twenty days, yet neither suffering nor complaint was witnessed in the command. His losses were 698 killed, 3,407 wounded, and 230 missing—in all, 4,335.*

In viewing these astonishing victories, Grant could now have issued a proclamation to the army that would have been a mere repetition of the famous one Napoleon issued to the army after his first great Italian campaign.

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* General Badeau.

CHAPTER VIII.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WORKS AT VICKSBURG—THE ASSAULT—THE REPULSE—PREPARATIONS FOR A SECOND ASSAULT—A TERRIFIC SPECTACLE—THE ARMY HURLED BACK A SECOND TIME—DEAD AND WOUNDED—GRANT PREPARES FOR A REGULAR SIEGE—GRANT'S MULTIPLIED DUTIES—HIS FORESIGHT—PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE—FAMINE IN THE PLACE—FRIENDLY MEETING OF THE OUTPOSTS OF THE TWO ARMIES—TERRIBLE EXPLOSION OF A MINE—BRAVERY OF THE TROOPS—PEMBERTON PROPOSES AN ARMISTICE—THE TWO GENERALS MEET—GRANT REFUSES THE TERMS PROPOSED—CALLS A COUNCIL OF HIS OFFICERS—REJECTS THIER DECISION—DICTATES HIS OWN TERMS—THE SURRENDER—GREATNESS OF THE VICTORY—MEETING OF GRANT AND PEMBERTON—RUDENESS OF THE LATTER—GRANT VISITS THE FLEET—GREAT ENTHUSIASM—SENDS SHERMAN AGAINST JACKSON—HONORS CONFERRED ON GRANT—REJOICING OF THE PEOPLE.

THE following is a description of Vicksburg as Grant now found it, and it must be confessed, a more formidable undertaking than the capture of it by assault can hardly be conceived. The bluffs on which it stands run back nearly two miles into the interior. These were now lined with troops, covered with intrenchments, manned by powerful batteries, and seamed with almost perpendicular ravines in front. The whole line was between seven and eight miles long, while the river front was protected by powerful batteries. "It consisted of a series of detached works on prominent and commanding points, connected by a continuous line of trench or rifle-pit. The works were necessarily irregular, from the shape of the ridges on which they were situated, and, in only one instance, closed at the gorge. They were placed at distances of from seventy-five to five hundred yards from each other. The connecting rifle-pit was simple, and generally about breast-high. The ravines were the only ditches, except in front of the detached works, but no others were needed, trees being

felled in front of the whole line, and forming, in many places, entanglements which, under fire, were absolutely impassable. In military parlance, Vicksburg was rather an intrenched camp than a fortified place, owing much of its extraordinary strength to the difficult nature of the ground, which rendered rapidity of movement and unity of effort in an assault, impossible.

"North of the Jackson road, the hills are higher, and covered with a denser growth of timber, and here, in consequence, the enemy had been able to make his line exceedingly strong and difficult of approach. But, from the Jackson road to the river, on the south, the country was cleared and cultivated; the ridges also were lower, and the slopes more gentle, though the ground was still rough and entirely unfitted for any united tactical movement. What the enemy lacked on this side, in natural defenses, he had supplied by giving increased strength to his works. The whole aspect of the rugged fastness, bristling with bayonets, and crowned with artillery that swept the narrow defiles in every direction, was calculated to inspire new courge in those who came thronging into its recesses and behind its bulwarks, from their succession of disasters in the open field. Here, too, were at least eight thousand fresh troops, who as yet had suffered none of the demoralization of defeat; and, with his 30,000 men, and nearly two hundred cannon, the rebel leader thought himself well able to stand a siege. If he had supplies enough to feed his army, he could surely hold out till another force, under Johnston, could be collected for his relief."*

Such was the formidable nature of this position, and yet Grant proposed to carry it by storm, before a single breach had been made in it—a feat we apprehend never

* General Badeau.

before attempted in modern warfare. On the very first day of the investment, the 19th of May, Grant ordered his corps commanders to "push forward carefully, and gain positions as close as possible to the enemy's works, until two o'clock P. M.; at that hour they will fire three volleys of artillery from all the pieces in position. This will be the signal for a general charge along the whole line."

Across deep gullies, over steep hills and wooded cliffs and rugged chasms, ground so broken and rough, that a single traveler would find it hard work to

GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT VICKSBURG.

make his way, the troops were to move on the flaming hell that awaited them. They, elated with their recent success, were eager for the attack, and the bugles rang out and the artillery opened, and under its tremendous fire they moved resolutely forward.

It is needless to speak of the movements of the different columns, the bravery of the troops or of the gallantry and daring of regiments, officers or men. The great army surged up against the impregnable works as the sea surges against the rocks and was beaten back as the waves recoil from the impassible barriers that meet

them. Nothing daunted, Grant determined, three days after, to make another attempt to take the place by storm. The preparations for this were on a more extended scale, and Porter was to assist on the river side with his gunboats. All the corps commanders set their time-pieces by Grant's watch, so that the assault should be simultaneous. He himself took a prominent position, from which he could see most of the advancing columns. At the appointed hour, while the earth shook to the thunder of artillery, and a cloud of sulphurous smoke hung over the bluffs of Vicksburg, the mighty army hurled itself in one impetuous, terrific onset upon the place. Deeds of unparalleled valor were performed, transient successes gained, but the assault proved a complete failure, and the bleeding line swung slowly back to its original position; but, oh, how many brave men it had left behind.

The ravines, and hillsides, and gullies were heaped with the slain, among which lay the wounded, filling the night air with groans, and laments, and piercing cries for water. Grant had hurled 30,000 men on the rebel works, one-tenth of whom he left behind. He had not gained one foot of ground, and inflicted but little loss on the enemy, covered as they were by their works.

Much has been written and many reasons given for this assault. But of all those adduced in its favor, they seem to us to justify the first one rather than it. The hope of overcoming easily a demoralized army, the dissatisfaction of the people with long sieges, etc., may be sufficient to have induced Grant to make the first attempt. But that had revealed no weakness in the enemy's defenses, opened up no salient point, while it had encouraged the besieged, and given them back their lost confidence. No impression had been made on any portion of the rebel works, nothing accomplished to

justify any hope of success, which, if obtained at all, must be by some unexpected piece of luck; in short, depended altogether on "something turning up."

Grant had the reputation of "moving at once on the enemy's works," but this is not always wise, and only sacrifices brave men in vain. He had now to come down to the much-despised spade, with more than three thousand men less than before to help him use it, and he prepared for a regular siege, and called for reinforcements, telling Hurlburt and Prentiss to send forward "every available man that could possibly be spared." "The siege of Vicksburg," he says, "is going to occupy time, contrary to my expectations when I arrived near it. To watch the enemy, and to prevent him from collecting a force outside, near enough to attack my rear, I require a large cavalry force. Contract everything on the line of the route from Memphis to Corinth, and keep your cavalry well out south of there; by this means, you ought to be able to send here quite a large force."

Grant had now about forty thousand men fit for duty, and on the 23d, orders were given for the axe and the shovel to supplant the bayonet. The hot season was at hand, the troops had already endured many hardships, they were almost altogether unprovided with siege material, so that the difficulties before the national army were not only formidable, but peculiar. The engineer organization was especially defective; there were no engineer troops in the entire command, and only four engineer officers, while twenty would have found ample opportunity for all their skill. Several pioneer companies of volunteers were, however, used for engineering purposes, and although raw at first, became effective before the close of the siege. There were no permanent depots of siege material; spades and picks were kept at

the steamboat landing, on the Yazoo, and in the camps near the trenches; gabions and fascines were made as they were needed, by the pioneer companies, or by details of troops from the line. Grant's artillery was simply that used during the campaign, with the addition of a battery of naval guns of larger calibre, loaned him by Admiral Porter. There was nothing like a siege train in all the West—no light mortars, and very few siege-howitzers nearer than Washington; and there was not time to send to northern arsenals for supplies. With such material and means the siege of Vicksburg was begun.

Being between two armies, and knowing that reinforcements would be hurried up to the neighborhood of Vicksburg from every quarter by the enemy, he had to provide against contingencies arising on every side of him. Porter was asked to occupy Haines's Bluff, which had been abandoned with all its artillery, with his marines and sailors, till troops could be got up from the north to hold it. He had also to erect works in his rear, to provide against an attack from Johnston in that direction. His utmost energies were, therefore, called into activity to guard against the thousand dangers that might arise in the long siege before him. But all this time, with such material as he had, he pressed the siege on. Covered ways, trenches, parallels, saps and mines were constructed, sharpshooters placed so as to pick off any of the enemy that showed their heads above the parapets, a tower built, from the top of which he could overlook everything, while Porter kept thundering on the water-batteries in front. Having no iron mortars, wooden ones were made, bound firmly with iron hoops, which threw shells into the city. Amid this constant uproar and tumult the underground work went noiselessly on, and Grant slowly dug his way under the town. By the last of June he had 220 guns in position,

although there was but one heavy battery, and this had been landed from the gun-boats, and was served by sailors. Grant began his approaches 600 yards distant from the rebel works, and by the last of June had got within 200.

While all this outside thundering and underground digging was going on, food grew scarcer and scarcer in the doomed place. Grant had cut off its supplies till the tired troops were put on half rations. Pemberton, seeing that he was being slowly starved out, sent pressing requests to Johnston to relieve him, but Sherman was looking after him, and all his messages fell into Grant's hands. Says Badeau:

CAVE LIFE IN VICKSBURG.

"The prices of food in the town had, by this time, risen enormously. Flour was five dollars a pound, or a thousand dollars a barrel (rebel money); meal was one hundred and forty dollars a bushel; molasses, ten and twelve dollars a gallon; and beef (very often oxen killed by the national shells and picked up by the butchers) was sold at two dollars and two dollars and a half, by the pound. Mule-meat sold at a dollar a pound, and was in great demand. Many families of wealth had eaten the last

mouthful of food they possessed, and the poorer class of non-combatants was on the verge of starvation. There was scarcely a building that had not been struck by shells, and many were entirely demolished. A number of women and children had been killed or wounded by mortar-shells, or balls; and, all who did not remain in the damp caves of the hillsides, were in danger. Even the hospitals where the wounded lay were sometimes struck, for it was found impossible to prevent occasional shells falling on the buildings, which of course would have been sacred from an intentional fire.

"Fodder was exhausted, and the horses were compelled to subsist wholly on corn-tops, the corn being all ground into meal for the soldiers."

The pickets often would meet and converse pleasantly together, the Union men always bragging they could starve the rebels out in the end. A favorite meeting-place was a house between the lines to which there was a well. Thither after dark both parties would repair for water, which was scarce, and have long discussions about the war.

At length the end approached. A mine was pushed far in, and from it three branch mines were run, in each of which were placed 500 pounds of powder and 700 in the centre, in all, over a ton of powder. The 25th of June was fixed for exploding the whole.

The fuse train being ignited, it went fizzing and popping through the zigzag line of trenches, until for a moment it vanished. Its disappearance was quickly succeeded by the explosion, and the mine was sprung. So terrible a spectacle is seldom witnessed. Dust, dirt, smoke, gabions, stockades, timber, gun-carriages, logs—in fact, everything connected with the fort—rose hundreds of feet into the air, as if vomited forth from a volcano.

The rebel troops were expecting an explosion and had left the spot—a few, however, remained and were blown into the air—two coming down alive within our lines. A crater was made large enough to hold two regiments, and our troops rushed boldly into it. But they were so exposed, the enemy occupying higher ground, that it seemed madness to attempt to hold it. Shells fell almost momentarily into it, and with such deadly effect, that the soldiers called it the "death hole." But they grimly held it all night, and in the morning commenced covering themselves, and were soon protected. From this time on the work progressed more rapidly. New mines were constructed and exploded—the circle of fire grew steadily narrower, new batteries were erected commanding the the interior, famine increased, and everything indicated that the time for a last deadly assault was close at hand.

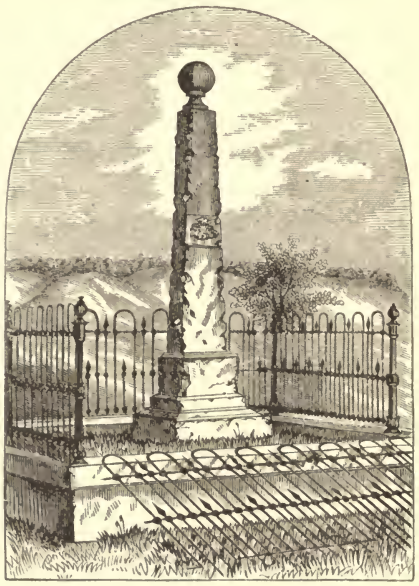
At length, on the 1st of July, Pemberton called a council of officers to discuss what should be done. The conclusion was reached that they must surrender. "Accordingly, on the 3d, he sent to Grant an officer proposing an armistice. After some little correspondence it was agreed that Pemberton and Grant should meet, for Grant had demanded an unconditional surrender of the place, to which Pemberton objected."

The two commanders met under a tree* on a hillside, within 200 feet of the rebel line. The works on both sides were crowded with unarmed men, lying on their faces, or hanging over the parapet, and looking eagerly on. The day was sultry; there was no rain, but the

* The monument shown in the engraving was of white-veined marble, about twelve feet high, and was erected on the very spot where stood the live-oak tree under which these two chiefs met on this ever-to-be-remembered occasion. It was, however, so mutilated by relic-seekers, that it was removed in 1866, and replaced by an immense cannon, surmounted by a huge shell.

THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

clouds hung heavily down, as if to watch the interview. The loud-mouthed cannon held their peace, and the strange cessation of artillery and musketry-fire made the silence oppressive. The two generals shook hands, and Pemberton inquired what terms of capitulation would be allowed him. Grant replied, those that had been expressed in his letter of the morning; whereupon Pemberton haughtily declared, if this were all, the conference might terminate, and hostilities be resumed immediately. "Very well," said Grant, and turned away. Two of the subordinates then proposed to consult together. Grant said he had no objection, but would not promise to be bound by their conclusions. They stepped one side, while he and Pemberton walked up and down, conversing. The propositions agreed upon Grant refused to entertain, and mounting his horse, rode back to his lines. He promised, however, not to resume hostilities until he had sent to Pemberton, that night, his last terms in detail. He called a council of his officers, and submitted Pemberton's proposition, and asked their advice. After a long consultation, they drew up terms which they deemed proper to be offered on the one hand and accepted on the other. But Grant, acting independent in this matter, as he had from the beginning,



MONUMENT AT VICKSBURG.

refused to accept them, and sent instead the following: "In conformity with the agreement of this afternoon, I will submit the following propositions for the surrender of Vicksburg. On your accepting the terms proposed, I will march in one division as a guard, and take possession at eight A. M. to-morrow. As soon as rolls can be made out, and paroles signed by officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them their side-arms and clothing, and the field, staff and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property. If these conditions are accepted, any amount of rations you may deem necessary can be taken from the stores you now have, and also the necessary cooking utensils for preparing them. Thirty wagons, also, counting two-horse or mule teams as one, will be allowed to transport such articles as cannot be carried along. The same conditions will be allowed to all sick and wounded officers and soldiers as fast as they become able to travel. The paroles for these latter must be signed, however, whilst officers are present authorized to sign the roll of prisoners."

Pemberton, after some hesitation, consented to this arrangement, for he knew that he could get no better terms. Grant, convinced that he must surrender, with that promptness which was one secret of his success, instantly dispatched Sherman back over the route on which he had come from Jackson, to disperse Johnston, whom he knew, with reinforcements, was on his way to Vicksburg.

At ten o'clock on Saturday, the 4th of July, the garrison of Vicksburg marched out of their works and stacked their arms, 31,600 men, among whom were 2,053 officers, fifteen of them generals. One hundred and seventy-two cannon fell into our hands. Where does military history

furnish a parallel to this in the number of men and guns surrendered at one time? Napoleon's famous capture of Ulm does not equal it.

I have given a description of the interview between Grant and his staff, and Pemberton and his chief officers in a more extended work, and can do no better than repeat it.

Pemberton, at this time, was at Forney's head-quarters, a stone house built on the outskirts of the city, with wide verandas, and almost hid among the tropical trees. Seated in a damask cushioned rocking-chair, he sat with his head bent as if lost in sad reflections, while pride and mortification seemed struggling for the mastery in his swarthy face. Tall, with black eyes and hair, and a full flowing beard, he was a conspicuous object on the veranda, which was filled with officers. It was a hot day, and the doors and windows were all open to let in a little air, through which also stole the triumphant strains of the distant regimental bands. Grant with his staff trotted leisurely toward this house, and dismounting, stepped on to the piazza, and advanced toward the rebel general. All looked up as he entered, and could scarce restrain their surprise, when instead of a tall and commanding form, clad in the rich uniform befitting so grand an occasion, they saw before them a man of small stature, thick-set, and round-shouldered, dressed in a plain suit of blue flannel, and with nothing to distinguish his rank but two stars on his shoulders. Pemberton received his salutations coldly, and had not the civility to rise and offer him a chair. His officers were all seated on the piazza, but accepting their commander's conduct as the rule of politeness, not one of them offered Grant a seat. Not even the sword at their side, which he in his generosity allowed them to retain, could prompt them to common civility. Among those officers it is hard to believe that there was

not many who were ashamed of this want of courtesy, and persisted in it only because the sullen demeanor and discourteous tone of their chief made them feel that any other course would be displeasing to him.

Thus for five minutes the conqueror stood conversing with his prisoner seated in his richly-cushioned rocking-chair. This shameful spectacle was at length more than the gentlemanly feelings of one of the officers present could endure, and he rose and offered Grant a seat. The latter, however, occupied it but a few minutes, when feeling very thirsty from his hot and dusty ride, he asked for a drink of water. Not one offered to get it or ordered a servant to do so; instead, he was cavalierly told that he would find some inside of the house. Passing within, he groped around, and at last came across a negro, who brought him a glass. Grant then returned to the piazza, and finding his seat had been taken in his absence, again stood and conversed for nearly a half an hour with his rude captive.

Grant then visited the flag-ship of Admiral Porter. He was received with thundering salutes, dipping of flags and rousing cheers. The two heroes and their officers talked long and animatedly together over the great victory. At dark, Grant returned on shore. In a week the paroles were completed, and on July 11th, at a half an hour before noon, the rebel garrison took up its line of march. As they reached the fortifications, each man's name was called and checked off on the rolls. National troops were placed as guards on both sides of the road, for some distance beyond the intrenchments; and, in all the bitterness of defeat, the prisoners marched by. All that had heretofore passed was as nothing to this. Amid the thickest storm of battle, there had always been the expectation of succor or success; while they lay on

the weary picket, or in the hot trenches, they had still hoped on, though hope was long deferred. But now all hope was gone; the rebel yell of defiance, so often raised in battle, opposed to the national cheer, might not be heard; their willing hands no longer grasped familiar weapons; the standards, under which they had fought so proudly, were in the keeping of their conquerors. Large tear-drops fell on many a weather-beaten face, and ever and anon they paused, and, turning back, took one last look at the city they had striven so hard to retain.* The national army gazed on in silence; proud as was the sight to them, exultant as were the emotions with which they contemplated a spectacle that repaid them a thousand-fold for all their toils, and wounds, and sufferings, they yet could not but pity the humiliation of their foes. No insulting taunt was heard, no cheer of triumph nor mocking cannon saluted the ears of the prisoners. Silently and sadly they moved on, and in a few hours, were free from the taint of treason.

Sherman, when he reached Jackson, found Johnston there and too strongly entrenched and reinforced to be attacked, and so he carried out Grant's orders to destroy all railroads and cut off all supplies, and in the end the rebel general was compelled to withdraw and retreat under cover of darkness. Sherman did not deem it wise to pursue, and so, after accomplishing the mission he was sent to perform, rejoined the army.

The President wrote a private letter to Grant, confessing that he himself had thought his course in starting on this campaign was wrong, and he now wished to acknowledge his mistake. He was immediately made major-general, and votes of thanks were passed all over the country, and costly gifts made him. It had been a great triumph, and it filled the country with joy and confidence.

*Col. Badeau.

CHAPTER IX.

GRANT AND THE COLORED TROOPS—WISHES TO MOVE ON MOBILE—STRANGE OPPOSITION OF LINCOLN AND HALLECK—GRANT IN NEW ORLEANS—THROWN FROM HIS HORSE AND DISABLED—PLACED OVER THE WHOLE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI—ORDERED TO CHATTANOOGA—PUTS THOMAS IN PLACE OF ROSENCRANZ—HIS DISPATCH TO THE FORMER—THE ANSWER—STARTS FOT CHATTANOOGA—TERRIBLE ROADS—HIS ARRIVAL IN A RAIN-STORM—SAD CONDITION OF THE ARMY—COMMUNICATION OPENED WITH NASHVILLE—THE ASPECT OF AFFAIRS CHANGED—BURNSIDE AT KNOXVILLE THREATENED—SHERMAN'S MARCH—GRANT'S EXCITEMENT—IMPORTANCE OF HOLDING CHATTANOOGA—ANXIOUS FOR BURNSIDE—ARRIVAL OF SHERMAN—THE BATTLE-FIELD SURVEYED—PAINFUL DELAYS—GRANT IMPATIENT—DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE-FIELD—SHERMAN AND HOOKER—THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE—FINAL CHARGE—THE PURSUIT—SHERMAN SENT TO RELIEVE BURNSIDE—GRANT CONGRATULATES THE ARMY.

THE President having issued a proclamation emancipating the slaves, he was very anxious to incorporate them into the army, and had sanguine expectations of the great influence they would have in killing the rebellion. Grant, who before the war was strongly opposed to all abolition movements, was thought by many would hesitate to favor this wish, so far as his own army was concerned. But he was too good a soldier not to obey his Government, and though he did not share in the President's opinion of the effect it would have on the war he entered into his plans cheerfully—nay he went further, and espoused the cause of the black man with an ardor and energy that had its effect in the South-west. Hearing that the negroes when captured were not treated as prisoners of war, but as robbers, he wrote the following letter to General Taylor, son of the former President, and commanding in Texas:

"I feel no inclination," he said, "to retaliate for the offenses of irresponsible persons, but, if it is the policy of any general intrusted with the command of troops to show no quarter, or to punish with death prisoners taken in battle, I will accept the issue. It may be you propose a different line of policy toward black troops and officers commanding them to that practiced toward white troops. If so, I can assure you that these colored troops are regularly mustered into the service of the United States. The Government, and all officers under the Government, are bound to give the same protection to these troops that they do to any other troops."

To this Taylor replied, that he would punish all such acts of violence, but he was required to turn over colored troops captured to the civil government.

The opening of the Mississippi, which had been closed so long to the North-west, caused the people of that section to wish to reopen trade also, with the South. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, being a Western man, naturally sympathized with this feeling.

But Grant strongly opposed this measure as pernicious in its effects, but he was overruled, and permission was granted, and the South was flooded with smugglers, peddlers and adventurers, just as he had predicted. At this time he strongly urged on the Government the propriety of letting him move on Mobile. This Halleck opposed, but he returned again and again to it, saying: "I am confident that Mobile could now be taken, with comparatively a small force. At least, a demonstration in that direction would either result in the abandonment of the city, or force the enemy to weaken Bragg's army to hold it." On the 30th, he once more urged: "I regret that I have not got a movable force with which to attack Mobile or the river above. As I am situated, however, I must be content

with guarding territory already taken from the enemy. I do not say this complainingly, but simply regret that advantage cannot be taken of so fine an opportunity of dealing the enemy a heavy blow." But Halleck and Lincoln both opposed him, and nothing was done.

Time, however, which "sets all things even," compelled Lincoln at length to put *him* where he asked no permission to act as he wished, and Halleck, where he could no longer interfere with his movements. So instead of being allowed to push on his astonishing victories, his troops were taken from him to reinforce Banks and Rosencranz—the latter, being hard pushed at Chattanooga. Finding himself in this condition, yet anxious to help on the cause of the Union in every way in his power, he set off for New Orleans to visit Banks before he left for Texas, and see how he could aid him.

While in the city at a review of the troops, he was thrown from his horse. He was a splendid horseman—no man having a firmer seat in the saddle than he—but in an unguarded moment he was hurled to the ground, and so severely injured that he was compelled to lie in one position for twenty days, and did not return to Vicksburg till the 16th of September. Even then, he was carried on his couch, and compelled to keep his bed until the 25th, when he was able to move about on crutches. In the meantime, Halleck was telegraphing to him to send all his available force to Rosencranz. This was done, and he at once set his troops in motion, though he had no faith in the propriety of the orders of his chief. Things were getting in terrible confusion—for Rosencranz was soon terribly whipped on the Chickamauga River, and but for Thomas, would have lost the army. It was plain that the clear head

and prompt arm of Grant was needed there, and on the 3d of October, he received the following dispatch. The Secretary of War had finally got waked up to the blundering of the Commander-in-Chief.

"It is the wish of the Secretary of War that, as soon as General Grant is able to take the field, he will come to Cairo, and report by telegraph." Grant replied from Columbus, Kentucky: "Your dispatch from Cario of the 3d, directing me to report from Cairo, was received at 11.30, on the 10th. Left the same day with staff and head-quarters, and am here, *en route* for Cario."

GEORGE H. THOMAS.

At Indianapolis, he was met by the Secretary of War, who brought with him an order creating for him a new command—the Military Division of the Mississippi; this was to include all the territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi River, excepting Banks's District: viz., three departments of the Tennessee, the Cumberland and the Ohio. At this time Rosencranz was in command of the Department of the Cumberland, and Burnside of that of the Ohio.

The Government would not give him permission to go to Mobile; and now it puts him in command of the whole Valley of the Mississippi.

Grant at once hurried to Nashville, to try to save the army cooped up in Chattanooga, and was given permission to choose which should take charge of the army

under him—Thomas or Rosencranz. It did not take him long to decide between the man who had disappointed him at Corinth and the "rock of Chickamauga," and he immediately sent an order to Chattanooga placing Thomas in chief command, and on the 19th started himself, by rail, for the same place, for he had received a startling dispatch from Washington that it was in immediate danger of being surrendered, and he telegraphed to Thomas: "*Hold Chattanooga at all hazards, I will be there as soon as possible;*" and there flashed back over the wires, from this "noblest Roman of them all:" "*I will hold the town till I starve.*" This was enough to hear from the "rock of Chickamauga," and he knew, when he arrived that, though he might find a dead, it would not be a captive army. At Nashville he dispatched orders to the right and left throughout his vast department, and among them one that illustrates his great foresight, viz., to Admiral Porter to get a gun-boat to Sherman, on the Tennessee, who was pressing, with his usual tirelessness and terrible energy toward Chattanooga.

At Nashville he and his party took horse, for Grant, though still on crutches, was able to ride on horseback. But the roads were in a horrible condition, on account of the recent rains, which sent torrents down the mountain-side, often a foot deep. Gloomy rocks darkened above and deep chasms opened below, while all along the road, which was almost impassable, the slippery ground was strewn with the wrecks of wagons and carcasses of animals, left there in the effort to get provisions to the starving garrison. Where it was unsafe to go mounted, the escort led their horses, while the soldiers carried Grant tenderly in their arms over the rough and dangerous place. The last day before reaching Chattanooga a pour-

ing rain set in, drenching the weary party. At last, just at dark, they saw the twinkling camp-fires in the valley, and those also blazing up from all the heights that surrounded it where lay the enemy. They were hungry, wet and cold, and as they passed through the street in the lashing rain, every one they met wore a gloomy aspect, as though all hope had left them. And no wonder, for they were weakened by want of food, hemmed in on every side, with no way of escape, while their artillery was useless for want of horses. It seemed a mockery, in this condition of things, to send more soldiers to help consume their scanty rations.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THOMAS.

Grant at once proceeded to Thomas's head-quarters, and at half-past nine telegraphed to Washington that he had just arrived. He learned that Hooker, who had recently come on by rail from the Army of the Potomac, had been ordered by Thomas to concentrate his force at Bridgeport.

The next day the two commanders rode out together to take a view of the situation. The lookout was gloomy enough, for the enemy occupied all the heights, and did not at once precipitate themselves on the weak and starving garrison, because famine was doing the work of destruction for them.

The first thing to be done was to open up the natural route to Nashville, by which supplies could be obtained to feed the starving army. Thomas had already, with

the arrival of troops from the east, devised a plan to do this, which Grant at once adopted, and by a series of brilliant movements and a complete surprise succeeded, and there was no longer any fear of starvation. Thus, in five days after Grant's arrival, the aspect of things had entirely changed. Instead of a starving army, which must, in a very short time, succumb to hunger, he saw one able to be supplied with food to any amount. It was no longer a dispirited army, one momentarily dreading an attack, but one full of courage, and waiting only to be completely prepared to move on the foe.

This was a complete surprise to Bragg. A short time before, Jefferson Davis had visited his head-quarters, and from the encampment, on the heights, looked down on the cooped-up army of Rosencranz, and saw with delight, as he thought, that there would soon be a partial recompense for the dreadful loss at Vicksburg.

As soon as Bragg saw how the tables were turned upon him, he directed his attention to Burnside, shut up a hundred miles away in Knoxville, East Tennessee, and determined to capture him before Grant could be ready to attack him. The latter knew this, but could do nothing to prevent any movement in that direction, and became intensely anxious to see the head of Sherman's indomitable columns. Halleck had ordered him to repair bridges as he advanced. Grant now ordered him to leave them alone and strip for the race. Sherman gladly obeyed, and though he had steamed 400 miles, and was now required to make a march of 400 more across the country, yet he started on the long journey as though it were but a day's march.

Hearing that Bragg had dispatched one of his best generals, Longstreet, against Burnside, Grant's anxiety to move against Missionary Ridge, and thus compel him

to return, was almost overwhelming. This was increased by dispatches from Washington urging him to do something to save Burnside, whose destruction, unless he did, would be inevitable. Grant at once sent orders to him to hold on, and at the same time to Sherman to hurry forward. His impatience at his own compelled inactivity threatened to leap over all bounds, and he at length ordered Thomas, on the 7th, to make an attack, saying: "It should not be delayed later than till tomorrow morning." But the latter had said again and again that nothing could be done till horses were ob-obtained. "But," said Grant, "the news is of such a nature, that it becomes an imperative duty for your force to draw the attention of the enemy from Burnside to your own front. I deem the best movement against the enemy to be an attack on the northern end of Missionary Ridge, with all the force you can bring to bear against it; and, when that is carried, to threaten, and even attack, if possible, the enemy's line of communication between Dalton and Cleveland. Rations should be ready to issue a sufficiency to last four days, the moment Missionary Ridge is in our possession; rations to be carried in haversacks. *Where there are not horses to move the artillery, mules must be taken from the teams, or horses from ambulances; or, if necessary, officers dismounted, and their horses taken.*"

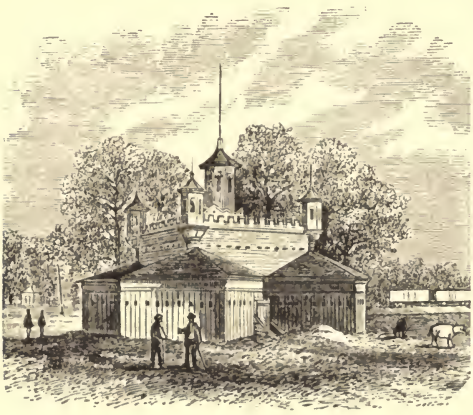
But Thomas was immovable. He well knew that to carry out that order would simply be an attempt to fight a desperate battle without cannon. Grant chafed like a wild animal in chains. He could not help Burnside; he could not attack Bragg; in fact, he could do nothing till Sherman came up, and that noble officer was doing all that human nature could do to reach him. His men were getting exhausted; many of them had worn out their

shoes, and were marching barefooted along the now dusty and now slippery highways. It was a time of tremendous excitement. Two entire corps had been hurried from the Potomac by steam, and had to be provided for as they could. Two hundred thousand soldiers were concentrating from the east and the west, either in motion for this one battle-field, or guarding its approaches, or bringing up supplies, or waiting anxiously for those who were, with them, to fight the battle of Chattanooga. And over all these preparations, and all these armies, the spirit of one man was dominant.

Grant was in a very trying position, for the eyes of the whole country were upon him, and the Government waited with the intensest anxiety every dispatch from him. It was not merely the army at Chattanooga that was to be saved, but a strategic point of the utmost importance. Great railway lines converged here, stretching east and west, and connecting these two sections of the Confederacy, furnishing it interior lines, on which it could transport troops from one threatened point to another, and thus, with but half the number of men that we had, could concentrate an equal number at a given point, where otherwise we should have a superior force. It, therefore, must not fall, if human courage and skill could save it, and it was very plain that if two such men as Grant and Thomas could not do it, it could not be saved at all. His dispatches to Burnside, at Knoxville, at this time, reveal his anxiety for that commander, and at the same time show that his whole nature was strung up to the intensest point, causing his mind to work with a rapidity and power seldom exhibited.

On the night of the 14th, Sherman took a boat at Bridgeport and reached Chattanooga the next day, and reported to Grant. The greeting between these two

comrades, and heroes, and friends, was most cordial. Grant, as he listened to the recital of his long and tedious march, and the deplorable state that his troops were in, but ready to obey his orders to the last, not only felt drawn nearer to the gallant soldiers, but felt also a mighty load lifted from his heart, and that he could breathe free again. The time for action had at last come. Grant then went over the situation of the rebel army, delineated clearly his plan of attack, and told him what his own position and duty were to be on the day of battle. The next day the two rode over the ground together, accompanied by Thomas and other officers, and finally ascended the hills on the north bank of the Tennessee, from which, spread out like a map, the whole crest of Missionary Ridge, up to the point Sherman was told he was expected to take, and hold, and fortify, preparatory to the grand assault. That group presented a picturesque spectacle, as they stood on that naked hill-top and pointed out the distant camp of the enemy, reposing along the silent mountains, which the sun, just then breaking through the mist that had shrouded them, revealed, like a beautiful picture, the white tents standing out against the blue sky, and the standards waving above them. They were too distant to hear the strains of music that floated along the crest, and it was a peaceful, quiet scene, so tranquil and beautiful, that the imagination could not



BLOCK-HOUSE AT CHATTANOOGA.

conceive that it so soon would be transformed into one of passion, and blood, and death, and terror inconceivable. Sherman gazed long and intently on it; not for its beauty or the terrible change that was so soon to come over it, but with the eye of the soldier, noting each point in its relation to the plan of battle, that had been described to him, but gazed longest and most earnestly on that spot where he and his brave troops were expected to perform so important a part in the coming decisive struggle. He thought long and intently over it as they descended the hill and returned to head-quarters.

Sherman had left his hard-pressed, weary and half-shoeless, yet noble army, at Bridgeport, and he felt they needed rest, but the sad spectacle that had met his eyes at Chattanooga made him forget the long and desperate march of 400 miles, and he knew that no time was to be lost. He started back for Bridgeport in a row-boat, and every hour being big with fate, urged the men to spare no exertion; and, as the row was long and tedious, he took the oars from time to time himself, to relieve the men, and one of the foremost generals of the army bent to the oars while his crew rested. Reaching Bridgeport, he at once set his army in motion. Meanwhile, Grant gave orders to Thomas to be ready on Saturday morning to attack Missionary Ridge, giving a clear outline of the plan on which it was to be conducted. These instructions he sent down the river to meet Sherman on the march. This general was urging on his troops, but the bridge at Brown's Ferry was frail, and the columns had to march over it carefully, or it would break down entirely, while the roads leading from it were terribly cut up, besides being incumbered with the wagons of other troops stationed along the way, so that the march was necessarily slow, and he did not reach Hooker down at Look-

out Mountain till the afternoon of the 20th. To his dismay he received here Grant's orders to attack the enemy at daybreak next morning. This, of course, was impossible, and he telegraphed Grant so. Again this impatient man was compelled to retract his orders. Before, it was Thomas that disappointed him, and now it was his favorite general, and he telegraphed to Halleck: "I ordered an attack here two weeks ago, but it was impossible to move artillery;" and, now, Thomas had to borrow teams from Sherman, in order to move a portion of his artillery to the places where it was to be used. Sherman had used almost superhuman efforts to get up, and still was delayed; and Thomas could take only about one gun with each battery. "I have never felt," he says, "such restlessness before, as I have at the fixed and immovable condition of the Army of the Cumberland."

This usually reticent, self-restrained man had been the prey of the keenest anxiety, lest Burnside should surrender before he could strike a blow for him; and, thwarted in his plans by circumstances over which he had no control, he at last bursts out, and betrays his feelings: "*I have never felt such restlessness before.*" He now wrote to Sherman: "To-morrow morning I had at first set for your attack, but I now see it cannot be made then; but can you not get up for the following morning. . . . . Every effort must be made to get up in time to attack on Sunday morning." But again fate interposed, as if to overtake and baffle this man, to whom every day seemed a battle lost, for a heavy rain-storm set in that afternoon, and came down in torrents all night and all next day. But Sherman put his troops in motion, and the Second Division, at Bridgeport, began to cross the pontoon bridge at Brown's Ferry, but it broke down again and again, and had to be repaired. All day long,

and all through the gloomy night, the tired, drenched soldiers were kept at work; but, when at last over, the rain had rendered the roads so muddy that the artillery was moved with great difficulty, and blows of whips, and loud hallooing, and cursing were mingled with the stern, sharp orders of the officers. It was plain that the battle could not come off on that Sabbath day. His patience was being tried to the utmost. To make matters worse, a messenger brought the news that Bragg was about to retreat, and get off scatheless, after all. Grant believed it, because it seemed to be corroborated by a letter he had received from Bragg, requesting him to remove all non-combatants from Chattanooga, as he was about to commence bombarding the place. He thought this was a mere trick to cover up his movements, as he did not believe that he would thus notify him beforehand of his purpose. But, whatever Bragg's motives were, he had no thought of retreating.

The following is a description of the battle-field by an officer of Grant's staff, Col. Badeau:

"Four streams empty into the Tennessee, near Chattanooga, bounding and dividing what was destined to be the battle-field. Missionary Ridge runs nearly north and south, and these various currents, breaking through its gorges or those of Lookout Mountain, flow north and west.

"Thomas's line, in front of Chattanooga, reached from the Chattanooga Creek to the Citico, and was about a mile out from the town. Twenty-two heavy guns were in position along this line. The rebel pickets in front of Fort Wood came into close contact with the national out-guards, and nearly a mile beyond them, was the first rebel line."

On the 23d, Grant ordered Thomas to make a re-

connoissance in force, in front of him, and feel the enemy, and see if it were true that he was retreating. It was a beautiful day, for the fog, that all the morning had stretched along the river and filled all the valley and shut out the opposing armies, now lifted and rolled away in heavy masses, revealing the camps above and below to each other. It was like the sudden lifting of a mighty curtain on some vast stage on which were 50,000 actors, with all the accessories in scenery of mountain ridges, and deep valleys, and white tents, and waving banners, and glistening bayonets, and roll of

MISSIONARY RIDGE.

drums, and shouts of bugles. The enemy looked down from his sunny heights with more curiosity than surprise, as Thomas's forces, with the precision of men in a review, moved out on the open field toward the base of the mountain. They thought it was a mere parade till their steady advance dispelled the illusion, when in an instant, valley and mountain rung with the loud explosions of artillery. Then followed the rolling volleys of musketry as the troops entered the line of pickets. These were swept back, and the steady columns, entering a strip of woods, fell on the first range of rifle-pits and

carried them before the enemy were aware of their danger, and two hundred men were captured and sent back.

In fifteen minutes the rebels had abandoned their whole advanced line, and everything was swept clear to the foot of the mountain, except a few rifle-pits directly at its base. Within this space so quickly captured was a mound called "Orchard Knoll," which, with other points, were at once fortified preparatory to the grand movement the next day. Thus 20,000 men were a mile in advance of their former position, in complete line of battle. All this time Sherman was getting into his position on Bragg's extreme right. The army, however, had been so maneuvered as to make Bragg think that the main attack was to be on his extreme left. To confirm this delusion, Sherman passed behind hills near the shore, till he reached Chickamauga Creek, above Chattanooga. To be in readiness for the troops when they arrived, 116 pontoons had been floated down the night before, and concealed in North Chickamauga Creek, from which they were to be floated down to the Tennessee when wanted.

Says Badeau: "Before midnight of the 23d of November, the pontoons were loaded with thirty armed men each; and at two o'clock on the morning of the 24th, the whole fleet, carrying Giles Smith's brigade, pushed carefully out of the North Chickamauga, and then dropped silently down the Tennessee. So perfect were the arrangements, that even the national pickets along the bank of the river did not know when the boats had passed. Floating quietly by the rebel sentinels, before daylight they reached their destination, a point just above the mouth of the South Chickamauga. A small force then jumped ashore, and advancing rapidly, captured the enemy's out-guard, twenty in number, before the rebels

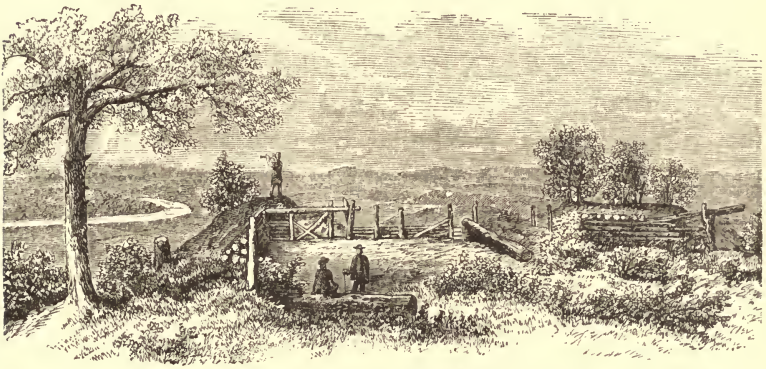
were aware of the presence of a foe. Smith then pushed rapidly below the mouth of the Chickamauga, disembarked the rest of his brigade, and dispatched the pontoons back for other loads."

By daylight 8,000 men were across and had intrenched themselves on the south bank of the river. At daybreak they began to throw the bridge across the river, 1,400 feet wide at this point, in ordinary times, and now swelled by the recent rains, much wider. While it was building, eighty boats, each carrying some forty soldiers, were passing rapidly from shore to shore. By noon the bridge was completed, and the artillery went rumbling over the swaying structure, followed by a long line of cavalry. At one o'clock, Sherman took up his march from the bank—a light drizzling rain falling at the time helping to conceal his movements. By half-past three he had pushed up the hill he was to start from next morning, and fall on Bragg's right. To his surprise he found, after reaching it, that Missionary Ridge was

SLOPE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

not continuous with it but that he would be compelled to cross a deep gorge before he could make a lodgment on the ridge proper. This took from his achievement half its value, and showed plainly that the work before him was more formidable than he supposed.

While he was thus maneuvering to get a position from which to move on the enemy, Hooker was doing the same thing down the river to attack his left. To effect this, he must fight his way up Lookout Mountain, at the foot of which were the enemy's pickets, while



REDOUBT ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

his main force was posted in a hollow half way to the summit that was crowned with three hostile brigades. Earth-works, redoubts and rifle-pits were scattered all along its sides. About seven thousand men defended this craggy, heavily-wooded mountain. But Hooker forced his way over all these obstacles, fighting every inch of ground, and steadily advanced foot by foot up the precipitous sides. Clouds hung around the summit when he began his ascent, which settled lower and lower till at length they enfolded his columns, so that the lookers on in the valley below could trace his progress only by the sharp rattle of musketry or flashes of fire

through the openings made by the explosions of artillery. Now and then, the cloud, rent and torn by the volcano raging in its bosom, would part and then long lines of glittering bayonets would flash in the sunlight and standards wave, showing where the fight was going on. At four o'clock, a dispatch arrived from Hooker, saying he had won the plateau and made his line impregnable, and that his guns commanded the enemy's defenses.

With Sherman on the left, Hooker on the right, and Thomas in the centre ready to move in one mighty tide on the foe, it was clear that the next day would witness wild work. Night came down, and signal lights waving from isolated peaks, and now and then scattering discharges of musketry, or a sudden flash of fire through the gloom, told Bragg too well what was before him. He would now have given a year of his life to have had Longstreet back again. But it was too late—the coming shock must be met as best it could. In Chattanooga, all was expectation and excitement. For awhile shouts and yells of defiance, and cries of suffering came down from the mountain sides, and then all was still, and the two hosts sank to their slumbers, all save the sentinels, pacing their steady rounds. But there was little sleep for Grant and his brave officers that night. At midnight, Sherman received his order from him to attack at daybreak.

It was a night of intense anxiety to him. Though he felt confident of victory, there were too many hazards in battle not to cause the deepest solicitude, especially when the fate of another army besides his own hung on the issue. While he sat alone, at midnight, writing out his last orders, and absorbed in thought, the bright, round moon, that had struggled up over Missionary Ridge amid

heavy clouds, now broke forth, making the camp-fires pale and the white tents whiter, and throwing deep shadows over the valley below. In its mild splendor it looked down on the sleeping hosts, with their drooping standards, and the river murmuring by, turning this slumbering hell into a scene of quiet. Nature has no sympathy with the passions that "mark the earth with ruin." During the night the wind changed to the north-west, dispersing the fog and clouds that had for some days obscured the mountains, and the sun arose over Missionary Ridge bright and clear. Not a cloud was in the sky, and the great battle-field was spread out to view like a map. Sherman was on the ridge, to the left, where it pressed on the river—Hooker to the right, on the same ridge, where it approached the river below Chattanooga; in the centre of this amphitheatre, on Orchard Knoll, Grant, Thomas, and other generals, with their brilliant staffs, stood gazing on the scene, while on the highest point could be seen Bragg's head-quarters—altogether, presenting one of the most imposing spectacles the sun ever shone upon.

Sherman had received orders to attack at dawn of day, yet he could not get ready to do so, though he was in the saddle before daylight, and, with his staff, riding over the broken ground, to examine its nature and decide on his mode of attack. But, soon after the sun had lighted this wondrous scene, the bugles rang out through the clear, cold air, "forward," and Sherman moved down the hill he occupied, and crossing the valley, ascended the opposite slope and carried with a rush a secondary ridge, and drew up within eighty yards of the rebel intrenchments. Here a desperate fight ensued. Ground was taken and lost, but no further advantage was gained. Bragg knew he must hold this point, or all

was lost, for once in Sherman's possession, he would be cut off from all his supplies; and so the battle raged here hour after hour with desperate fury.

It was understood that Thomas was to attack the centre simultaneous with his advance, but it was not done. He could see from his position the amphitheatre in which Thomas had massed his forces, but could detect no movement—hear no thunder of battle. Thus the struggle went on, until at last Bragg saw a movement of Thomas, which indicated that Sherman was to be heavily reinforced, and he hurried off troops to the threatened point. This was at three o'clock, and Sherman says: "I saw column after column of the enemy streaming toward me—gun after gun pouring its concentric shot on us from every hill and spur that gave a view of any part of the ground held by us;" but still the attack of Thomas was unaccountably delayed, and he felt that he could not much longer stand this accumulation of force against him. Grant, too, was anxious, because he could get no tidings from Hooker, whose appearance on the ridge to his right was to be the signal of attack. The latter was delayed in building a bridge across Chattanooga Creek. At length Grant received a dispatch from him that he was now clear, and was advancing full on the enemy.

Then Grant gave the order to advance, and the bugles rang out. The men, 20,000 of them, had stood under arms all day listening to the roar of battle till they were excited almost beyond discipline, and the stirring bugle-note, "forward," went through them like a stream of electricity, and every man's eye gleamed and every hand clutched the musket with a fiercer grasp. The order was to carry the rifle-pits at the foot of the ridge, and then reform the lines before attempting to ascend the mountain. First, they moved across the open plain with

a firm and steady step, from four to nine hundred yards, to the first rifle-pits. From thence was an ascent of 500 yards to the top of the ridge, which was covered with fallen trees. As they advanced a plunging and terrible fire of artillery fell upon them; but they did not heed it, but taking up the double-quick, ran over the intervening space and dashed on the rifle-pits. Not a shot was fired, but with their bayonets at charge, and gleaming in the afternoon sun, that now shone full in the enemy's face, they moved like one mighty wave on the foe, their eyes blazing with excitement and determination. The sight of this long row of glistening steel, coming on with the swiftness of a crested billow, was something terrible to behold, and seemed to paralyze the enemy, for they fell prostrate in their trenches and let the glittering tide roll over them. In a twinkling a thousand prisoners were seized and hurried back to the rear.

Now was the time and now came the order to halt and form line, but you might as well have halted the wild winds, or wilder sea. Their blood was up, and they went on as heedless of the iron storm that was rained upon them as though the ponderous shot and shell were only snow-flakes. The programme was now entirely changed, and there was to be no halt, no reforming of the lines—the troops were to have it all their own way.

As Thomas looked on the desperate struggle, he turned to Grant, and said: "I fear, General, they will never get up." "Give 'em time, General," he replied, "give 'em time." "It was terrible to witness the fire of canister, grape and musketry that smote the column, a thousand torrents of fire poured over its brink, and rushed together to its base. But the line moves on and up. They cannot *dash* up that rugged acclivity. They dash out a little way, and then slacken; they creep up, hand

over hand, loading and firing, and wavering and halting, from the first line of works to the second; they burst into a charge with a cheer, and go over it. Sheets of flame baptize them; plunging shot tear away comrades on left and right; it is no longer shoulder to shoulder; it is God for us all! Under tree-trunks, among rocks, stumbling over the dead, struggling with the living, facing the steady fire of 8,000 infantry poured down upon their heads as if it were the old historic curse from Heaven, they wrestle with the ridge. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes go by, like a reluctant century. The batteries roll like a drum. Between the second and last lines of rebel works is the torrid zone of the battle. The hill sways up like a wall before them, at an angle of forty-five degrees, but our brave mountaineers are clambering steadily on—up—upward still!"

It was a strange and thrilling sight to see the banners of the different regiments alternately advancing, now one, now another, farther up the heights. As fast as one standard-bearer fell another would seize the colors and press on. In one case, five color-bearers were shot down one after another. But, at last, the flashing tide reached the crest and rolled over it just as the sun was stooping over Lookout Mountain, flooding the bloody heights with its departing glory. Then there arose a shout from the valley below, like the sound of the distant ocean, and Grant, with a sigh of relief, felt that the red field was won, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped up the height. But the scene on the narrow plateau can never be described. "As the blue-coats surged over its edge, cheer on cheer rang like bells through the valley of the Chickamauga. Men flung themselves exhausted upon the ground. They laughed, and wept, and shook hands, and embraced, turned round, and did all four over again. It was as wild as a carnival. Granger was received with

a shout. 'Soldiers,' he said, 'you ought to be court-martialed, every man of you! I ordered you to take the rifle-pits, and you scaled the mountain!' while his cheeks were wet with tears as honest as the blood that reddened all the route."

Bragg and his officers tried to bear up against the reversed tide of battle, and form a second line of defenses, but in vain, and the disorderly retreat continued. Sheridan, with his usual impetuosity, pressed the enemy and hastened his flight. After following about a mile, he came upon a hill, around which the road wound. On the top of it Bragg had planted a strong battery, protected by infantry, which opened a fierce fire upon him. But Sheridan pressed on, and reaching its base, he sent a strong force up the steep ascent, and two regiments to flank it on both sides. It was now dark, and just as one of those regiments reached the crest of the hill the moon rose from behind it, and the column, with bayonets and banners, stood out in black relief against the silver orb. Hooker, too, was in full pursuit, till darkness at length ended it.

PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

In the morning the pursuit recommenced. Sherman moved forward from his position, and came upon the depot of the enemy, and found that they had made it a scene of desolation. A wide area of smouldering material and columns of smoke met his view.

," Corn-meal and corn in huge burning piles, broken wagons, abandoned caissons and guns, burned carriages, pieces of pontoons, and all manner of things, burned and broken." But the running fight that followed till the enemy was driven out of Tennesse, it is useless to describe.

Grant's dispatch to Washington, announcing the victory, is a model of terseness and modesty. He says:

> Although the battle lasted from early dawn till dark this evening, I believe I am not premature in announcing a complete victory over Bragg.
>
> Lookout Mountain top, all the rifle-pits in Chattanooga Valley, and Missionary Ridge entire, have been carried, and are now held by us. I have no idea of finding Bragg here to-morrow.
>
> U. S. GRANT,
> Major-General.

This was certainly a very moderate announcement of a victory, in which he had taken over five thousand prisoners, forty pieces of artillery, sixty-nine artillery carriages and caissons, and 7,000 stand of small arms. His loss, in killed and wounded, was heavier than that of the enemy, because the latter were under cover, and suffered very little till they took to flight.

Lincoln wrote Grant a private letter, in which he says: "I wish to tender you and all under your command, my more than thanks—my profoundest gratitude for the skill, courage and perseverance which you and they, over so great difficulties, have accomplished their object. God bless you all." But Grant's work was not yet done, Knoxville was in imminent danger of falling into Longstreet's hands, and though his absence from the battle was such a grevious loss to Bragg, yet if the former could capture Burnside's army, it would be some compensation for his own defeat. This would certainly be the result, unless

aid speedily reached Knoxville. Grant, before he had finished the pursuit of Bragg, had ordered Granger to proceed thither with all possible dispatch. On his return, he found him not yet gone. Though feeling it was a hard thing to call on the overtasked yet indomitable Sherman to march to Knoxville, yet he saw he must do it, and he did.

At the same time, he sent a dispatch to Burnside, a copy of which he directed should be allowed to fall into the hands of the enemy, so that it should have a double effect—encourage Burnside and frighten Longstreet. "I congratulate you," it read, "on the tenacity with which you have thus far held out against vastly superior forces. Do not be forced into a surrender by short rations. Take all the citizens have, to enable you to hold out yet a few days longer. As soon as you are relieved from the presence of the enemy, you can replace to them everything taken from them. Within a few days you will be relieved. There are now three columns in motion for your relief. One, from here, moving up the south bank of the river, under Sherman; one from Decherd, under Elliott, and one from Cumberland gap, under Foster. These three columns will be able to crush Longstreet's forces, or drive them from the valley, and must all of them be within twenty-four hours' march of you, by the time this reaches you, supposing you to get it on Tuesday, the 1st instant."

Sherman, though he cared little for himself, felt that it was making a terrible demand on his brave troops. Before they had fairly rested after almost a forced march of 400 miles, and after fighting from morning till night, and pursuing the enemy two days, they were now required to make another forced march of another hundred miles.

There was not a corps in that army on whom this tre-

mendous work should not have rightfully been put sooner than on Sherman's. But the exigencies were great—ordinary expedition and ordinary marching would not do. *Time* was everything. One day's delay might settle the destiny of Burnside's army. Sherman knew all this, and made no remonstrance, while his brave troops uttered no murmurs, but leader and men stripped themselves for the race, and the swiftly-moving columns and their long lines of glittering bayonets quickly disappeared along the road to Knoxville. When Grant saw them depart, he knew if human endurance and human courage could save Knoxville and Burnside, they would be saved. And they were saved. Longstreet when he heard of Sherman's approach, raised the siege and retreated eastward.

GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CHATTANOOGA.

Grant might well issue the following congratulatory address to the army:

HEAD-QUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
IN THE FIELD, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,
December, 10th, 1863.

The General commanding takes this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks and congratulations to the brave armies of the Cumberland, the Ohio, the Tennessee, and their comrades from the Potomac, for the recent splendid and decisive successes achieved over the enemy. In a short time you have recovered from him the control of the Tennessee River, from Bridgeport to Knoxville. You dislodged him from his great stronghold upon Lookout Mountain, drove him from Chattanooga Valley, wrested from his determined grasp the

possession of Missionary Ridge, repelled with heavy loss to him his repeated assaults upon Knoxville, forcing him to raise the siege there, driving him at all points, utterly routed and discomfited, beyond the limits of the State. By your noble heroism and determined courage, you have most effectually defeated the plans of the enemy for regaining possession of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. You have secured positions from which no rebellious power can drive or dislodge you. For all this, the General commanding thanks you collectively and individually. The loyal people of the United States thank and bless you. Their hopes and prayers for your success against this unholy rebellion are with you daily. Their faith in you will not be in vain. Their hopes will not be blasted. Their prayers to Almighty God will be answered. You will yet go to other fields of strife; and with the invincible bravery and unflinching loyalty to justice and right, which have characterized you in the past, you will prove that no enemy can withstand you, and that no defenses, however formidable, can check your onward march.

By order, Major-General U. S. GRANT.

CHAPTER X.

GRANT MADE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL—HIS LETTER TO SHERMAN—THE REPLY OF THE LATTER—GRANT CALLED TO WASHINGTON—MEETS THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET—LINCOLN'S ADDRESS ON GIVING HIM HIS COMMISSION—GRANT'S REPLY—A STRIKING CONTRAST—HONORS FAIRLY WON—THE VAST FIELD OF OPERATIONS BEFORE HIM—HIS FIRST OBJECT—GRANT AND HALLECK CONTRASTED—GRANT'S ILLUSTRATION OF HOW THE WAR HAD BEEN CARRIED ON—HIS OWN PLAN OF PROSECUTING IT—HIS DIRECTIONS TO SHERMAN—THE DIFFICULTIES IN CARRYING OUT HIS PLAN—FINAL DETERMINATION—PUBLIC EXPECTATION—THE ARMY STUCK IN THE MUD—GENERAL DISAPPOINTMENT—LEE SEES THE GATHERING STORM, AND APPOINTS A DAY OF FASTING AND PRAYER IN HIS ARMY—STRENGTH OF THE OPPOSING FORCES.

WHILE these brilliant victories west were fast clearing the Valley of the Mississippi of rebel armies, no progress seemed to be made east. We had had Bull Run, Seven Pines, Fredericksburg, Antietam, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, yet we had barely held our own, not taken the first step toward crushing the armies of the Confederacy, and it was thought to be high time that a man who could strike such deadly blows as Grant should come east; nay, more, have complete control of the Union armies, whose brave soldiers had so long been the sport of ambitious politicians or weak commanders, and that the grade of lieutenant-general

WINFIELD SCOTT.

should be revived and conferred on him. This had never been held in the United States except by Washington and Scott, but it was now restored by act of Congress, and Grant nominated for the position and confirmed. On the very day he received his high commission, Grant wrote the following admirable letter to Sherman:

DEAR SHERMAN:—The bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the army has become a law, and my name has been sent to the Senate for the place. I now receive orders to report to Washington immediately, *in person*, which indicates a confirmation, or a likelihood of confirmation. I start in the morning to comply with the order.

Whilst I have been eminently successful in this war, in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the energy, skill and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me.

There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their abilities as soldiers; but what I want is, to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success.

How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given to you to do, entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I.

I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction.

The word *you* I use in the plural, intending it for McPherson also. I should write to him, and will some day, but starting in the morning, I do not know that I will find time just now.

Your friend,

U. S. GRANT,
Major-General.

To this Sherman returned a long, frank and friendly letter, in which the two following remarkable sentences occur:

"I believe you are as brave patriotic and just as the

great prototype Washington—as unselfish, kind-hearted and honest as a man should be—but the chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in the Saviour.

"My only point of doubt was, in your knowledge of grand strategy, and of books of science and history, but I confess, your common sense seems to have supplied all these."

Summoned to Washington, he arrived there on the 8th of March, a stranger to the place and almost every one in it. At one o'clock the next day, he was formally received by the President in the cabinet-chamber. On the one side were the President and his entire Cabinet with Halleck, General-in-Chief; on the other, General Grant with his two staff officers and the boy who had ridden by his side through all the terrible campaign of Vicksburg, holding the father by the hand. The President, after introducing him to the members of his cabinet, stepped forward and said:

"General Grant, the nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done in the existing great struggle, are now presented, with this commission constituting you lieutenant-general in the Army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you, also, a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need add, that, with what I here speak for the country, goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

To which Grant replied as follows:

"Mr. President: I accept this commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies who have fought on so many battle-fields

GRANT RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibility now devolving on me. I know that, if it is properly met, it will be due to these armies; and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

Nothing can be more simple and noble than these words. He is not made dizzy by this sudden elevation to the most exalted position that could exist in the army. He utters no boasts, makes no display. Modest and simple as when a few years ago he sought a position on McClellan's staff, he says, whatever success he may achieve will be due to our "noble armies," and the God of armies. What a contrast between this day and the time a few years before, when this Government that now looks to him for salvation did not deign even to answer his letter, offering it his services.

Then it did not want his sword—*now* it trusts its very existence to it. He did not, like so many of our new-fledged generals, owe his elevation to political influences, or that most miserable demand of a fair division of the high positions in the armies by the separate States, but to his own ability and success. He had fought his way up to his exalted position and was placed there to please no party or set of men, but to save the country. The people were well-nigh worn out with the squabbles at Washington, and the puerile weakness the Government exhibited. But exalted as the position was, it had no allurements to compensate for the terrible responsibilities it entailed. As from it he cast his eyes around him, what a spectacle met his gaze. Never before had one commander surveyed so vast a field of operations, and looked over such a mighty array, subject to his single control. From the Potomac to the Rio Grande, for 5,000 miles,

arose the smoke of camp-fires, and stood embattled hosts awaiting his bidding. To aid him in the gigantic task before him, 600 vessels of war lined the rivers and darkened the coast for 2,500 miles, while 4,000 cannon lay ready to open at his command.

The height of power to which he had so suddenly attained, would have made a less strong head dizzy. It, however, produced no change in him. Volunteering no promises, indulging in no vain glory, he quietly surveys the vast field before him—speaking confidently, but only in subordination to the Being who lifts up and pulls down as He pleases.

The work to be done was plain enough. These various and widely-scattered armies must be wielded like a single engine, and brought to bear with their united force on the central, vital portion of the Confederacy, and crush it to atoms.

The first object was to get the military affairs out of the entanglement into which Halleck had plunged them as quickly as possible. The two men were as opposite in their ideas of how the war should be carried on as they were in how a battle should be fought. One was for cutting off the tail first, and then the claws, and so work by regular, safe approaches up to the head—the other, for a close and deadly interlock, in which the life of one or the other should go out before it should unloose. One wished to carry on the war by operating with different armies on separate points—the other, for concentrating them all on one vital point. Like Napoleon, Grant had no idea of winter quarters, or the proper season for carrying on a campaign. When once his blows began to fall, he proposed they should never cease falling until the object was ground to powder. "To hammer," he said, "continuously against the armed force of the enemy

until by the mere attrition of the lesser with the larger body, the former should be worn out." He illustrated the way in which the war had been carried on by one of those homely similes suggested to him by his early life as a teamster West. He said "the armies in the East and West acted independently and without concert, like a balky team, no two ever pulling together, enabling the enemy to use to great advantage his interior lines of communication for transporting troops from east to west, reinforcing the army most vigorously pressed; and to furlough large numbers during seasons of inactivity on our part, to go to their homes and do the work of providing for the support of their armies, so that it was a question whether our numerical strength and resources were not more than balanced by these disadvantages and the enemy's superior position."

Entertaining such views, he said that it should be of the first importance "to bring the greatest number of troops practicable against the armed force of the enemy, and prevent him from using the same force at different seasons against first one and then another of our armies, and the possibility of repose for refitting and producing necessary supplies for carrying on resistance."

This plan was very simple, and commended itself to common sense as well as to military science. But the question was how to carry it out. Nearly all of Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas were held by the enemy, and, together, they could bring some eighty thousand men into the field, and what should be done with them. General Grant thought that the Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers being in our possession, and thoroughly garrisoned, they would remain at home, and so might be left out of the general calculation. East of the Mississippi he had made such wild work with the rebel armies, that we held every-

thing down to the State of Georgia, west of the Alleghanies up to the river. Besides our scattered forces, we had three great armies in the field, with which to carry out a great plan, having a common point, toward which everything should work. That of Banks, up the Red River; of Sherman, who had succeeded Grant at Chattanooga, and of Meade, in Virginia. The former, Grant, the moment he became lieutenant-general, allowed but fifteen days to accomplish his projected campaign in Texas; and if not successful in that time, to abandon it.

The three great vital points against which simultaneous movements should be made, he considered to be Richmond, Atlanta and Mobile. *He* must operate against Richmond; Sherman against Atlanta, and Banks against Mobile. The latter, with its river piercing far into the interior; Atlanta, the focus of so many railroads, and Richmond, the heart of the Confederacy, once ours, the rebellion was over.

It soon became apparent that Banks could not be used against Mobile, and that point had to be left out for the present, and he determined to gather and hurl all his mighty forces on the two former places—*he* to direct the one, and Sherman the other; and the two armies of Lee and Johnston, one on the Rapidan, and the other at Dalton, were to be assailed with all the strength and determination in his power.

Thus it will be easily seen, by referring to the map, that Grant's plan contemplated at the outset to narrow down the Confederacy to Virginia and the Southern Atlantic States, for, if Sherman alone was successful, Mississippi, Alabama and a great portion of Georgia and Florida must be left out of account by the Confederacy in estimating the amount of supplies and number of men it could bring into the field, while, if *he* succeeded in forcing Lee

from Richmond, the whole active rebel force in the field would be crowded up into the south-west corner of the Union States. Sherman understood this plan thoroughly, and approved of it. The great thing to be guarded against, was the transmission of troops of one of those rebel armies from one point to another through their interior lines of railroad so rapidly, that at some critical moment it would be able to present an overwhelming force against one or the other of ours. So while Grant, having perfect confidence in Sherman's ability to take care of himself, did not hamper him with any particular instructions, but simply told him to take Atlanta and push into the interior as far as he could, he yet impressed on him the vital importance of not letting Johnston get away from him and join Lee, but carefully watch every movement and hang relentlessly on his track, while *he* promised to hold Lee so firmly, that he would not dare to succor Johnston.

GENERAL MEADE.

Meade was to command the army of the Potomac under Grant personally, and "wherever Lee went to follow him." The plan was very simple, to gather his forces together and hurl them on Lee, but how to get them together was the difficulty. Butler had an army under him at Fortress Monroe, and Grant did not dare to order it up to the Potomac, for it would leave that whole department open to the enemy, while he did not dare to take *his* own army to him, for it would leave Washington uncovered. In this dilemma he determined that both armies

should move simultaneously—Butler on Richmond up the James, and he on it over Lee's army. The letter was at this time encamped on the Rapidan, south-west from Washington and nearly west from Fredericksburg. Two courses lay open to Grant, either of which was preferable to the attempt to attack Lee behind his strong works on the farther bank of this stream—one was to go round him to the west, which would compel him to fall back on Richmond and render it impossible for him to make a raid on the north. But Grant said, "if we took this route, all we did would have to be done while the rations we started with held out; besides, it separated us from Butler, so that he could not be directed how to co-operate. If we took the other route, Brandy Station could be used as a base of supplies until another was secured on the York or James Rivers."

He therefore decided to advance by Lee's right, and so take the lower route. But this again would leave the Shenandoah Valley open, down which Lee could move and cross over to Maryland and threaten the capital long before Grant could get within striking distance of Richmond, and he would therefore have to turn back or go on only to find that he and Lee had changed capitals—a trade not at all to our advantage. To guard against this, General Siegel was placed in the valley, with a strong force, but which took just so much from the movable army. Still this was the best that could be done, and the gathering of the forces and material during the winter made the land tremble. Grant had determined to move with the opening of spring, and the whole country was on the tiptoe of expectation. No such mighty force had hitherto been gathered under one man's hand, and it was expected, when it moved, it would crush everything before it.

At last, spring came, but the army did not move. April, with its sunshine, came, and yet it remained motionless, and the anxious inquiry was on every lip, why is this unaccountable delay? The old answer came back, "The army is stuck in the mud." This had been for years the explanation of every delay—the reason for the tardy marching of relieving columns, by which victory was lost, till the country listened to it with unbelief and disgust. Yet, it was nevertheless true. Grant found that Virginian mud was no myth. After the heavy spring rains, the long supply trains and artillery-carriages could be no more moved over those roads than they could over miles and miles of freshly-plowed fields, on which the rain had been falling for a week.

Lee knew the preparations that had been going on against him, and the fearful odds he was destined to oppose, and turning from human weakness to the Almighty strength, he ordered a day of fasting and prayer to be observed throughout his army, and the aid of that strength invoked. The chaplains of the several regiments performed divine services in each, and a deep and solemn feeling pervaded the entire army. In the meantime he strengthened his works along the stream, and kept a watchful eye on his powerful foe. He might well be anxious, for the Army of the Potomac, with Burnside's Ninth Corps to support it, made a movable column of about one hundred and forty thousand men, which, with the reserve he had to draw on, would swell it to a quarter of a million; while, all told, Lee had not sixty thousand men in the field, with which to meet this tremendous, well-disciplined, thoroughly appointed host. He saw there was no hope for him but to fight behind intrenchments, or on ground where superiority of numbers would give no advantage.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GRAND ARMY STARTS FOR RICHMOND—AN IMPOSING SPECTACLE—GRANT'S PLAN—LEE'S WATCHFULNESS—CROSSING THE RAPIDAN—ENCAMPED ON THE BORDER OF THE WILDERNESS—LEE'S SKILLFUL PLAN OF ATTACK—THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—DESCRIPTION OF THE WILDERNESS—GRANT AND LEE BOTH REINFORCED—THE FIELD OF DEATH—THE NIGHT—SECOND DAY'S BATTLE—SECOND NIGHT—GRANT AND STAFF SLEEP ON THE FIELD—LEE RETIRES BEHIND HIS WORKS—GRANT ATTEMPTS TO REACH SPOTTSYLVANIA—SWIFT MARCHING—LEE REACHES IT FIRST—WARREN'S ATTACK—HANCOCK'S SPLENDID ASSAULT—FOUR THOUSAND PRISONERS TAKEN—GRANT AGAIN FOILED—CHANGES HIS BASE—MARCH TO NORTH ANNA—LEE REACHES IT FIRST—MARCH TO CHICKAHOMINY—BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR—DESPERATE FIGHTING—BEATEN BACK—MARCH TO THE JAMES RIVER—ATTACK ON PETERSBURG—ITS FAILURE—REVIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE 4th of May was fixed on which to put this mighty host in motion. It was a magnificent spectacle as it swept across the country. Sheridan, with his cavalry, rode in advance, followed by a train of 4,000 covered wagons, that stretched along the road farther than the eye could see. Column after column, with the brilliant array of mounted officers, followed after in seemingly endless procession, while successive bands of music swept by, filling the air with martial strains, and losing themselves in the distance, only to be followed by others, and standards rose and fell, and solid lines of glittering steel wound among the fields and flashed back in the morning sun.

Lee's line extended for eight miles along the Rapidan, with strong earth-works erected at all the fords, for he did not know at what point Grant would cross. He knew that his tactics were different from those of the

generals who had preceded him, and that his maxim was to move immediately on the enemy's works; yet he did not believe he would act on this now, but attempt to outflank him, and thus force him out of his works and compel him to give battle in the open field, where superior numbers would soon decide the contest. But he did not know which flank he would attempt to turn, and he therefore kept a vigilant corps of observation both up and down the river, who were ever on the alert, and had their spies in every direction, so that it was impossible that he should not be informed almost instantly by established signals along the heights the moment Grant moved. Everything was ready to start at a moment's notice, and he held his army in hand like a hound in the leash. The massive columns of Grant were, therefore, scarcely in motion before he was informed of it.

Halleck, when occupying the position of general-in-chief, never left Washington, but received and sent dispatches from his office. This was proper, for it was indispensable that there should be a common centre to which all information from the various quarters should come, and from which to every part of the country instructions could be sent. The various exigencies arising in different sections of the country kept messages and orders flying day and night. Hence, Grant's place was at the capital, and he remained in it till the last moment, leaving the army under the direct control of Meade. But at this great, decisive moment, on which the fate of the war was to turn, he left the capital, with directions to have dispatches of importance follow him, hastened to the head of the army, to be present at the battle that he felt would follow the first attempt to march on Richmond. He knew perfectly well he had a different foe to meet than any he had dealt with hitherto, and one who would take swift

advantage of the first blunder that was committed. The army was divided into three corps and were to cross at two fords about six miles apart. Hancock commanding the second, and Warren the fifth, crossed at Ely's ford, while Sedgewick crossed at Germania, farther up stream. All day long infantry, cavalry and wagon-trains went splashing through the Rapidan, and by night all were over, when Grant and Meade with their staffs came riding up. The first great step was taken—the river was crossed and without loss—one more step and he would be where he could strike a blow that would make the Confederacy reel. Unfortunately, in order to avoid having a battle thrown on him while engaged in the difficult movement of passing a river, he had selected a spot to cross, where from the farther banks stretched a tangled wilderness. On the edge of this, the tired army lay down that night to sleep, having made a march of twelve miles. A few miles the next morning would place it toward Gordonsville, where he would be between Lee and Richmond.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

Grant felt relieved, and now almost sure of success. Lee had been made fully aware of Grant's movements, but instead of retreating, as it was supposed he would do, he took the bold, daring resolution of breaking into a furious offensive, and with less than half the number of his enemy attack him. As Bonaparte at Arcola, when he found himself with 15,000 men confronted by 30,000 Aus-

trians, chose two causeways running across a marsh as the field of battle, where numbers availed but little, and everything depended on the strength of the heads of column, so here Lee chose two roads leading through this wilderness for the same reason to meet his overwhelming foe.

Two roads crossed the Wilderness in the direction that Grant was marching, while from Orange Court-House two parallel roads a short distance apart, one a plank-road and the other a turnpike, crossed these former at right angles. Down these roads, as soon as he saw Grant's movement and knew its direction, Lee sent off Hill and Ewell, who encamped in the Wilderness the same night that Grant did. At the same time he sent to Longstreet at Gordonsville, thirteen miles distant, to move up and attack the Union army in front, while he thus fell on it in flank. Where the turnpike intersected the road along which Warren, commanding the fifth corps, was marching, Ewell was stationed. At six o'clock in the morning, Warren put his columns in motion—two pieces of artillery proceeding along the road in advance, while the infantry, in extended lines on either side, worked their way through the forest.

Suddenly they came upon Johnson's divison, the advance of Ewell's corps, blocking the road and filling the forest on both sides. The two guns were quickly unlimbered and began to pour in a rapid fire. The infantry pressed after, and were met by a terrible fire, which they took without shrinking and never stopped till they got within close range, when they delivered a murderous volley. The rebels gave way before it, but rallied by their officers came on in such a headlong charge, that our troops recoiled, leaving the guns in the hands of the enemy, which they turned on us, and pressing on drove the troops back a mile, waking the morning echoes of the

woods with yells and cries and volleys of musketry. In the meantime the same fate awaited Sedgewick, advancing by another road, and the battle of the Wilderness was fairly opened. Grant received the startling news with no outward mark of excitement, yet he saw at a glance the gravity of the situation. In marching order in the heart of a wilderness, of which he was comparatively ignorant, but which was well known to his adversary, where his splendid artillery and cavalry would be useless, he must fight his first great and decisive battle. But he resolved not to be hurled back like Hooker, though a trap had been unexpectedly sprung upon him. At first, the dispatches came back thick and fast that Lee had not massed his army in this wilderness to bring on a battle there, but that it was only a small force sent in to delay and deceive him, while the main army effected its retreat.

Grant, however, could not be deceived, he saw through the bold and masterly plan of Lee, and ordering the straggling divisions to close up, he mounted his horse, and with Meade, spurred on to the "Old Wilderness Tavern." It did not seem possible to Meade that Lee, instead of retiring to a secure position and awaiting an attack, would dare, with his comparatively little army, cut loose from everything and swoop down on him in this bold and daring manner. But, as Grant sat on his horse beside this desolate looking building, listening to the steady and ever-increasing uproar in front, he knew that it was so and right there, where his superior numbers cumbered rather than helped him, he must fight it out with his adroit enemy. It was an unexpected exigency into which he was thrown, and one that his prompt and ready skill could not help him out of. There was no chance to maneuver, no room for his artillery to work effectively, except in the road—it was to be more like an Indian fight than a mighty

battle. He at once arrested the march and formed his lines as best he could.

Hancock, who had crossed with the Fifth Corps below, was now ten miles distant, and officers were hurried off to order him to close up, and soon the battle was at its height. The roads were blocked with artillery and infantry; the woods were alive with men, while incessant flashes lit up the open spaces. There was not a breath of wind, and the smoke settled down among the trees, half concealing the combatants, out of which arose shouts, and yells, and bugle blasts.

Grant all the time remained at the Old Tavern, listening to the uproar, and receiving dispatches, and giving orders. At the rear, along the road and winding amid the trees, litters were seen moving in an endless cavalcade, showing what deadly work was going on in front. All day long this strange fight went on, turning this sweet spring morning and these fragrant woods into a scene of violence and horror indescribable. When night came down, and darkness wrapped the forest, Grant found himself almost on the very spot where the battle opened in the morning. He had gained nothing, though his loss had been frightful, and the bleeding army lay down on their arms to rest in the midst of this desolation, while the tranquil stars came out one after another, till the sparkling dome of heaven bent soft and sweet above the field cumbered with the dead. Everywhere beneath the scraggly pines, in the open spaces, on piles of brush, they lay as thick as the leaves strewed the spot in autumn. An eye-witness says:

"Maneuvering here had been out of the question, and only Indian tactics told. The troops could only receive direction by a point of the compass; for, not only were the lines of battle entirely hidden from the sight of the

commander, but no officer could see ten files on each side of him. Artillery was wholly ruled out of use, the massive concentration of 300 guns stood silent. . . . . Cavalry was still more useless. But in that horrid thicket there lurked 200,000 men, and through it lurid fires played; and, though no array of battle could be seen, there came out of it the crackle and roll of musketry, like the noisy boiling of some hell-caldron, that told the dread story of death. Such was the battle of the Wilderness."

Nothing had been gained, and though the country had been thoroughly reconnoitered by parties while the battle was raging, Grant saw nothing before him the next day but the same stand-up fight, in which the only question would be, who would shoot down the most before nightfall. But, whatever the conditions of the fight might be, he was determined to see who could stand pounding longest.

Longstreet, for whom Lee had sent in such hot haste, got within ten miles of the battle-field in the middle of the afternoon; but owing to the density of the forest and the peculiar state of the atmosphere, did not hear the tremendous cannonading in advance, and was ignorant that a battle was raging so near him. At midnight, however, an aid dashed up to his head-quarters with the news and with the order to march at once to the battle-field. At two o'clock he was on the march.

The two armies had lain down in ranks as they stood, ready to repel a night attack, while the pickets, stretched for miles through the woods, watched every movement of the adversary. With the first gray streak of dawn the rattling drum and sharp blasts of the bugle brought the tired soldier to his feet, and breakfastless and weary he moved again into the storm of fire.

Just previous to the opening of the fight, Longstreet approached the battle-field, when Hill began to retire his exhausted troops to make way for him. At this critical juncture Grant fell upon him with such irresistible fury that the advance column was driven back, and Lee saw with alarm the disordered ranks come pouring through the woods toward where he stood. But the rest of Longstreet's division coming up at this moment, arrested the disorder and restored the fight. It had been evidently Grant's design, by this determined and persistent attack on Lee's right, to get between him and Richmond; and he doubtless would have succeeded, but for the arrival of Longstreet's force, of which he knew nothing. But Lee, now thoroughly aroused to his danger, put forth superhuman efforts, and fell on our columns in such wild, headlong fury, that they were forced back nearly a mile along the road.

In case such a crisis as this should occur, Grant when he crossed the Rapidan dispatched an officer to Burnside, thirty miles distant, encamped at the crossing of the Rappahannock River, by the Alexandria railroad, ordering him to put his corps in motion, and march as swiftly as possible. The columns were at once started forward, and though the country over which they were compelled to march was rough, and they had to cross two rivers, they at this critical juncture arrived on the field with banners waving and bands playing, and were received with deafening shouts. "Considering," said Grant, afterwards, "that a large proportion, probably two-thirds of his command, was composed of raw troops unaccustomed to marches, and carrying the accoutrements of a soldier, this was a remarkable march." Thus both armies being reinforced, the deliberate slaughter of the day before went on. "There, in the depths of those ravines, under the shadows of those

trees, entangled in that brushwood, is no pomp of war, no fluttering of banners in an unhindered breeze, no solid tramp of marching battalions, no splendid strategy of the field Napoleon loved to fight on. There a Saturnalia, gloomy, hideous, desperate, rages confined. The metallic, hollow crack of musketry is like the clanking of great chains about the damned—that sullen yell of the enemy, a fiendish protest of defiance."

And so the weary day wore on—backward and forward, through the brushes and woods, the lines swayed as each in turn obtained a temporary advantage. Since early in the morning, when Grant came so near turning Lee's right wing, no real advantage had been gained by either side, and when night closed on the contending armies, he found himself just where he was the day before, and the weary troops sunk to rest, with the dead and dying all around them and loading the night air with their groans and cries. This could not last much longer. There had been now two days of incessant fighting, while many of the troops had not even tasted food the whole time. Grant had gained nothing, and seemed checkmated here at the outset. Lee, up to this time, had been acting boldly on the offensive, but now he was so thoroughly exhausted, that he took refuge behind his works. Grant ascertained this, next morning, and hesitated a moment what to do, but considering how much his troops had undergone, he decided that it would not do to require them to carry them by storm, and so he resolved to make a swift march to the left and get round Lee at Spottsylvania. But they were too tired to attempt to do this at once, and he let them rest till night, when the march could be made more secretly, and soon the ground was covered with sleeping forms. Grant himself, who had been wrought up to the most intense excitement during these two days, followed their example, and throw-

ing himself on the ground at the foot of a tree, one leg of his trousers slipped above his boots, his hands limp, his coat in confusion, his sword equipments sprawling on the ground; not even the weight of sleep erasing that persistent expression of the lip which held a constant promise of something to be done."

That night he began his march for Spottsylvania. The waning moon hung low in the western horizon. As soon as she disappeared behind the forest, Warren started, leading the advance, as he had in crossing the Rapidan. The manner in which he met the first shock in the Wilderness, gave Grant assurance that he could be trusted in leading this important movement.

GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS IN THE WILDERNESS.

That part of the army not marching, was slumbering by fires, waiting for the signal to move. Lee, whose very life depended on being kept informed of Grant's movements, was so keenly on the watch, that he knew of this one within an hour after it commenced, and hurried off troops by a shorter route to the threatened point. Warren moved rapidly, urging the men to their utmost speed, and so did Lee, *his* troops—they at one time going two miles on a trot—and having

less distance to traverse than the former, reached Spottsylvania first, and were received with cheers by the handful that occupied the works. Warren, however, without any delay advanced to the attack, and carried the first line of breastworks, but was driven back with the loss of 1,500 men, and Lee was safe.

The next day Sheridan started on his raid to break up Lee's communications with Richmond. Two days now passed in maneuvering and fighting, without any decisive results. But, having got everything ready, Grant determined "to move on the enemy's works," and did so with a determination and power that threatened to overcome all opposition. But, protected by their strong defenses, they held their ground, and one of the most bloody hand-to-hand conflicts of the war followed.

Hancock, before daylight, in the gray dawn, led his assaulting columns in dead silence straight on the ramparts, which crowding over the wide ditch at the base, poured like a breaking wave over the works, and falling on the astonished enemy, drove him back for nearly a mile. Aroused at the sudden disaster, Lee hurried up supports, and reforming the lines, hurled them with desperate fury on Hancock. Again driven back, he again rallied, and five times in succession fell like a falling rock on Hancock. All day long the battle raged here with a ferocity and fury seldom witnessed. So close and deadly was the struggle that the hostile colors would be planted on the opposite side of the same ramparts, and the men fight across the same parapet till the ground was heaped with the dead, friend and foe together "in one red burial blent." Hancock took 4,000 prisoners and thirty guns, but he could do nothing more, and Grant had to abandon the attempt to carry the works.

Grant now found himself again foiled, but, instead of be-

ing disheartened, his determination grew stronger, and he said he would "fight it out on that line if it took all summer." Government liked the resolute spirit he exhibited, but when he asked for reinforcements, it was filled with anxiety. Heretofore the fear to leave Washington exposed had caused it to cripple every commander in the field, but it did not dare refuse Grant the troops he asked for. If it became necessary to empty the garrisons, they must be emptied—it was a last throw, and if Grant failed, the war might as well be abandoned; and reinforcements were therefore hurried on to him.

The sacrifice of human life had been fearful. As he turned away from the impregnable works of Spottsylvania his army was *forty thousand* less than when he crossed the Rapidan, only a few days before. One could not but ask, Where will all this end? No advantage had been gained, and the enemy had not lost half that number.

But Grant would not turn back—dark as the prospect was, he determined still to make another effort to force his skillful, adroit enemy into the open field. While the reinforcements were coming up, he changed his base of supplies to Fredericksburg. This took two weeks, and then he made another desperate effort to get around Lee. Taking a wide semicircle he started for the North Anna River, which, if he could reach, or even approach before Lee was aware of his intentions, he would place himself between him and Richmond. In order to delude the rebel commander, his right wing, near the works, marched back toward the Wilderness, and then wheeling, came down behind the main army. When well under way, the corps next to it did the same thing, and so on till the entire army was marching swiftly toward the North Anna—the right wing having become the left, and the left the right. Had the armies had equal distances

to march, this ruse would have succeeded, and Grant obtained sufficient start to have reached the river first. But Lee, who watched every movement with the eye of a lynx, soon detected this countermarch, and intuitively discovering its object, immediately put his columns in motion, and marching swiftly, reached the threatened point first.

When Grant arrived he found the works that had been erected there, in anticipation of such a movement, stronger than those at Spottsylvania. The truth was, that Richmond had been threatened so long that every strategic point had been fortified in the strongest possible manner.

There was some fighting, but no general assault, and Grant was again compelled to retire from before the rebel works, and try some new method to get to Richmond. He now marched his army to Cold Harbor, on the Chickahominy, reaching it on the 28th, where he was only fifteen miles from the rebel capital. His lines extended from Bethesda to Cold Harbor, a distance of eight miles. He was now on McClellan's old ground, and unless he entered Richmond here, he would have to follow that general's course, and swing his army around to the James River, and establish a new base. But the works here were stronger than at North Anna or Spottsylvania, and he was in a painful dilemma. The whole country had expected him to march into Richmond over the rebel army; and now, after his fearful losses, to abandon the plan in which he had such confidence, was very hard. He saw it would be a most desperate act to try to carry these strong works by assault, and yet it seemed equally disastrous not to make the attempt, so, notwithstanding the fearful odds against him, he resolved to hurl his vast army in one tremendous onset upon them, hoping against hope, that fortune or accident might favor him; for, to

his military eye, there seemed scarcely a chance of success. Several days were spent in examining the position, and massing his troops at the proper points, during which more or less fighting was done.

On the 3d of June, everything that human forethought could provide having been done, the signal was given, and with banners streaming, the long and glittering line steadily advanced over the open ground full on the enemy's works, bristling with cannon. The moment they began to move the artillery opened, and the iron storm tore through the ranks with frightful slaughter. But the breaches in this living wall were filled as fast as made, and the unswerving line swept up to the very base of the works and for five dreadful hours it thundered, and flamed, and volleyed there till nothing human could stand it longer, and the bugles sounded the retreat, leaving the blue-coats lying in rows and heaps at the very base of the works. No impression had been made on the enemy's strong lines of defense, and now the question arose, What next can be done? Grant felt that he had dealt his heaviest blows, put forth his greatest endeavors and sacrificed life without stint, to get around Lee or over him to Richmond, but had failed. Shall he try as he did at Vicksburg, a second assault? It was a gloomy night, after the battle, and one filled with anxious thought to him. He had disappointed the Government and the country, and the consciousness of it weighed heavily on his heart. He rode along the lines next morning and conversed with the corps commanders, to ascertain their views about a second assault. There was no mistaking the feeling in the army. All felt that to storm those works again would be madness. Thirteen thousand soldiers had fallen, and no impression on them had been made, and such would be the sad result of a second attempt. The

country expected him to show something besides heaps of the dead, and hospitals filled with the wounded, and he knew it. As he surveyed the gloomy prospect, he saw that one of two things must now be done—return to the Potomac or change his base to the James River as McClellan did in similar circumstances.

In the meantime the dead that lay in such ghastly rows must buried, or in this June sun, they would soon become festering heaps, and Grant sent a message to Lee proposing that each party might, on notification to the other, bury its dead. Lee replied that he would prefer that this should be done under a flag of truce, to which Grant assented, and soon the white flag was seen fluttering where our standards had so recently proudly waved in the summer breeze, and before night the field in front of those deadly breastworks was dotted thick with spots of fresh earth, showing where the brave lay, uncoffined and unknown, no more to start at the pealing drum or bugle blast.

Grant now determined to swing his army across to the James River almost in the path taken by McClellan. He had a larger army than the latter to handle, and it was to be moved under the watchful and practiced eye of Lee. On the 12th of June, after having thrown up strong works to protect his flanks, he concentrated his lines and marched away from the Chickahominy. That same day, his immense trains were sent across the country to the James. Two days after, Hancock was crossing the James by ferry at Wilcox Landing, and the Sixth Corps a little lower down. This long march of fifty-five miles, which cost McClellan so much hard fighting, was made without molestation. Butler had started at the same time Grant did to take Petersburg, but failed. Grant hoped by this sudden movement to surprise and capture it, and did

carry some of the outer works by assault, but failed to penetrate the defenses. He saw now why Lee allowed him to make that march of over fifty miles unmolested. The latter was perfectly willing the Union army should be carried to that remote point twenty miles or more from Richmond, to which it was a mere outpost.

Grant had tried every means to get a battle out of Lee on something like equal terms but had failed, and now the musket must give way to the spade.

The Confederate government profiting by the lesson of the past two years had so fortified every approach to their capital that it could not be taken by assault. It must fall, if fall at all, after a regular siege. This campaign has been much criticised, and the question often sneeringly asked, If the Army of the Potomac was to be carried to the James River at all, why not do it by water, without loss of life, as McClellan did, instead of by land, as Grant did, with a loss of full sixty thousand men, or a number equal to Lee's entire army? The answer to this is, that this campaign was a repetition of McClellan's as near as the changed circumstances would allow it to be. The only difference is, the latter went to Fortress Monroe to command in person, leaving McDowell to co-operate with him from near Washington.

Grant ordered Butler to proceed from Fortress Monroe, with an army of thirty thousand men, while he, instead of McDowell, moved from the north. Again Butler got bottled up at Bermuda Hundred and could not move, while against the earnest remonstrance of the former, the Government at Washington would not let McDowell move at all. The result was the same failure in both cases. Again the Government would not reinforce McClellan when on the James, and let him carry out his plans against Richmond, while it did reinforce Grant and leave him to carry

out *his* plans. The terrible slaughter that followed was not the fault of Grant, but of the powers at Washington, who, by their repeated blunders, had made the original and only plan of taking Richmond, which at the outset was feasible, impossible without this terrible sacrifice of life. The Government had given the Confederacy time to fortify the road to their capital from Washington, so strongly that unless Lee's army could be outflanked and forced from their works, he had got to be fought behind them every step of the way.

In all governments except pure despotisms, personal ambition and politics have so much to do with a war, especially in the appointment of leaders, that blunders innumerable, as well as disasters, are sure to follow. A republic most of all is sure to suffer in this way and certainly ours proved no exception.

It was owing alone to the cabals at Washington and the control of military measures by politicians, that now, in June, 1864, the Army of the Potomac was outwardly in the same position, in regard to Richmond, as it was in June, 1862, and the words of Burnside when recalled to Fredericksburg, after he had started to join McClellan, proved prophetic when he said, "If I am ordered back now, *all this will have to be done over again.*"

CHAPTER XII.

THE SIEGE OF RICHMOND.

GRANT ATTEMPTS TO DESTROY THE RAILROADS LEADING INTO RICHMOND—DISASTERS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—ALARM AT WASHINGTON—FIRMNESS OF THE PRESIDENT—UNPLEASANT POSITION OF GRANT—HIS LETTER TO WASHBURNE—A BOLD BUT NEEDED MEASURE—OPPOSES SHERIDAN'S WISH TO BRING ON A DECISIVE BATTLE—VISITS HIM IN PERSON—CONSENTS—DEFEAT OF EARLY—SHERIDAN'S ARMY SURPRISED AND DEFEATED—RALLIED BY HIM AND LED TO VICTORY—A DARING ATTEMPT TO CUT OFF GRANT'S SUPPLIES—A LUCKY ACCIDENT—SHERMAN'S SUCCESS—M'PHERSON'S DEATH—GRANT'S GRIEF WHEN HE HEARD OF IT—LETTER TO THE GRANDMOTHER—SHERMAN'S PLAN TO MARCH TO THE ATLANTIC—GRANT'S OPINION OF IT—HIS WONDERFUL FORECAST—GRANT ANXIOUS TO HAVE THOMAS ATTACK WOOD—THE LATTER DELAYS—HIS VICTORY OVER HIM—SHERMAN IN SAVANNAH—PROPOSES TO MARCH NORTH AND JOIN GRANT—HIS REQUEST FINALLY GRANTED—SCOTT'S ANACONDA—EXPEDITION AGAINST MOBILE—THE ARMY NO LONGER "A BALKY TEAM"—RAID OF SHERIDAN—CONSTERNATION AT RICHMOND—DANGERS THICKEN AROUND LEE.

GRANT, after some of the most desperate fighting on record and the most persistent efforts to force his way to Richmond, found that he must now sit down to a regular siege of the place, or rather of Petersburg, twenty-five miles from it. He had tried to carry this outpost of the capital by assault, and not only failed but ascertained enough of the strength of the works which were not composed of one line, but of successive lines, to know they were impregnable to any outward attack. His great object in attempting to take the place, was to get possession of the various lines of railroads that led through it from the south, by which Richmond was supplied. In the meantime, he sent Wilson with a large body of cavalry to cut the railroads south, which was the next best thing.

Hunter, who had superseded Siegel, whom Grant left to protect the Shenandoah but had signally failed, was ordered to advance toward Lynchburg and break up the railroad running through Staunton, while another force was sent north of the James River to cut the railroad "from near Richmond to the Anna River." If he could not take Petersburg by assault, he would by cutting off all supplies, reduce it by starvation, as he did Vicksburg. His blows now fell right and left without cessation, and Lee met a raid on his communications in one direction only to be called to protect them in another.

But fate seemed to have been against Grant from first to last of this terrible campaign, and now at last, when he seemed to be settled down to the work of reducing Richmond by the slow process of starvation, his whole plan threatened to come to nought, through the failure of Hunter, who had succeeded Siegel in the Shenandoah Valley. According to instructions from Grant, he proceeded up and laid siege to Lynchburg. This threatened to cut off Lee from the west. But he was compelled, from want of ammunition, to raise it, and then being forced to return by the Kanawha, he left the Shenandoah Valley unprotected. Taking advantage of this, Lee sent Early with a strong force down it, which, crossing the Potomac into Maryland, threatened Baltimore and Washington.

His advance spread the wildest terror on every side, and dispatches were hurried off one after another to Grant, while the President was begged and intreated to recall him from before Petersburg. But this he stubbornly refused to do. The clamor of politicians had made him recall the army under McClellan—the same clamor and personal rivalry and ambition had made him place Hooker over the army, and when the safety of the Capi-

tal demanded the recall of McClellan, compelled him to put Burnside in his place, and then superseded him by Pope, and at last put Meade over this grand army whose patience the Government seemed determined to weary out. But Lincoln had yielded as far as he intended to. He had changed and changed, but the military position around Washington remained unchanged. He had at last found a man who had no politics and no political aspirations—who believed in only one thing, beating the rebel armies, and he had beaten them as no other general had done, so he wisely concluded that if victory could not be won under Grant, it could not be won at all. The struggle might as well be abandoned and a hollow peace patched up. He therefore put his foot firmly down, and said he should leave the whole matter to General Grant. If he wanted to come back he could—if he chose to stay where he was he should stay, and so he told Grant himself. The latter immediately dispatched the Sixth Corps by water to Washington, which, with the Ninteenth Corps just arrived from New Orleans, speedily sent Early back over the Potomac, and up the Shenandoah Valley. This was a bold move to draw Grant from before Richmond, and in the earlier part of the war would have succeeded. But Lincoln had made up his mind that he had had enough of interfering with military movements. The army was now in the hands of a man in whom he had complete confidence—whom, he believed, could save the Union if it could be saved at all. Still it must be confessed, it looked as if Grant's campaign was going to prove a stupendous failure, and he was flooded with letters from distinguished men, all over the country, and harassed with visits from members of Congress, who anxiously inquired what he proposed to do, what were his chances of success, etc. But he maintained his serenity and was not

contaminated by the general alarm. Notwithstanding his repeated failures and heavy losses, he believed that he had got his hand on the throat of the rebellion, and he never meant to loosen his grasp. Lee might out-maneuver him, but he could not unlock that deadly grip. His only fear was, that his delay in forcing the war to an end as he had anticipated would give politicians ground to act upon, and interfere with his plans. Though he maintained great reticence toward them, he opened his heart to his true and staunch friend, Mr. Washburne, in a letter in which he says:

"The rebels have now in their ranks their last man. The little boys and old men are guarding prisoners, guarding railroad bridges, and forming a good part of their garrisons or intrenched positions. A man lost by them cannot be replaced. They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force. Besides what they lose in frequent skirmishes and battles, they are now losing from desertions and other causes, at least one regiment per day. With this drain upon them, the end is not far distant, if we will only be true to ourselves. Their only hope now is in a divided North. This might give them reinforcements from Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri, while it would weaken us."

But one thing he saw must be done, though it was a bold act to do it. That which was the curse of McClellan's campaign was hampering and endangering his. When McClellan started for Richmond, the Army of the Potomac embraced all the troops near Washington, and were all under his direct control, and he expected they would remain so. If he had anticipated their withdrawal from his command, he would not have started for Richmond. But he had hardly reached Fortress Monroe when the Rappahannock, Shenandoah and Mountain Depart-

ments were created, the commanders of which reported to the Secretary of War, instead of to him; and, worse than this, at the very moment when he needed them most, and expected their co-operation they were removed from his command entirely, and thus ensued his failure.

Grant was not in this position, for, as lieutenant-general, he could make departments himself. But the same difficulty about the appointments of commanding-generals existed that caused their original creation. They were made to gratify politicians and Governors of States, who wanted a fair partition of the honors, there being more aspirants for distinction than places for them. For the same reason it was necessary they should continue. But Grant resolved that they should be broken up, no matter whom it might offend. It would seem a small matter to do this, but it required more courage than to storm a battery.

But Grant having made up his mind and selected his men, he went on to Washington. He visited Hunter in person and after inquiring into the state of affairs, ordered him to concentrate all his forces at Harper's Ferry. As soon as he saw the troops in motion, he telegraphed to Sheridan to come on and take command of the army; and Washington, Susquehanna and Mobile Departments were all put under his control. On the 6th of August, he returned to City Point, feeling that the day of blunders in the Shenandoah Valley was over. He had got the right man in the right place, and could disencumber himself of affairs around Washington, while Sheridan would make short work with politicians who undertook to interfere with him. Still feeling how important it was to his operations around Richmond, that no defeat should occur here—preferring that things should remain safe, he opposed the wish of Sheridan to bring

on a decisive action at once with Early. But this daring general was so persistent in his request, and so confident of success, that Grant at last resolved to go on himself and view matters, and have a talk with him. It was all important that Lee should not succeed in his plan to draw him away from Richmond. Early by his defeat of Hunter, had already compelled him to send away one corps and perhaps but for the timely arrival of the Nineteenth from New Orleans, he would have had to send two. And now a decisive defeat of Sheridan would require a still further depletion of his army—a depletion so great, that it would give Lee an advantage over him before Richmond, that would be dangerous. He had much rather nothing should be done than risk this. But after talking with Sheridan, and obtaining his views, he said:

"'Go in!' I asked him if he could get out his teams and supplies in time to make an attack on the ensuing Tuesday morning. His reply was, that he could, before daylight Monday morning. He was off promptly to time, and I may add, that the result was such that I have never since deemed it necessary to visit General Sheridan before giving him orders."

Before he had reached City Point again, Sheridan had sent Early, "whirling through Winchester." This decisive victory relieved Grant from a load of anxiety, for he felt he could safely leave matters around Washington to the care of Sheridan. Besides the tables were completely turned on Lee. Instead of compelling Grant to send reinforcements to defend Washington, he was obliged to send reinforcements to Early. Strengthened by these, this general determined to retrieve his lost ground, and carry out the object for which he had been sent into the valley of the Shenandoah, and on the 19th of October,

surprised Sheridan's army at night while he was in Washington, and routed it.

The astounding news met him at Winchester on his return, when putting spurs to his horse, he galloped forward, and dashing amid his disordered troops, by his gallant bearing and language, rallied them, and leading them back on the excited, yelling victors, scattered them like a whirlwind and drove them from the valley forever.

This settled the fate of Richmond, and Lee could no longer attempt to draw Grant away from his deadly purpose. He knew now that the battle had to be fought out there, and as he looked on his diminished numbers and the tens of thousands pouring into Grant's army, he saw the handwriting on the wall.

Grant now attempted to get around Lee's right flank far enough to cut the South Side railroad—an important line of communication between Richmond and the South. On the 27th of October, he dispatched a force composed of Warren's Corps and two divisions of the Fifth Corps headed by a strong body of cavalry, to force Hatcher's Run, where Lee had strongly intrenched a part of his army to prevent this very movement. Warren and Hancock who commanded this force were successful, and got within six miles of the road, when Lee pounced upon them. A bloody battle followed, and Grant, finding that Lee had anticipated this movement so well, ordered the troops to return and the important work was not accomplished. Ever planning some new scheme, and as often as an attempt failed in one direction, threatening some new point, thus keeping Lee ever on the move—he now ordered Butler to make a demonstration against the enemy on the north side of the James River, but nothing came of it.

"From this time forward," says Grant, "the operations

SHERIDAN'S RIDE AT WINCHESTER.

in front of Petersburg and Richmond, until the spring campaign of 1865, were confined to the defense and extension of our lines, and to offensive movements for crippling the lines of communication, and to prevent his detaching any considerable force to send south." By midwinter his lines reached Hatcher's Run, while the Weldon Railroad was destroyed for many miles. But Lee was no less active than Grant, and during the winter organized an expedition that, but for an accident, would have had serious results, in fact, might have ended in the surrender of Grant's army. Finding that he could not release Grant's grasp on Richmond by operations in the Shenandoah Valley, he formed a no less daring plan than to cut off his army from its supplies. City Point, on the river, once taken, and occupied and held, not a pound of food could have been got to Grant's army, and Lee determined to seize it. Three iron-clads, three wooden vessels and a flotilla of torpedo-boats, started on the night of the 24th of January for this point, while an overwhelming force was massed north of the river to make an assault on the troops stationed there as soon as City Point was reached.

Grant had nothing on shore or on the water to resist this naval force, and it came sweeping down in the darkness with irresistible strength. Providentially the iron-clads got aground and the whole thing fell through. A committee of investigation was appointed as soon as this was known, and it was the unanimous report that if those vessels had not got aground Grant would have been compelled to raise the siege of Richmond, to say nothing of more disastrous results. Grant alone, thought the disaster would not have been so fatal, as he believed he could have made his provisions hold out till the communications were reopened by the government vessels; that is, he

could not himself have done it—he would have had to depend solely on outside help. It was a narrow escape, and the report of the investigating committee was never published, as the Government did not wish it to be known what a stupendous blunder it had been guilty of, for it was the navy's duty to protect this important point, not Grant's.

But while Grant had failed in carrying out his part in the great campaign, and had not taken Richmond, Sherman had succeeded in performing his part and had taken Atlanta. Grant's orders were for him to halt there, but Hood after being defeated, had gone north into Tennessee, in order to draw Sherman back from the south, but the latter could not be moved from his purpose any more than Grant, and let him go, feeling that he would have to turn back at last.

But Grant's gratification at Sherman's success was marred by the news that it was purchased at the cost of McPherson's death, his dearest friend. When it reached him he burst into tears. This strong, iron-nerved man who had faced death a hundred times without flinching, and seen men fall by thousands at his side, completely broke down when told that McPherson was dead, and exclaimed, "*The country has lost one of its best soldiers,* and I have lost my best friend." His heart-broken sorrow reminds one of the anguish of Napoleon when he heard Duroc was killed. Retiring to his tent he sat alone wrapt in grief, while the band, finding no other way to express their sympathy, came and played mournful dirges before its door. McPherson's grandmother, eighty-seven years old, who had loved him with all her heart, ever since the gallant knight was a gallant boy, when told that Grant wept at the news of his death wrote him a letter, to which he returned a noble, sympathetic answer, concluding with, "Your bereavement is great, but cannot exceed mine."

Sherman, finding that Hood had gone to Tennessee, conceived the daring plan of crossing the country to the Atlantic Ocean and capturing Savannah. Though so much better versed in military science than Grant, the latter had taught him one lesson not found in his books, viz.: that a great army could live without a base of supplies. He had seen it done while fighting his way to Vicksburg, and he now proposed to try it himself, and wrote to Grant asking permission to do so. The latter replied asking him if it did not look as if "Hood was going to attempt the invasion of Middle Tennessee, using the Mobile and Ohio, Memphis and Charleston roads, to supply his base on the Tennessee River, about Florence or Decatur. If he does this he ought to be met and prevented from getting north of the Tennessee River. If you were to cut loose I do not believe you would meet Hood's army, but would be bushwhacked by all the old men, little boys, and such railroad guards as are still left at home. Hood would probably *strike for Nashville*, thinking that by going north he could inflict greater damage upon us than we could upon the rebels by going south. If there is any way of getting at Hood's army I would prefer that, but I must trust to your own judgment."

Hood afterward followed the exact course here traced out by Grant, and it shows how wonderful his forecast was. But Sherman, who was on the ground, and ought to have known best, did not agree with him, and replied: "Hood may turn into Kentucky and Tennessee."

The sequel showed that Grant was right and Sherman wrong, and that his plan was unquestionably the safest and best, if any other commander than Thomas had been left to take care of Hood. He, however, finally gave his consent in the following dispatch: "Your dispatch of to-

day received. If you are satisfied, the trip to the sea-coast can be made holding the line of the Tennessee River firmly, you may make it, destroying all the railroads south of Dalton or Chattanooga as you think best."

But Grant knew Thomas, and that when Hood fell on the "rock of Chickamauga," he would be shattered to pieces, and said, when the dispatch reached him, that Hood had gone north, "*he is going to his certain doom.*"

This autumn of 1864 was crowded with startling events, which marked the speedy downfall of the Confederacy. While Grant was effecting comparatively nothing before Richmond, Sheridan had cleared the Valley of the Shenandoah, and relieved Washington, Pennsylvania and Maryland from all fear; Sherman had taken Atlanta, and Hood was before Nashville, ready to receive his death-blow. But, while Grant placed the utmost confidence in Thomas, he was very anxious to have Hood defeated at once, especially as he heard that the latter had sent a body of cavalry across the Cumberland into Kentucky, and he said: "I feared he would cross his whole army, and give us great trouble here." He therefore telegraphed to Thomas to attack Hood at once, but the latter was in want of cavalry, which he must have; for, as he intended to defeat Hood, he would need it to pursue him, or it would be but half a victory, and so he did not stir.

After waiting some days, Grant telegraphed again, and Thomas answered that he was not ready to move, but fearing the reason would leak out, did not give it. A *third* time Grant telegraphed him, urging him more emphatically to attack Hood immediately. Thomas still demanded delay, but said that if he was not satisfied with his conduct, he had better put some one else in his place. But Grant never entertained such a thought; he had

as much faith in Thomas as in himself, but he was so anxious that he could not rest, and seeing that telegraphing produced no effect, he left his army and started West in person, to see what was the matter. Reaching Washington, he was met with the glorious news that Hood was totally defeated, and he stopped in his journey, saying, "All my apprehensions are dispelled," and returned to Petersburg.

Sherman in the meantime was traversing the Southern States and soon the city of Savannah was sent to Lincoln as a Christmas present. Grant sent a dispatch to him here directing him, "that after establishing a base on the sea-coast, with necessary garrisons to include all his artillery and cavalry, to come by water to City Point with the balance of his command."

With Sherman's army added to his own, he knew he could outflank Lee and end the long struggle for Richmond. But it was found difficult to get transports sufficient to bring north so large an army, and that it would take at least two months' time to get them on, and he told him to stay where he was and operate in that region. Hood having been totally routed, Grant thought he could use the troops now set free in the west, to effect quicker his purpose of capturing Richmond, and Schofield, with 21,000 men was ordered east, while he directed Thomas to send Stoneman with a heavy force of cavalry across the mountains into South Carolina. The "Anaconda" of General Scott, about which so much ridicule had been made, was proving to be a veritable monster, and its immense coils were steadily closing around his doomed victim.

In the meantime Sherman, who had no idea of resting comparatively inactive in Savannah, wrote to Grant, giving a sketch of his plan to march inland north, cutting off

Charleston and all the Atlantic sea-ports and join him before Richmond and finish the war with a clap of thunder. Grant was at first startled at the bold proposition, but its very boldness pleased him, and he sent back word to carry out his own plans, and the army that had marched from "Atlanta to the sea," now took up its conquering march northward. While he was thus concentrating his own forces for a final struggle, Grant saw that it was important that he should keep those of his enemy divided—so relieving Banks and putting Canby in his place, he ordered him to organize an expedition against Mobile, a favorite project of his, as we have seen after the capture of Vicksburg. This would prevent the Southern troops from being sent north to Lee. This, he wrote to Thomas, "will attract all the attention of the enemy, and leave an advance from your standpoint easy. I think it advisable, therefore," he said, "that you prepare as much of a cavalry force as you can spare, and hold it in readiness to go South." He designed to have this force push deep into Alabama, destroying the rebel communications, and dispersing and capturing detached bodies of the enemy. Grant had his mighty team well in hand now, and the western teamster was handling it with consummate skill. He had winnowed out the inefficent and impracticable and unfit commanders, so that he knew it would prove no "*balky team*" but pull together, and with a power that nothing could withstand.

Sheridan having cleaned out the valley of the Shenandoah, was now free to move, and Grant ordered him to push on to Lynchburg, and after destroying the railroad and canal there, march south near the base of the mountains, where the streams were narrow, and endeavor to reach Sherman moving north. This bold rider started with 27,000 cavalry, on the 24th of February, but

on reaching the James River, he found the enemy had burned the bridges over it, so that he could not get across. He, therefore, moved down the north bank of the river toward Richmond. The sudden appearance of this heavy force caused the wildest consternation in the capital, and troops were hurried out, and every preparation made to meet the new invasion. But Sheridan swept swiftly around the city and striking the Chickahominy, kept on and reached the White House in safety, where he quietly rested awhile, and then crossing the James River, joined Grant.

Everything was now moving toward the army of the Potomac as a grand centre, and it was a question of a few weeks at the farthest, when those forces should close in around Richmond. Lee, cooped up in the city, looked on this gathering of the elements with a sinking heart. The entire horizon was getting black as midnight, and it thundered all around the heavens. His last effort to force Grant to withdraw his army from before him, had been made. No troops but those of Johnson that confronted Sherman could be brought to his aid, and he was like a scorpion girt with fire, and could only turn and turn as the devouring element every moment raged nearer. He saw that nothing but a miracle could save him, and all he could do was to delay the final hour and then fall, sword in hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT—GRANT'S REPLY—VISIT OF THE PRESIDENT AND SHERMAN—GRANT'S ORDERS TO SHERMAN—HIS GREAT FEAR THAT LEE WILL TRY TO ESCAPE—FURIOUS ATTACK OF LEE—TEMPORARY SUCCESS—SHERIDAN SENT TO CUT OFF LEE'S SUPPLIES—ORDERS COUNTERMANDED, AND A FINAL BATTLE RESOLVED UPON—VICTORY AT FIVE FORKS—LEE'S FEELINGS—FINAL ASSAULT—THE REBEL WORKS CARRIED—IGNORANCE OF THE DISASTER IN RICHMOND—SABBATH IN THE CAPITAL—DAVIS RECEIVES THE NEWS WHILE IN CHURCH—HIS FEELINGS—A QUIET SCENE—SPREAD OF THE NEWS—EXCITEMENT AND TERROR OF THE PEOPLE—SCENE IN THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER—LAWLESS VIOLENCE IN THE STREETS—A FRIGHTFUL SPECTACLE—PLAYING OF THE REGIMENTAL BANDS—THE CITY ON FIRE—THE SCENE IN THE MORNING—FORTY UNION TROOPERS ENTER IT—TERROR OF THE PEOPLE—DESCRIPTION BY A LADY—THE RETREAT AND PURSUIT—THE LAST HOPE—THE END COME—MEETING OF GRANT AND LEE—THE SURRENDER—A MOMENTOUS PALM SUNDAY—PUBLIC REJOICING—LAST GRAND REVIEW OF THE ARMY—PEACE.

WHILE thus, in the early spring, Grant was preparing for his final move, he received a letter from the President, closing with: "If there be anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you."

Immediately after this, the President unexpectedly visited him, and how much of his plans he then disclosed is not told us, but Lincoln went away satisfied that the end was near. Sherman, who had reached Goldsboro, also came on to visit him and consult with him respecting the last great moves on the mighty chess-board, where the stake was the Republic.

Grant, in a few words, explained the position, and told him what to do. The latter hurried back, while Grant issued his orders for the army to move. His only fear

was that so skillful a man as Lee, when he saw this slow but sure gathering of the elements around him, would escape before all the gaps between the widely-separated forces could be closed up. He could not imagine that a general who had shown so much acuteness and foresight in thwarting all his endeavors to outwit him, should remain cooped up in Richmond till escape would be hopeless. He had, he said, spent days of anxiety lest each morning should bring the report that the enemy had retreated the night before, and taking up some new position, which would require him to organize an entirely new campaign.

INTERIOR OF FORT STEADMAN.

But Lee saw clearly that if he could not defend himself there he could nowhere—nay, if the truth was known, he was perfectly aware that the inevitable end was near and it might as well come there as anywhere. Grant's order to Meade to march was dated the 24th of March, and to his amazement, the very next day, Lee, without waiting to repel an attack, broke into a furious offensive and dashed with such fury on the lines south of the Appomattox River, that he actually broke through and carried Fort Steadman and turned its guns on its defenders. But the flanks held firm and reserves being brought up it was retaken, and the enemy's own picket-line captured and held, despite all Lee's efforts to get possession of it again.

Whether Lee ordered this insane attack is not known, but one thing was evident, the prospect of any success was not sufficient to risk the loss of three or four thousand men, which at this juncture he could not spare. Four days after Sheridan moved off to execute the task assigned him, and cut off Lee's supplies. But when he reported that night that he was at Dinwiddie Court-House, with the Fifth and Sixth Corps well up, Grant changed his mind and sent a dispatch to him that he felt like ending the matter then and there, and to abandon his raid and push on around the enemy to the rear to co-operate with him, while he moved on the rebel works in front. But two days of incessant rain now set in, making the roads almost impassable for artillery. But Sheridan next day, moved forward to the neighborhood of Five Forks, where he found the enemy strongly posted. Lee had been informed of this movement and endeavored to thwart it, but Sheridan and Warren, on the 1st of April, captured the position, with 5,000 men and all the artillery, while the remainder, instead of falling back on Richmond, fled westward in every direction, thus lessening materially Lee's force at this most critical juncture. He was thunderstruck when the news of this disaster reached him, and saw, with a sinking heart, his right wing absolutely wrenched from him. For the first time, he uttered words of complaint, and said that the next time the troops were to be taken into action he would lead them in person, and peremptorily ordered all the stragglers on the field to be put under arrest. Says a Confederate writer: "Grant celebrated the victory of Five Forks and performed the prelude of what was yet to come, by a fierce and continuous bombardment along his lines in front of Petersburg. Every piece of artillery in the thickly-studded forts, batteries and mortar-beds, joined in

the prodigious clamor—reports savagely, terrifically crashing through the streets and lanes of Petersburg echoed upward. It appeared as if fiends of the air were engaged in the sulphurous conflict.

At dawn Grant prepared for the assault. The bugles sounded, and Wright and Ord moved steadily forward, and after a short struggle, carried the works before them. Park and Gibbon did the same, but there were inner works to which the defeated enemy retired and renewed the conflict. Around Fort Gregg a terrific struggle took place, and cries and yells, mingled with the incessant crash of musketry, and it seemed as if all the fiends of the lower region were engaged in a mad combat amid the sulphurous cloud of their own pit. But, reserves coming up, the works were at last carried, though the dead lay in heaps upon and within them. Lee now formed a second line of defense, but it was only to gain time, not with any hope of retrieving himself.

While the fate of Richmond was thus being fast settled, its inhabitants were wholly unconscious of it. It is true, they knew there had been heavy fighting, but Petersburg was twenty miles distant, and Five Forks probably still further, so all this tumult and strife, in which their fate was so deeply involved, did not reach them. An occasional explosion would travel like distant thunder along the sky, but all the reports that reached the capital were favorable. In fact, it was reported that Lee had won a great victory.

It was the Sabbath day, and the church-bells called, as usual, the inhabitants to the house of worship, and Davis, among the rest, and all was peaceful and quiet, as the Sabbath should be. In the midst of the service, a messenger approached the pew in which the Confederate President sat, and handed him a slip of paper. It was

from the War Department, containing a dispatch from Lee, to have everything ready for the evacuation of Richmond by eight o'clock at night. Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet from a cloudless sky, he could not have been more appalled. Crushing back the emotions of his heart, he rose and left the church. To that congregation it appeared as if the President had received only some important war news—to him it was a dagger-stroke that pierced his very heart.

Somehow, after church, the news was whispered abroad but scarcely any one believed it. "One could see the quiet streets stretching away unmolested by any signs of war; across the James the landscape glistened in the sun—everything that met the eye spoke of peace. There were few people in the streets, and no vehicles disturbed the quiet of the Sabbath—the sound of the church-going bells rose into the cloudless sky, and floated on the blue tide of the beautiful day," but soon the fearful tidings received corroboration; vehicles began to clatter along the streets; cheeks grew pale and tremulous; lips whispered fearful words. The excitement deepened every hour, till the streets were jammed with frightened people, and the quiet Sabbath became a scene of the wildest excitement and terror.

"Army wagons, loaded with boxes and trunks, drove furiously toward the Danville depot; pale women and ragged children streamed after, going they knew not whither; excited men filled the air with blasphemies, while the more desperate surged up around the commissary depots, awaiting the signal for pillage. There was no order—no attempt on the part of any one to enforce it."

But while the official acts of the dying Confederacy were pitiful in the extreme, the actions of the people in the public streets were both degrading and frightful. Both the

civil and military power had ceased to exist, and lawless violence took their place, and soon the streets were in an uproar, and man's worst passions held high carnival there. As the Sabbath evening came on, instead of the sound of the church-going bells, there arose in the air a confused murmur of voices, and the little restraint that had held back the crowd during the day, disappeared with the darkness, and the excited, maddened throng rushed on the warehouses, burst them open and scattered the goods over the pavements, and broke into the liquor saloons, and what spirits they did not drink, they poured out into the streets, till the gutters ran with it like water, while men reeled along uttering oaths and imprecations, that, mingled with the cries of terror and distress, made that Sabbath night a pandemonium. To add still greater terror to this wild scene, General Ewell, commanding the rear guard of the retreating army, ordered the iron-clads in the river to be blown up. The city shook under the terrific explosions, and before the frightened inhabitants had time to recover from the earthquake shock, the three bridges that spanned the stream were ablaze, ribbing the darkness with their long lines of flame. The next moment, four huge tobacco warehouses were wrapped in fire, shooting murky clouds of smoke and fiery sparks into the heavens. The neighboring houses caught fire; and the conflagration passing all control, raged unchecked along the streets, and roared like the ocean over the abandoned city. As the light fell on the terror-stricken or ferocious faces of the yelling crowd, it seemed as if the infernal depths had vomited up its inhabitants.

In strange contrast to this appalling scene, and hence enhancing it, and rendering it more unearthly, stirring strains of music filled all the air on the outskirts of the city. Weitzel, who was in command on the north side of

the James River, was directed by Grant to make as much demonstration as possible to distract the enemy, and so as night came on, he set all his regimental bands playing. Ewell, who was watching him, followed his example, and band answered band through the darkness, which was made horrible by the lurid sky over the burning city in the distance. At midnight, Ewell ordered his bands to cease playing, and quietly withdrew and followed after Lee's fleeing army. But the conflagration went on, the flames roaring unchecked along the empty blocks, till the heavens were blotted out by the canopy of whirling, falling cinders. When morning dawned, its light fell on a city smouldering in ashes and crowds of people crouching in the open squares and under pieces of scattered furniture. Richmond that awful morning presented a wild and fearful spectacle. Yesterday the streets were thronged with men and women wending their way to the house of worship—to-day a maddened crowd moved amid its smoking ruins.

Weitzel, early in the morning, learned that the city had been evacuated, and when the sun was about an hour high, forty troopers, whom he had sent to reconnoitre, came clattering through the streets. Suddenly the cry of "the Yankees are come!" ran like wild-fire from mouth to mouth, and the terrified crowd threw down the plunder which they were attempting to carry away, and rushing on and over each other, with oaths and savage shouts, fled in every direction. "These forty horsemen," wrote a woman, "walked their horses till they reached the corner of Eleventh Street, when they broke into a trot for the Public Square, and riding straight up to the Capitol planted their guidons on its top, where they fluttered proudly in the breeze. A few hours later, the heads of Weitzel's columns appeared in the streets."

Meanwhile the conflagration raged with unchecked

fury. The entire business part of the city was on fire—stores, warehouses, manufactories, mills, depots and bridges, covering acres of ground, were in flames, while the continuous thunder of exploding shells added ten-fold to the horrors of the scene. All during the forenoon flame, and smoke, and showers of blazing sparks filled the air, spreading still further the destruction, until every bank, every auction store, every insurance office, nearly every commission house, and most of the fashionable stores, were a heap of smouldering ruins. The atmosphere was so choking, that "men, women and children crowded into the square of the capital for a breath of pure air; and one traversed the green slopes blinded by cinders and struggling for breath."

While desolation and terror were thus walking the streets of the fallen capital, Lee's army was streaming through the country, the long trains of baggage-wagons thundering after it, straining every nerve to reach Danville, nearly one hundred and seventy miles distant, from whence it could join Johnston, near Raleigh. This was Lee's last hope, and a desperate one it was, with nothing beyond but a hopeless battle.

Grant discovered his object, and sending Sheridan on to break down bridges and harass his flank, followed with the main army. Lee was on the north side and Grant on the south side of the Appomattox River, when the former commenced the long and desperate race for Danville.

Burke's Station, where Lee proposed to strike the Danville Railroad, was fifty-five miles from Richmond, and both armies put forth almost superhuman energies to reach it first. If Lee did, his escape from immediate surrender was almost assured; if Grant did, he was lost. The troops, on one side, goaded on by desperation, on

the other, urged by the prospect of a speedy, crowning victory, pressed on night and day toward this goal. Grant reached it first, and Lee, with a sinking heart, saw his last hope cut off. It was true, he might reach Lynchburg and escape to the mountains, and thus avoid the mortification of a surrender, but even this poor consolation was denied him. His discouraged army was becoming demoralized, wagons choked the road, oaths, curses and whipping failed to rouse up the tired mules to greater effort, while the blaze of ammunition-wagons and their loud explosions, fired to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy, filled the soldiers with despair, and they made scarcely more than a mile an hour. Constant collisions were taking place, and the army was so harassed that, though Lee started on Sunday night, he did not reach Farmville, seventy miles from Richmond, till Friday night. The day before Sheridan cut off Ewell's corps of 9,000 men and captured it, with fifteen pieces of artillery and six miles of baggage-wagons. As a slight offset to this, Lee captured on this day some two hundred Union prisoners, in an engagement at the Appomattox bridge.

Lee now headed directly for Lynchburg, in the hope of reaching a point where he could move around the front of our left wing, and escape toward Danville by a road which runs directly south from a point about twenty miles east of Lynchburg. But his rear and flanks were so sorely pressed that he was compelled to skirmish nearly every step, and to destroy or abandon an immense amount of property, while Sheridan was rapidly shooting ahead of him.

Grant having received a dispatch from the latter requesting his presence, mounted and hurried to the front. On the 5th, he had written to Sherman, saying: "Sheridan is up with Lee, and reports all that is left—horse,

foot and dragoons—at 20,000 men, much demoralized. We hope to reduce this number one-half. I shall push on to Burkesville, and if a stand is made at Danville, will, in a very few days, go there. If you can do so, push on from where you are, and let us see if we cannot finish the job with Lee's and Johnston's armies."

He was finishing it fast. He had said, when he left the Rapidan, that he should follow Lee wherever he went, and he was keeping his word.

The pursuit was now kept up, but at last Lee turned off the main road, and the army toiled all day along wood roads and paths, winding through thickets unmolested. It was a dreary march, and men and animals, worn down, dragged themselves wearily along. The next morning they struck the main road, and taking courage, marched quite rapidly till dark, and encamped in the neighboring fields. That night Lee held a consultation with his officers, as to the best course to be pursued. It was a gloomy council, and its deliberations were hurried by the boom of Sheridan's cannon in front, showing that the way was hopelessly blocked. The end was reached.

Grant, knowing how hopeless was Lee's condition, sent him a dispatch from Farmville demanding the surrender of his army, on the ground that to hold out longer was an "useless effusion of blood." Lee replied the same day, repudiating the insinuation that his case was hopeless, but concluded with asking the "*terms he would offer.*" The next day Grant returned an answer, saying: "Peace being my first desire, there is but one condition that I insist upon, that the men surrendered shall be disqualified from taking up arms against the United States Government until properly exchanged."

Lee in reply, denied that he proposed to surrender his army, but to ask his terms, saying: "to be frank, I

do *not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender.*" This may have been "*frank*" enough, but it was not true, for at this time he had not more than ten thousand men, with muskets in their hands, to resist Grant's magnificent army. In proof of his hopeless condition, he proposed to meet Grant next day at 10 o'clock, and talk over the matter. The next day Grant sent an answer, saying that he did not receive his letter till 11.50, but would immediately push forward to the front to meet him. This dispatch arrived just in time to prevent an attack of Sheridan's cavalry. The bugles were ready to sound the charge, when a flag of truce raised in front of Gordon's troops prevented it. The final correspondence then took place.

APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE, April 9th, 1865.

General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.

In accordance with the substance of my letters to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit:

Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate.

The officers to give their individual paroles not to take arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them.

This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.

This done, *each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes,* not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they reside.

Very respectfully,
U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

Lee replied, saying, that he accepted these terms, and that he would designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Lee, at this time, was sitting under an apple-tree, accompanied only by a single staff officer, absorbed in deep thought, when Colonel Babcock, of Grant's staff, rode up and saluted him, and reported that General Grant was riding along that road a little way behind and would soon come up. Lee at once told his aid to find a proper place to receive him. The latter, seeing a man passing by, asked if there was a house near. The man pointed to an empty house near by partly in ruins. But Lee refusing to receive Grant in such a desolate-looking building, the man offered his own farm-house, a little way off. Thither Lee proceeded, and soon Grant, accompanied by his staff and several generals—among them, Sheridan—rode up. These two heroes, who last had seen each other on the battle-fields of Mexico when fighting under one flag, met with the frankness and informality of old acquaintances. Lee wore his sword, but Grant was without his, and observing that the former noticed it, said: "I must apologize, General, for not wearing my sword, it had gone off with my baggage when I received your note." Lee bowed and at once introduced the subject which had brought them together, and asked Grant to state in writing the terms on which he proposed the army of Northern Virginia should surrender. Grant sat down by a table and wrote the terms as given in the above letter. He then handed it to Lee who, after reading it carefully, asked what he meant by "private horses," as most of the cavalrymen owned their horses. The latter replied that they must be turned over to the Government. Lee acknowledged the justice of this, when Grant said that he would "instruct his officers

to let those men who owned their horses retain them, as they would need them to till their farms." With what an instinctive impulse this trained and renowned warrior turns to the arts of peace and his imagination brings up the quiet fields tilled by those men hardened in the rough experience of war.

While this document was being copied, the two generals conversed familiarly about West Point times and old army friends. At length, alluding to the business before them, Lee said he had two or three thousand Federal prisoners and was afraid he had not rations sufficient to supply them. Sheridan, who overheard the remark, replied: "I have rations for 20,000 men." The document being copied, Colonel Marshall began his reply with "I have the honor to reply to your communication," etc. Lee scratched it all out, and in a clear, soldierly hand wrote: "General, I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you; as they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect."

Thus ended the interview between the two great leaders in this most memorable civil war of modern times.

While this momentous event was transpiring, all over the land the people were quietly gathering to their places of worship, little thinking what was taking place on this Palm Sunday in a quiet farm-house in Western Virginia. That solitary building by the wayside is a subject for a great painting.

Three days after, the rebel army was drawn up as for a parade and marched to a spot near the Court-House and stacked their arms and piled together their flags. Their

THE SURRENDER OF LEE.

arms they had carried so long were useless now, and the flags they had followed with such brave devotion would never again float over them in battle. Reduced by straggling and prisoners, only about twenty-five thousand remained of whom not more than half had arms to lay down.

Grant, with true delicacy of feelings, refused to be present at the terrible humiliation of his foe, as recorded above. Governed by the same feelings, he made no victorious entrance into the Confederate capital. Simple

and unostentatious he avoided all pomp and display, and acted like one who had done any ordinary work which had been assigned him. Having seen the soldiers he had conquered scattered to their desolate homes, he departed for Washington, and on the 14th he attended a Cabinet meeting, and was received with warm acknowledgments by Mr. Lincoln, whose heart was bounding with joy at the certainty of a speedy peace. The news had spread over the wires to the remotest section of the country, and bells rang and cannons thundered out their joy, and flags waved, and one long, loud shout rocked the land from one end to the other. Peace, blessed

peace had returned, and the national heart bounded with joy.

The surrender of Johnston to Sherman quickly followed. That same week Mobile fell, and when the news reached Texas, General Taylor surrendered his army, and the mighty structure of the Confederacy, that for four years had withstood the colossal power of the North, was a thing of the past. While the soldiers that had fought so bravely to sustain it, returned sad, dispirited and ruined to their homes, those of the Union before they melted again into the common mass of citizens, was to have a day of triumph. Starting homeward, the army slowly traversed again the ground over which it had fought its way to the capital, and at last assembled in Washington. Here a grand review was ordered. Grant, with the President and Cabinet, and Foreign Ministers, looked for the last time at the bronzed veterans whom he so often led to battle. For two days the mighty columns, filling Pennsylvania Avenue from limit to limit, moved past their chieftain, as he stood with uncovered head, and received their salutes. Standards that had been carried through the storm of battle at Donelson, and Shiloh, and Vicksburg, and Missionary Ridge, and in every fight from the Rapidan to the Appomattox, dipped in succession as the regiments that bore them marched by, the air resounded with the music of the bands, and the very houses shook with shouts to the chief. Grant's heart swelled with honest pride as the strong legions he had led to victory defiled past him, yet it was sad, with the memory of the gallant dead that were not there, but sleeping peacefully in their unknown graves on the fields of their fame, and with the reflection that this was a last farewell to those whom he had borne on his great heart so long. Yet emotions of joy swelled over all, that peace had returned,

and the country was relieved from the curse and ravages of war. He had been trained for war, and had won the proud distinction he enjoyed, through war, yet peace was the desire of his heart, and that he had secured it, was his greatest glory.

CHAPTER XIV.

GRANT'S VIEWS OF RECONSTRUCTION—PROTECTS LEE—SECURES THE PARDON OF REBELS—RECEPTION IN NEW YORK—VISITS THE SANITARY FAIR AT CHICAGO—ENTHUSIASM OF THE PEOPLE—GRANT'S SPEECH—GIVEN AN OVATION IN NEW YORK—VISITS THE SOUTH—RECEPTION IN CHARLESTON—RECEPTION BY THE LEATHER DEALERS OF NEW YORK—PRESENTS GIVEN HIM—APPOINTED SECRETARY OF WAR, AD INTERIM—HIS GREAT ABILITY—HIS RESIGNATION—ASSAILED BY THE PRESIDENT—REBUKES HANCOCK FOR PLACING THE MILITARY OVER THE CIVIL AUTHORITY OF NEW ORLEANS—IS ELECTED PRESIDENT—DIFFICULTIES OF HIS POSITION—HIS FREEDOM FROM ALL DESIRE TO RETALIATE ON THE SOUTH—HIS HONESTY AND FIRMNESS—CIVIL SERVICE REFORM—THE ST. DOMINGO AFFAIR—PLACING OF TROOPS IN LOUISIANA—MOVING TROOPS TOWARD WASHINGTON WHEN THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION MET—HIS OWN DECLARATION OF HONESTY OF PURPOSE—DIFFICULTY WITH SPAIN—ALABAMA CLAIMS—HIS LAST ADVICE TO THE COUNTRY—REFUSES TO RUN FOR A THIRD TERM.

THE war being closed, the Government undertook at once the difficult task of reconstruction. Had this been left solely to Grant the difficulties that followed would have been avoided. Like Lincoln, he was free from that animosity that characterized the reigning party in Congress. He was fully conscious of the great wrong that had been committed, and the terrible punishment which the South deserved for having drenched the land in blood and covered it with mourning, but he saw clearly that if the Union he had so nobly fought to preserve would be one in reality and not merely in name, hate and revenge must have no place in the policy to be adopted—that every act should lend to efface, not to intensify the bitterness engendered by the war. But he was powerless to act, except as General-in-Chief, and Lincoln, who shared his nobleness of heart and possessed

also his clear-sightedness, being murdered, the feelings of the North, even of those who had been kindly disposed, were turned into gall and wormwood. The act of one madman was construed into that of the entire South, and Congress seemed determined to make the breach between the two sections wider even than the war had made it.

When, under the influence of the excited state of feeling arising out of the horrible tragedy, an indictment of treason was found against Lee, like a true soldier, who will no sooner allow his honor than his sword to be tarnished, he promptly interposed, saying, that it was contrary to the express stipulations of the surrender at Appomattox Court-House, which declared that none of those who had laid down their arms were to be molested so long as their conduct was peaceable and orderly. So when the President consulted him on his amnesty proclamation, Grant was entirely opposed to that provision which excluded from its benefits all officers from a brigadier-general up. He said that those, of whatever grade, who had belonged to the regular army, and hence been educated by the General Government, should be excluded; but he could see neither the propriety nor justice of excluding a volunteer, who by his bravery and talents had risen to the rank of general, and yet pardoning one who, though he tried, failed to get higher than a major or colonel. Every man of common sense will acknowledge that he was right.

Johnson consulted him much respecting the course he should pursue toward the rebel States. Congress was for stringent military rule, while Grant, though a military man, and hence would naturally favor this view, strenuously opposed it, believing that it was far better that civil government should resume its functions everywhere, even

though it did not work wholly satisfactorily at first. He desired to see the last vestige of rule by force disappear.

The enemies he had fought so hard to overcome were aware of his magnanimity, and many of the prominent rebels who were excluded in the amnesty proclamation applied to him for pardon and were scarcely ever refused, and as it turned out in after investigation, he did not make a single mistake. The estimation in which he was held by the people was evinced by the enthusiasm with which he was received wherever he went. In New York they crowded by tens of thousands to shake his hand. A presidential tour being made to Illinois to inaugurate a monument to Douglas, he accompanied it, and such was the desire to see him and do him honor, that the President was almost forgotten. Having accepted an invitation to visit the last Sanitary Fair, at Chicago, the whole country far and near became moved with sudden excitement and the people flocked in crowds to the city on the day he was expected to arrive.

"Union Hall" was packed with 10,000 people, when, heralded by a salute of a hundred cannon, and escorted by General Hooker, the honorary president of the fair, and other distinguished men, he entered the door-way. The moment he appeared, a choir selected for the purpose, struck up "The Red, White and Blue." But the pealing melody had hardly commenced when it was drowned, lost in the enthusiastic, wild hurras that shook the building—cheer following cheer, like successive billows; while long lines of waving handkerchiefs and bright eyes gleamed above the dark mass, like sunlight on the waves. As the tumult subsided, Grant stepped forward, but before he could open his lips the building again shook with the thunders of applause. He gazed calmly on the excited, mighty multitude, and as soon as there came a

lull in the storm, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, as I never make a speech myself, I will ask Governor Yates to return the thanks I should fail to express." As he finished these few words, the applause that broke forth was deafening, and shout after shout went from the excited thousands.

Grant, after his return from the West, remained some time at Washington, when he again visited New York and was given a splendid reception at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It was an ovation tendered him by the citizens of the great metropolis for the services he had rendered the country.

On his return to the capital, he determined to visit the South in person and ascertain for himself the actual condition of things, so that his action as General-in-Chief could be more intelligent and just. He arrived in Charleston on the 1st of December, 1866, and was received with enthusiasm. The Union League, composed of colored men, turned out in a body and gave him a torch-light procession and a serenade. In his report, he gave some sensible advice as to the manner of working the Freedmen's Bureau, which shows how practical all his views were.

In the month of February he visited New York again, and was given a reception by the leather dealers, in the warerooms of Messrs. Armstrong & Sons, in Ferry Street. The rooms were handsomely decorated, and Grant's presence was the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm. In reply to loud and repeated calls for a speech, he said: "Gentlemen, you know I never make speeches. I am happy to meet my old friends of the leather trade."

During this visit a purse of $100,000 was made up for him by the citizens of New York. Previous to this Philadelphia had given him $30,000; Galena, a house and fur-

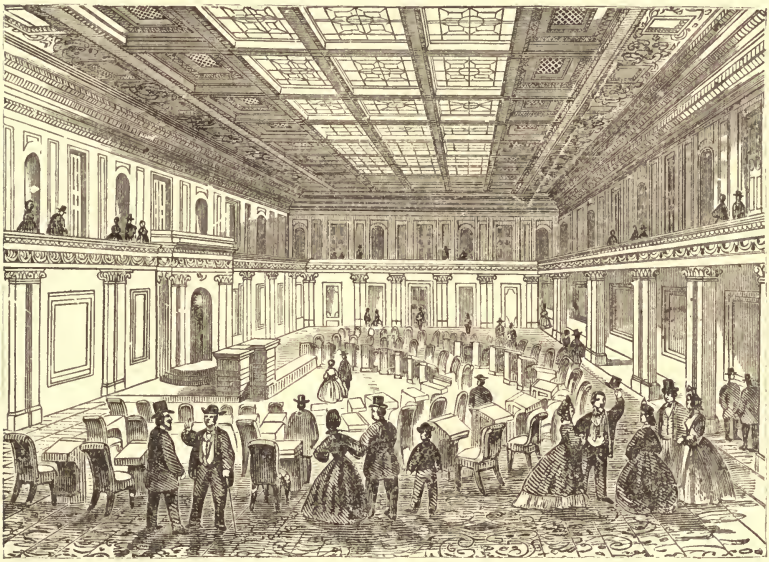
niture, and Boston a library. If he had been an Englishman, and rendered such services to his country as he had to the Union, he would have been given twice as much, and an estate and title besides.

During this year Grant had issued several orders tending to the settlement of affairs South. The grade of general had been created in the army, and he had been appointed to it, and his vast powers clearly set forth.

The next year, 1867, the hostility existing between President Johnson and the Senate took an active form, and in August the former dismissed Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, and appointed Grant in his place, *ad interim*. A law had been passed, called the Tenure of Office Bill, by which the President could no more remove, than appoint without the sanction of the Senate. It was done on purpose to curtail Johnson's power, and he knew it. Determined to resist this innovation, as he considered it, of his constitutional rights, he, while Congress was not in session, removed Stanton. Grant, though opposed to the President's course, assumed the position, and showed at once his administrative force and great power of organization. Though knowing that his position was a temporary one, he did not content himself with seeing that things were kept right in the channels in which they were moving, but he began at once the work of retrenchment, so much needed in the heavily-burdened state, and cut down with his pruning-knife the expenses of

ANDREW JOHNSON.

Government millions of dollars. It, however, turned out that he was not appointed to the office of Secretary of War for his great ability and honesty, but for political purposes. The President and Senate being at open war, the latter took up the removal of Stanton as a personal affair, and so, when it assembled in the winter, it refused



SENATE-CHAMBER.

to sanction it, and Grant at once resigned his position.

Because Johnson's act was a declaration of open war with the Senate, the Republican press looked upon Grant's acceptance of the office as taking sides with him, and charged him with all kinds of base motives. He, however, made no defense, but quietly devoted himself to his duties till the Senate met, and reinstated Stanton, when he promptly resigned.

It was the President's turn now to assail him, and he openly charged him with violating his word, declaring that he had promised to hold on to his place, and compel

Stanton to resort to the courts for redress, and thus bring the Tenure of Office Bill into the Supreme Court and test its constitutionality. Grant, in reply, denied that he had ever promised to retain his position against the action of the Senate. The controversy now became a personal one, and was carried on, on the part of the President, with great persistency and vindictiveness. He summoned his entire cabinet as witnesses to prove that Grant had broken his word, but did not succeed in his object. The public, however, took very little interest in the controversy, for it was evident that the whole thing was an attempt to make Grant a political cat's-paw, and that when he found it out, he had a perfect right to refuse to be so used. That he himself so regarded it, is evident from the following language in his letter that he wrote to the President: "When my honor as a soldier and integrity as a man have been so violently assailed, pardon me for saying that I can but regard this whole matter, from beginning to end, as an attempt to involve me in the resistance of law, for which you hesitated to assume the responsibility, and thus to destroy my character before the country. I am, in a measure, confirmed in this conclusion by your recent orders directing me to disobey orders from the Secretary of War, my superior and your subordinate."

A great deal of fault was found with Grant for his refusal to sustain Hancock, whom the President had put over the military department of Louisiana. Hancock had interfered with the election of a recorder in the city, asserting that the appointment belonged to the military commander. Grant was averse to have the military authority assert supremacy over the civil unless it was absolutely necessary. In this case he did not think so, and in his dispatch to Hancock he gives his reasons, going over all

the facts and law in the case, and concludes: "On assuming command of the district, you announced in General Order, No. 40, of November 29th, 1867, that it was your purpose to preserve peace and quiet in your command, and that as a means to this great end you regarded the maintenance of the civil authorities in the faithful execution of the laws as the most efficient under existing circumstances; also, that when the civil authorities are ready and willing to perform their duties the military power should cease to lead, and the civil administration resume its natural and rightful dominion. Under this statement of facts, the City Council of New Orleans might reasonably have presumed it to be their right and duty, especially under the order of the Court, and your Order, No. 40, to fill the vacancy in the office of Recorder, as it appears they did from your report of this case, dated February 15th, 1868. The same facts, too, in connection with the printed report of their proceedings, embraced in your report of February 15th, preclude the presumption of any intended contempt of the military authority by the members of the City Council."

He here at the very outset proclaims his views on the interference of the military in civil affairs where it can possibly be avoided, and yet he was constantly accused of doing right the reverse. He always maintained that the military was not designed, and should not be used to dominate and control civil authority, but to uphold and protect it.

As Johnson's term drew to a close, who should be the next President became the absorbing topic, and it was soon evident that Grant would be the candidate of one of the parties, and his democratic proclivities before the war seemed to render it probable that he would be that of the Democrats.

Instead of this, however, he received the nomination of the Republicans, which was carried by acclamation, and in the next November, 1868, was elected by an overwhelming majority. It is not our purpose to go into a detailed history of the eight years of his administration, for it would involve the history of political parties and, indeed, of the whole country during one of the most eventful periods of its existence, and would require a separate volume. Besides, there is very little that is personal in it. His duties as President were, in the main, those that belong to all presidents, such as reporting the state of the country, making appointments, receiving foreign embassies and suggesting various minor reforms in the government, etc., etc.

He was called to the presidency at a most trying time, and we doubt whether there was another man in the country who could have carried us through that period as successfully as he did. The attempt to impeach Johnson out of mere personal and political hate, shows what temper possessed the majority of Congress, and a similar fate would have awaited any man less firm, and popular, and determined than Grant. (Three hostile forces confronted him at the outset—the humbled, and angry, and rebellious South, the Democratic party at the North, and the radical leaders of his own party.) These latter did not wish for a restoration of the Union any more than the South did, except so far as subjugation meant union. They desired *vassalage*, not *brotherhood*. But Grant wished all personal hatred and animosities laid aside—the past to be wiped out and the welfare of the country—the whole country—the only object to be sought after. As President, he determined to treat his former enemies with the same magnanimity that he did as General in the field. He would not even listen to arguments for this or

that measure that looked only to party success. As he said himself there was scarcely a man in the country so completely untrained in political life as he. Under any circumstances he could not but sometimes err in judgment in such an untried field, but how much more difficult to always act wisely when everything was in chaos around him and the bitterest passions raged on every side. The South would not believe that he could be just—the Democratic party were equally skeptical as to his sincerity and integrity so long as he represented a party that they believed to be the very embodiment of corruption and falsehood, while the leaders in both houses of Congress did not share his patriotic feelings and were continually urging him to use the strong hand of military power, and let all efforts at reconciliation be deferred till the South exhibited a better spirit.

Amid these distracting elements and hostile forces, Grant stood almost alone with nothing to fall back on but his own honesty of purpose, strong patriotism and indomitable will. That any course he might adopt would be severely criticised and denounced was inevitable. He knew it, and knew, too, that his administration was to be a stormy one and full of anxiety and trouble, but he addressed himself to the task before him with the same settled, unalterable purpose that he did to carry out the plan of a campaign in the field. The work of reconstruction and of bringing back the hostile States into a true, not nominal reunion, was a herculean work and would test any man's powers and try his integrity to the utmost, yet it was a work that had got to be done, or all the sacrifice of men and money would have been in vain. There is something wonderful and grand in his perfect freedom from all animosity, while those who surrounded him were full of the bitterest hate. How he acquitted

himself, future history will relate. Not till this generation, with its strifes and passions, has passed away can that history be written, but when it is, we venture to say that Grant will stand out as one of the purest-minded and most patriotic presidents we have had since the time of Washington. Added to the bitterness of feeling that existed, not only rendering a fair judgment and just criticism impossible, but thwarting his best intentions and distracting the minds of the people and paralyzing industry, the country was overwhelmed with debt and burdened with a taxation almost unbearable, while the currency was vacillating and unsound. Added to all this, distress and panic seized the business and commercial world and everything became paralyzed, and a deep gloom settled on the nation and there seemed no end to the widespread ruin that prevailed on every side.

Amid all this hostile feeling, and the conflicting plans for relief, with the currency depressed and business at a stand-still, he never deviated from the path he had marked out for himself. Although he has been bitterly assailed and denounced, and all manner of epithets heaped upon him, such as tyrant, drunkard, dishonest, and accused of being governed wholly by selfish aims, how few of his actions can his enemies to-day point out as worthy of condemnation.

As we said, it would be impossible, in our brief space, to go into a history of his administration, nor would it interest the reader, and we therefore propose to take up only those measures that particularly characterized it, and which drew down on him the special criticism and denunciations of his adversaries.

One of the first measures he proposed, and which was greatly needed, civil service reform, caused him to be attacked vehemently, as though he were responsible for

every error that those appointed to carry it out committed. All that he could do was, with the assistance of the best advice he could command, select the best men to carry out the much-needed reforms. That they sometimes made mistakes, and were governed by political prejudices, ought not to be charged to him. He departed from the usual course of presidents in selecting men of no political ambition and held in high esteem for their integrity, to see that rights of the Indians were secured. If those men failed in many instances, so would any man have failed, and any measure, to a greater or less extent. That his efforts were in the right direction, and were wisely and honestly put forth, none can deny.

Again, he was bitterly assailed for trying to annex St. Domingo. This republic sent in a formal petition to be taken under the protection of our Government; in other words, to be annexed. Grant had no desire to have it done. But being pressed to do something he sent his own agents to the island to investigate the state of affairs. On their report, which was favorable, he submitted a treaty to the Senate and then, to furnish them all the facts in the case, he sent a commission, composed of men in whom the public had confidence and among them Fred. Douglas, so that every side should be heard, and they reported unanimously in favor of annexation. How could he, after this, do otherwise than recommend it. Sumner who voted to pay $71,000,000 for Alaska, and wanted to pay an equal sum for St. Thomas, opposed it ostensibly as a statesman, but really to pay off a personal grudge. This is not the place to discuss whether this particular island at this particular time was desirable, we wish to say only that the United States should have some foothold in the West Indies, and Grant's desire to obtain one, showed him to be a true statesman. This group of

islands lie almost within gun-shot of our shore, and command all the trade that passes through the Gulf of Mexico to our possessions on the Pacific coast, and yet we have not a port there we can call our own, while England, France and Spain, and even little Denmark have whole islands of their own, and England a naval station. That Grant should wish to secure for his country one harbor there, when it could be got for nothing, was right and patriotic, and the time will undoubtedly come when we shall regret that political and personal animosity frustrated the President's policy.

Another measure which called forth the loudest denunciations of the political party opposed to him, was the quartering of the United States troops in New Orleans. It was a very bad thing, no doubt, but how could the President refuse to send them? The Constitution expressly requires him to do so whenever the governor of a State asks for them to put down riotous acts that he is unable to suppress. The Governor of Louisiana, in the strength of this provision of the Constitution, made a formal application for troops to help him to protect himself and the Legislature from mob violence. I know the answer to this is the Governor was elected by fraud, in fact, was not the rightful Governor. All that may be true, but the President is not allowed to decide on elections. The *de facto* Governor, Legislature and the Supreme Court he is bound to recognize, until the case is decided by Congress. It is not for him to say whether a decision of the Supreme Court is right or wrong. If he had a right to decide on the legality of the election in Louisiana, he has a right to do the same in New York, and in every State in the Union. The assumption of any such power would be to make himself dictator, and render all elections and courts a mere farce.

He told Congress to decide this vexed question so that he could recall the troops, and declared that he could not do so till they did. To have done otherwise, he would have been false to his oath of office. The fault lay in Congress, which was determined that he should keep the troops there though it knew they were upholding a fraudulent government. The President's duty is to put down riots and violence, and protect legislatures and courts, not decide on their legality. So there was a great outcry against him when he began to move troops toward Washington at the time of the electoral commission. This it was his duty to do, if he feared there would be an outbreak and a resort to violence. That he meant to overawe Congress or any part of it, or in any way interfere with the decision of the presidential election, is pure assumption, without any proof to sustain it. Not one of those acts that called out at the time such virulent attacks and abuse, can be condemned by a man of upright judgment, when viewed dispassionately. That he never erred in judgment as to the best way to accomplish his object, no one will pretend, but there is not a particle of evidence to show that he was governed by dishonest and selfish motives. The selections of men for office were not always wise, nay, sometimes reprehensible, and not fit to be made. We believe he spoke the simple truth, when in his last message he says, that though he does not claim for himself freedom from errors of judgment, he does claim that *in every* instance he has acted from a conscientious desire to do what was right and constitutional, and within the law and for the very best interest of the people. He urged on Congress to ignore the past in its legislation and address itself only to the future, and recommended a general amnesty to the South, so that all could hold office. The bitter legislation against those

who had fought in the rebellion he deplored, and worked honestly to have the country restored to peace, harmony and prosperity.

When a Spanish man-of-war fired into an American vessel, and the people were clamorous for summary punishment for the indignity, he did not share in the excitement that prevailed, but managed so wisely that ample redress was made and another war prevented. So, too, while sympathizing with the revolutionary Cubans who were struggling for independence, he steadily refused to recognize it officially, believing that it would bring on a war with Spain, which, in our then state of affairs, would be a great national calamity. So, too, in settling the Alabama claims, the trouble that was anticipated with England was avoided, and it is to the glory of his administration that it set the noble example of two great nations settling a point of controversy between them by peaceful arbitration. In every thing he sunk the military man and deplored any measure that looked like resort to arms, though that had been the profession by which he rose to renown and to power.

The great Centennial at Philadelphia will be another conspicuous land-mark in the future history of his administration. Although by his strong arm the rebellion was crushed out, the vanquished leaders of it are to-day loud in their praises of his magnaminity and justice, and accord him greater honor than his political opponents at the North.

He closes his public career with advice to the nation full of sound sense and practical wisdom. He says in his message:

1st. That the States should be required to furnish good common school education to all, and that the attendance of children should be compulsory.

2d. No sectarian tenets should be taught in any school and, after 1890, all persons that cannot read and write shall cease to be voters.

3d. Church and State should be declared forever separate and distinct, while perfect freedom should be secured to all sects.

4th. Laws should be enacted to return to sound currency.

Much is embraced in these few short sentences—they furnish the very foundation of a firm and prosperous State, and should be engraved on the heart of a nation. If this advice had been acted upon from the commencement of the Government, this great republic would have a much longer lease of life than it now seems to possess.

At the close of his second presidential term, many leading men in the nation thought that the country could not yet dispense with his services, and he was asked to be a candidate for a third term. Though there was no constitutional objection to this, all precedent was against it, and he firmly refused to let his name be used, saying that he thought it would be establishing a bad precedent and be an unwise invasion of a time-honored custom.

The Roman Senate when it wished to do honor to one of the benefactors of the nation, voted that he "*deserves well of his country.*" It is high praise and no man of any party could refuse to indorse this vote for General Grant.

Travels of Gen'l Grant.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL GRANT RESOLVES TO VISIT EUROPE AND OBTAIN REST—ENGLAND DISCUSSES HOW TO RECEIVE HIM—HIS DEPARTURE—THE VOYAGE—A DEPUTATION FROM IRELAND WAITS ON HIM—HIS RECEPTION AT LIVERPOOL—HIS RECEPTION BY THE MAYOR—EXAMINES THE DOCKS AND VISITS OTHER PRINCIPAL PLACES OF INTEREST—LUNCHES WITH THE MAYOR AND GOES TO MANCHESTER—HIS RECEPTION—HIS FIRST LONG SPEECH—TOUR OF THE PLACE—ENTHUSIASM OF THE PEOPLE—FACTORY GIRLS HONORING HIM—RECEPTION AT LEICESTERSHIRE—AT BEDFORD—ARRIVAL IN LONDON—INTRODUCTION TO THE PRINCE OF WALES—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON GIVES HIM A BANQUET—AN UNCEREMONIOUS RECEPTION BY THE PRINCE OF WALES—CIVILITIES OF THE QUEEN—DESCRIPTION OF ENTERTAINMENTS BY LADIES—PRIVATE LETTER OF GRANT—THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON GIVEN HIM—HIS SPEECH—A PRIVATE DINNER—FIRE-WORKS—HUMOR OF GRANT—BANQUET BY TRINITY COLLEGE—VISITS THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE—RECEIVES A DEPUTATION OF WORKINGMEN—A BANQUET AT THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB—DINNER AT LIVERPOOL.

GENERAL GRANT, having finished eight years of public life as President, and sixteen altogether since he entered the army at the commencement of the war, felt the need of relaxation and complete freedom from all care, in order to recruit his energies, that had been so severely taxed for so long a time. To accomplish this, he determined to visit, as he had long desired to do, the Old World, study its governments, and see their practical operations for himself, and enjoy the freedom and rest which travel gives to the overtasked mind.

When this determination was made public, a government vessel, the "Indiana," was placed at his disposal, without limit as to time. This announcement awakened the liveliest interest in England, where he was first to land, and it was agitated in all the papers whether the courtesies tendered him should be those accorded to a

sovereign ruler or a private citizen. Van Buren and Fillmore had both been received simply as distinguished American citizens. At length, Lord Beaconsfield announced that he should be received as a sovereign. The *Times* devoted a leader to the manner of his reception, while other papers discussed the point of etiquette whether on his arrival he should call first on the Duke of Cambridge, the Field-Marshal, Commander-in-Chief, or the first visit should be paid by the latter. Grant, however, felt very little concern about such matters, being quite content to be let alone and travel without restraint.

On May 17th, the day fixed for his departure, after a breakfast given him by Mr. Childs, General Grant and party, accompanied by several distinguished gentlemen, passed down the Delaware to embark on board the ship, heralded all the way by shouting crowds, that lined the banks, waving handkerchiefs and banners.

A lunch was served on board the "Magenta," at which, toasts were given and speeches made. In reply to an address by Mayor Stokley, Grant was much overcome, and said that he was wholly inadequate to properly respond to all the kind words that had been uttered. At 2.40 the "Indiana" was boarded thirty-five miles from Philadelphia, and a salute of twenty-one guns fired, when, amid deafening cheers and the blowing of whistles, she steamed away, with her prow turned oceanward.

The voyage of eleven days was rough and stormy, which affected all the party, to a greater or less extent, except Grant himself, who was as impervious to the ocean as he was to the storms of war. Smoking and chatting with the passengers, and joining in all their amusements, he was a general favorite. A gale was blowing as the vessel approached Queenstown, and a heavy sea running.

Grant was leaning over the taffrail smoking his cigar and watching the waves, when a steamer from Cork, with a large deputation aboard, steered alongside to tender him the hospitalities of the city. They were received on board and conducted to the captain's cabin, where a formal reception took place, and a flattering speech was made to the ex-President and renowned military chieftain. A cordial invitation was extended to him to visit Ireland, promising him a warm and enthusiastic reception in all its cities. The latter thanked them in a short speech, and though declining their invitation to visit Ireland then, promised to do so in a short time. The deputation then steamed away toward Liverpool, sending back cheers over the water as they departed.

The "Indiana" kept on her way and reached Liverpool harbor in the afternoon. She was covered with flags, and all the flags in port, of every nationality, were flung to the breeze, presenting a magnificent spectacle, while cheer after cheer from the thousands that crowded the wharves, rolled over the water. Grant, with uncovered head, acknowledged the honor paid him. As he stepped on the pier with the wife of the consul-general, of London, on his arm, the ground fairly shook to the deafening shouts that rent the air.

A cordon of police immediately closed around him, while the mayor of the city advanced, reading an address of welcome, to which Grant replied in a few fitting words.

The crowd which surged around and expected to see a man adorned with all the trappings with which European royalty is decorated on great occasions, were disappointed in seeing only a short, plain man, dressed in ordinary civilian's dress. He and his wife then entered the mayor's state carriage, and drove to the Adelphi hotel, followed

by a long line of carriages and a cheering crowd. The English papers in announcing his arrival, loaded him with compliments, and his military deeds were referred to in terms of the highest praise. The next morning he took a carriage and made the tour of Liverpool, visiting all its principal objects of interest, and calling on the mayor. He then drove to the docks, which he examined with great minuteness and contrasted them with the shabby appearance of those in New York.

About one o'clock he returned to the town hall, to lunch with the mayor. To the toast proposed by the latter in his honor, he said a few words expressing his gratification at the good feeling existing between the two countries, and in turn proposed the health of the mayor, mayoress and ladies of Liverpool.

The next day he started for Manchester, where similar honors and demonstrations awaited him. The mayor read an address, to which Grant replied in the longest one he had ever made, and which was received with unbounded applause. He had listened to the compliments of the mayor and his expressions of good-will toward this country, with as much composure and apparent indifference to the fact that he was the target of 10,000 eyes, as if he had been smoking his cigar in his own head-quarters, and when it was ended, arose and said in a clear and distinct voice:

"It is scarcely possible for me to give utterance to the feelings evoked by my reception upon your soil from the moment of my arrival in Liverpool, where I have passed a couple of days, until the present moment. After the scene which I have witnessed in your streets, the elements of greatness, as manifested in your public and industrial buildings, I may be allowed to say that no person could be the recipient of the honor and attention

you have bestowed upon me without the profoundest feeling. Such have been incited in me, and I find myself inadequate to their proper expression. It was my original purpose on my arrival in Liverpool to hasten to London, and from thence proceed to visit the various points of interest in the country. Among these I have regarded Manchester as the most important. [Hear.] As I have been aware for years of the great amount of your manufactures, many of which find their ultimate destination in my own country, so I am aware that the sentiments of the great mass of the people of Manchester went out in sympathy to that country during the mighty struggle in which it fell to my lot to take some humble part. The expressions of the people of Manchester at the time of our great trial incited within the breasts of my countrymen a feeling of friendship toward them distinct from that felt toward all England, and in that spirit I accept, on the part of my country, the compliments paid me as its representative, and thank you."

Luncheon followed, at which, in a reply to a toast of the mayor, he said with a smile, "that Englishmen had got more and longer speeches out of him than his own countrymen, but they were poorer simply because they *were* longer than he was accustomed to make."

Mr. Jacob Bright, M. P., being called on for a speech, said: "No guest so distinguished has ever before visited Manchester. General Grant is a brave soldier and he has pursued a generous, pacific policy toward the enemies he had conquered. He should be honored and beloved, and deserved the hearty reception he would certainly receive throughout the realm." Mr. Bright touched upon free trade, and said, "he hoped and believed that the time would come when a free interchange of products would take place between the two great nations of common kindred."

After the banquet, General Grant was introduced to the assemblage, and a general handshaking followed. In the evening he visited the Theatre Royal, and afterward attended for a short time at the Princess Theatre, where he saw the actor J. L. Toole. His reception at both places was very enthusiastic.

The next morning he arose early, and accompanied by several members of the Common Council, made a tour of the place and out to the chief manufacturing district, being followed by cheers whenever recognized by the people. In the afternoon he departed for the London station, accompanied by the mayor and his wife, and other distinguished personages, at which, to his surprise, he saw a vast crowd of factory girls assembled in their working-dresses, who sent up a loud huzza as he appeared. Entering the drawing-room car, he had hardly taken his seat when the bell rung, and the lightning-train moved out of the station, followed by thundering cheers, and sped through the country, while cultivated fields, huge black chimneys of factories and smiling farms seemed to flit by him like shadows.

The first stopping-place was Leicestershire, and as the train glided up to the station, he saw it hung all over with bunting, the doorway being crowned with the flags of England and America, intertwined and hanging in graceful festoons down the sides. As it stopped, rich bouquets to Mr. and Mrs. Grant were sent in by the ladies that crowded the platforms. Here, as at Liverpool and Manchester, the mayor and Common Council met him with an address of welcome, and offering the hospitalities of the town. Grant replied in his usual manner, and remarked on the antiquity of the town, its foundation by King Lear, and as the resting-place of the bones of Richard III, the hero of Bosworth Field. The mayor, in

return, expressed the wish that he would visit them again, and go over these old landmarks of the place, to which Grant replied that he hoped to have that pleasure at some future time. Lunch was then served, and a general introduction took place. The party then re-entered the car, the signal was given, and the train moved out and again flew over the country to Bedford, where the same ceremonies were performed, the mayor calling him the "Hannibal of the American armies," and praying that he might long live to enjoy the honors and rewards which would be heaped upon him. Grant, in reply, asked to be excused from making a speech, and caused much merriment by hinting at the propriety of doing as many others did in various positions in life, obtain a substitute to do his speaking. Flowers and flags were also in abundance here, amid which were interspersed mottoes referring to some of his renowned battle-fields.

At the terminus of the Midland Railroad—St. Pancras station—he was met by Mr. Pierrepont, our Minister to England. Entering his carriage, he was driven to the residence of the latter, in London. The next day the Prince of Wales was introduced to him at the Epsom races.

He now entered on a week of extraordinary festivities, such as were never before got up to any one but a crowned head. Occupying no longer an official position, being nothing more than a simple American citizen, they were a remarkable exhibition of honor to the man.

The Duke of Wellington gave him a grand banquet at the Apsley House. The guests were Mrs. and General Grant, Count and Countess Gleichen, Lord and Lady Abercromby, Lord and Lady Churchill, Marquises Tweeddale, Sligo and Ailesbury, Earl Roden, Viscount Torrington, Lords George Paget, Calthorpe, Houghton,

Strathnairn, the Marchioness of Hertford, Countess of Hardwicke, Countess of Bradford, Lady Wellesley, Lady Emily Peel and Lady Skelmersdale, Miss Wellesley and

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

a number of others well known to the London world of high social life.

The banquet was served up in the famous Waterloo Chamber, where the old Iron Duke loved to meet the war generals of 1815, on the 18th of June, every year,

and celebrate the anniversary of the great battle which forever closed the fortunes of Napoleon Bonaparte. Here, overlooking Hyde Park, and within view of his own statue, at the entrance to the park, at Hyde Park corner, the old duke presided over the annual banquet, reviewing the events of the momentous times when the supremacy of Great Britain was hanging in the balance, with strong probabilities of the scale turning against her. The Waterloo Chamber has been closed a good deal since the death of Arthur Wellesley, for the present duke and duchess have spent most of their time, when in England, at the lovely estate in Winchelsea, which was presented to the eminent soldier by the crown after the close of the great European wars. This chamber was hung with celebrated paintings, some of them commemorating great events in the Iron Duke's life, and among them a life-size portrait of Napoleon, whom he overthrew at Waterloo.

It was a dramatic incident that the conqueror of Lee should meet in this revered chamber the descendant of the conqueror of Napoleon the Great. General Grant was given precedence in the honors of the evening, escorting the Duchess of Wellington to supper, and afterward escorting her to the reception, at which were present the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, and many of those already mentioned above. No speeches were made, and the brilliant, gorgeous affair passed in stately quietness. It was such a sight as the tanner-boy had hitherto only dreamed of, and would have turned a less well-balanced head than his.

The next day the Prince of Wales gave him a private audience at Marlborough House, introducing him in a

familiar, home-like manner to the various members of his household. The queen waived the usual necessary ceremonies of presentation to court, and extended to him and his wife invitations to all the court entertainments. This was an almost unprecedented honor. There is something almost appalling in the following list of engagements which General Grant made at this time:

June 3. Visit to Westminster Abbey.

June 5. A reception given by Minister Pierrepont to the Ministry and foreign ambassadors.

June 6. Dine with Earl Carnarvon.

June 6. Evening. Attend royal concert at Buckingham Palace.

June 7. Dine with Lord Houghton.

June 8. Dine with the Duke of Devonshire.

June 9. Dine with the Marquis of Hertford.

June 9. Attend a reception at the Hertford mansion.

June 11. Dinner given by his daughter, Mrs. Sartoris.

June 12. Attend Ascot races.

June 13. Remain at the Sartoris family house in the country.

June 14. Remain at the Sartoris family house in the country.

June 15. Attend at Guildhall to receive the freedom of the city of London and attend the banquet given in his honor the same evening by the Lord Mayor.

June 16. Dine with the Princess Louise at Kensington Palace.

June 18. Dine with the Earl o Beaconsfield and members of the Cabinet in Downing Street.

June 20. Dine with the Marquis of Hertford.

June 20. Evening. Attend the Queen's ball at Buckingham Palace.

June 21. Dine with the Prince of Wales at Mr. Pierrepont's residence.

June 23. Dine with the Prince of Wales, probably at Marlborough House.

June 26. Dine with the Duke of Cambridge at Pierrepont's.

June 27. Dine with Lord Derby.

June 27. Evening. Attend concert given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

General Grant was asked at a supper, what was the comparison between English racing, as he had seen it on the day of the Oaks at Epsom, and the races in America.

He said, with a smile, "There is an impression abroad that I am a great horse racer, fond of horses and know all about races; but, on the contrary, I really know nothing of racing, having seen only two races—one at Cincinnati in 1865, and at the opening of Jerome Park in 1867. I feel, therefore, that I am not qualified to judge of the comparison. Thus far I like London very much. I have, however, accepted so many engagements that I shall be compelled to alter my plans and remain here until the 27th, when I shall visit Ireland."

He attended service at Westminster Abbey, on which occasion, an eloquent sermon was preached by Dean Stanley, who took as his text Genesis xxvii, 38: "And Esau said unto his father, hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even me, also, O my father! And Esau lifted up his voice, and wept." In the course of his sermon he alluded to ex-President Grant, saying, "that in the midst of the congregation there was one of the chiefest citizens of the United States, who had just laid down the sceptre of the American Commonwealth, who by his military prowess and generous treatment of his comrades and adversaries had restored unity to his country. We welcome him as a sign and pledge that the two great kindred nations are one in heart and are equally at home under this paternal roof. Both regard with reverential affection this ancient cradle of their common life."

A lady, writing from London, says of Grant's reception in England at this time:

"The world moves! Whatever England's feelings may be toward America, to General Grant, the head of the conquering American army, she is now in the highest degree friendly. Thus far the journey of the hero of Appomattox has been as triumphant as Sherman's march to the sea. Pro-slavery Liverpool from the top of its

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

cotton bales welcomed, with civic honors, the man who made cotton bales scarce in that port some twelve to fifteen years ago. Manchester burst into enthusiasm over the gallant American soldier, who stopped the whirring and clicking music of her cotton jennies during the same period. When entering the theatre there the performance paused for the moment, the orchestra struck up 'Hail Columbia,' and the operatives in the gallery, many of whom had gone on short commons during the rebellion, cheered vociferously. So much for the blessed operation in England of that law of change which is the law of Nature.

"In honoring Grant the English feel that they are honoring the most distinguished citizen of the United States. Thus it comes about that society is preparing to kill the fatted calf in his honor, and several other emblematic abnormally adipose animals besides. The Prince of Wales gives a dinner in his honor on the 21st inst. The queen returns to Windsor next week from her Highland refuge at Balmoral, and will show the ex-President some royal hospitality."

The crowd of carriages, the brilliantly-lighted rooms, the array of distinguished noblemen and soldiers, the glitter of diamonds and display of costly dresses, made these public receptions scenes of dazzling splendor. An American lady, who was present, thus describes the reception at the American Minister's house, in which the simple American citizen, dressed in plain clothes, was the central figure:

"Our road is through the quiet of great West End squares and long, silent streets, where the rich and the puissant abide in palatial homes. We find ourselves in St. James's, and at last the carriage turns into the great quadrangle of Cavendish Square, with its railed-in patch

of verdure in the centre and towering mansions on the four sides. All this is dimly seen now, for the night has wrapped the square in shadows, save where ruby gleams of subdued brightness stream through the closely-drawn scarlet silk curtains of the grand old mansion, wherein dwells Minister Pierrepont.

"There is a line of carriages before the door, each quickly depositing its load of beauty and distinction, and driving away. A solid framework has been built over the pavement, supporting an awning. The entire pathway is covered with scarlet carpet. A number of deferential link-bearers, wearing scarlet tunics, move about opening carriage-doors and turning on the light of bull's-eyes or square, old-fashioned lanterns, so that no tiny foot in satin shoon shall make a false step.

"Beyond in the street, and lining the portal on each side as closely as the special policemen on duty would allow, are massed in groups detachments of England's poor and hungry, to get a glimpse of the fairy-land, wherein abide riches, beauty, high birth and distinction won by sword, pen or pencil. We have, as we pass in, but a glance, alas! for those in the street, with the officious policemen pushing them back into the shadows beyond; but I can hear one ask an officer, as he recedes:

"'W'ich is 'im!'

"'Oo?' (gruffly).

"'Graunt.'

"''E's hin a hour.'

"Wide stood the hospitable doors, inside of which, ranged on either side of the hallway, stood statuesquely or bowed obsequiously to welcome and direct the guests, a gorgeous army of footmen in liveries of blue and gold, and showing in silken hose those wondrous padded calves at which jocund Thackeray laughed, and whose fair pro-

portions whimsical Leech so often depicted in *Punch.* The second glance, after entering the doors, brings to the eye a beautiful vision of rich colors, and to the sense the perfumes of a thousand flowers. Flowers everywhere! From ground to roof, peeping in clusters of brilliant blooms from amid cool frameworks of rich greens, they glow in the mellow light of the chandeliers like gems, until their fragrance seems a thing almost palpable. Amid the surging crowd of guests, some in gay military or diplomatic uniform, Grant is the central figure, contrasting strangely, by his plain dress and unassuming manner, with the brilliant, dazzling display around him. Every one remarks how well he looks. Surrounded by fine specimens of English manhood, through whose sturdy veins courses the bluest blood, the robust form and rosy face of Grant are conspicuous in their healthy appearance."

The following private letter, written by him at this time to Mr. Childs, will be read with interest, as showing how he was affected by all this display, and the manner in which he had been everywhere received:

LONDON, Eng., June 19th, 1877.

My Dear Mr. Childs:—After an unusually stormy passage for any season of the year and continuous seasickness generally among the passengers, after the second day out, we reached Liverpool Monday afternoon, the 28th of May. Jessie and I proved to be among the few good sailors. Neither of us felt a moment's uneasiness during the voyage.

I had proposed to leave Liverpool immediately on arrival and proceed to London, where I knew our Minister had made arrangements for a formal reception, and had accepted for me a few invitations of courtesy, but what was my surprise to find nearly all the shipping in port at Liverpool decorated with flags of all nations, and from the mainmast of each the flag of the Union was most conspicuous.

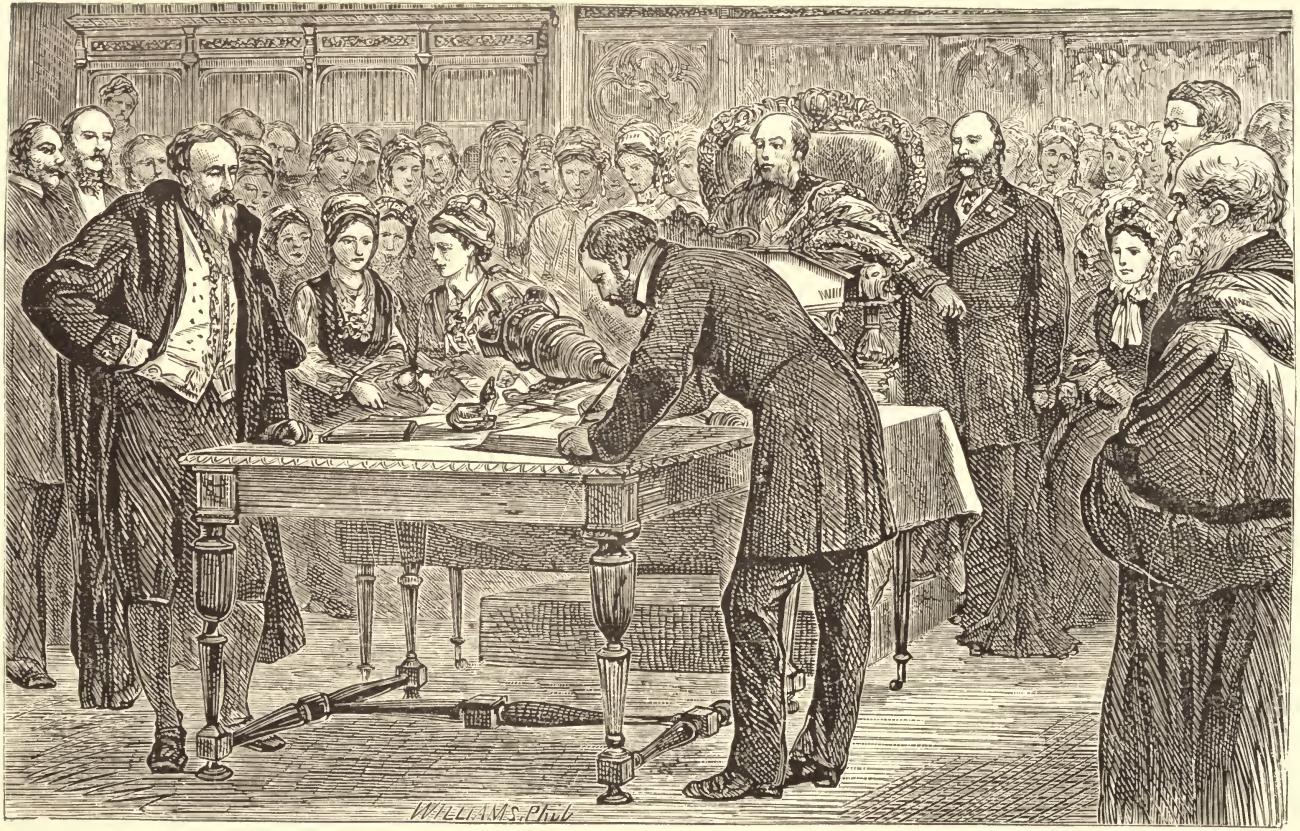
The docks were lined with as many of the population as could find

standing-room, and the streets to the hotel where it was understood my party would stop were packed. The demonstration was, to all appearances, as hearty and as enthusiastic as in Philadelphia on our departure.

The mayor was present with his state carriage to convey us to the hotel, and after that to his beautiful country residence, some six miles out, where we were entertained at dinner with a small party of gentlemen, and remained over night. The following day a large party was given at the official residence of the mayor, in the city, at which there were some one hundred and fifty of the distinguished citizens and officials of the corporation present. Pressing invitations were sent from most of the cities of the kingdom to have me visit them. I accepted for a day at Manchester, and stopped a few moments at Leicester, and at one other place. The same hearty welcome was shown at each place, as you have, no doubt, seen.

The press of the country has been exceedingly kind and courteous. So far I have not been permitted to travel in a regular train, much less in a common car. The Midland road, which penetrates a great portion of the island, including Wáles and Scotland, have extended to me the courtesy of their road and a Pullman car to take me wherever I wish to go during the whole of my stay in England. We arrived in London on Monday evening, the 30th of May, when I found our Minister had accepted engagements for me up to the 27th of June, having but a few spare days in the interval.

On Saturday last we dined with the Duke of Wellington, and last night the formal reception at Judge Pierrepont's was held. It was a great success, most brilliant in the numbers, rank and attire of the audience, and was graced by the presence of every American in the city, who had called on the Minister or left a card for me. I doubt whether London has ever seen a private house so elaborately or tastefully decorated as was our American Minister's last night. I am deeply indebted to him for the pains he has taken to make my stay pleasant, and the attentions extended to our country. I appreciate the fact, and am proud of it, that the attentions I am receiving are intended more for our country than for me personally. I love to see our country honored and respected abroad, and I am proud to believe that it is by most all nations, and by some even loved. It has always been my desire to see all jealousy between England and the United States abated and every sore healed. Together they are more powerful for the spread of commerce and civilization than all others combined, and can do more



PRESENTING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON, GRANT SIGNING THE RECORD.

to remove causes of wars by creating moral interests that would be so much endangered by war.

I have written very hastily and a good deal at length, but I trust this will not bore you. Had I written for publication, I should have taken more pains.

U. S. GRANT.

But perhaps the most stately and imposing of all the ceremonies got up in his honor, was that in which the freedom of the city of London was conferred on him.

"This is the highest honor that can be paid by this ancient and renowned corporation. The freedom of the city was presented in a gold casket. The obverse central panel contains a view of the Capitol at Washington, and on the right and left are the General's monogram and the arms of the Lord Mayor. On the reverse side is a view of the entrance to the Guildhall and an inscription. At the end are two figures, also in gold, representing the city of London and the Republic of the United States. These figures bear enameled shields. At the corners are double columns, laurel-wreathed, with corn and cotton, and on the cover a cornucopia, as a compliment to the fertility and prosperity of the United States. The cover is surmounted by the arms of the city of London, and in the decorations are interwoven the rose, the shamrock and the thistle. The casket is supported by American eagles in gold, standing on a velvet plinth decorated with stars and stripes.

"The ceremonies attending the presentation of the freedom of the city of London are stately and unique. Guildhall, one of the most ancient and picturesque buildings in the city, was specially prepared for the occasion, and 800 guests were invited to the banquet, a considerable proportion of them being ladies. There were the members of the Corporation, the American Minister, the

Chancellor of the Exchequer, members of Parliament and representatives of the American colony resident in London. On arriving at the Guildhall the General was received by a deputation of four aldermen, with the chairman and four members of the City Lands Committee, including the mover and seconder of the resolution presenting the freedom. This deputation conducted the General to his place in the Common Council on the left-hand of the Lord Mayor. The passage leading to the library was guarded by a detachment of the London Brigade.* The routine of business being over the Chamberlain arose and addressed General Grant in quite a lengthy speech, in which he spoke of the two countries, of Grant's military achievements and the distinguished position he had held as President of a great Republic, and expressed the wish that he might enjoy his visit and closed, 'Nothing now remains, General, but that I should present you an illuminated copy of the resolutions of this honorable Court, for which, an appropriate casket is in the course of preparation, and in conclusion offer you, in the name of the honorable Court, the right hand of fellowship as a citizen of London.' To this Grant replied: 'It is a matter of some regret to me that I have never cultivated the art of public speaking, which might have enabled me to express in suitable terms my gratitude for the compliment which has been paid to my countrymen and myself on this occasion. Were I in the habit of speaking in public, I should claim the right to express my opinion, and what I believe will be the opinion of my countrymen when the proceedings of this day shall have been telegraphed to them. For myself, I have been very much surprised at my reception at all places since the day I landed at Liverpool up to my appearance in this

* John Russel Young.

the greatest city in the world. It was entirely unexpected, and it is particularly gratifying to me. I believe that this honor is intended quite as much for the country which I have had the opportunity of serving in different capacities, as for myself, and I am glad that this is so, because I want to see the happiest relations existing, not only between the United States and Great Britain, but also between the United States and all other nations. Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness of war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace. I hope that we shall always settle our differences in all future negotiations as amicably as we did in a recent instance. I believe that settlement has had a happy effect on both countries, and that from month to month, and year to year, the tie of common civilization and common blood is getting stronger between the two countries. My Lord Mayor, ladies, and gentlemen, I again thank you for the honor you have done me and my country to-day.' "

Grant then subscribed his name to the roll, containing a list of all the honorary freemen. A lunch was then served, at which the Lord Mayor proposed the health of General Grant—to which the latter made the following happy reply: "My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen: Habits formed in early life and early education press upon us as we grow older. I was brought up a soldier—not to talking. I am not aware that I ever fought two battles on the same day in the same place, and that I should be called upon to make two speeches on the same day under the same roof is beyond my understanding."

He seemed to be in a peculiarly genial humor this day, for a little later at a rather private dinner given in the Crystal Palace, Mr. Hughes, in proposing the health of General Grant intimated that no speeches were required.

The latter slowly arose and said: "Nevertheless I must express the gratification it gives me to hear my health proposed in such words, by 'Tom Brown of Rugby.'" In the evening a grand display of fireworks was given, in which one of the pieces was an excellent likeness of himself drawn in blazing lines against the sky. Grant looked at it without changing a muscle or uttering a word, but as it faded slowly away, and the Capitol rose in blazing outlines in its place, flashing, burning in mid-heaven, he quietly turned to Lady Ripon, sitting beside him, and said with a smile: "They have burnt me in effigy and now they are burning the Capitol."

On the 25th, he attended a banquet given by the corporation of Trinity College, at which the Prince of Wales presided. The guests were some of the most distinguished men of England. The prince made a speech, in which he complimented Grant highly, and said it gave him and the queen the greatest pleasure to see him the guest of the country. The Earl of Carnarvon toasted him, and said they delighted to honor their distinguished guest, not merely for the high position he had held, but because he represented the good-will and affection that ought to subsist between the two countries.

Grant replied in a happy speech, in which he said that he had been more impressed than on any other occasion. He thought that there would be no speeches or toasts, and was surprised to find both. He thanked the Prince of Wales for his remarks, and drew a contrast between the politics of the two nations, and said that he would imitate the chaplain who had made a short speech. He uttered not a word too much or too little, and showed himself a better representative of the nation than many of those who prided themselves on their oratorical powers.

BANQUET WITH THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

But the crowning event of his visit to England was his reception by the queen, at Windsor Castle. The details

INTERIOR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

of this visit have not been made public, as it is an old custom to treat everything as sacred that transpires

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

within the palace. The following, however, constituted the outward ceremonies of this very ceremonial affair:

Dinner was served in the (oak) room, according to custom, which reserves St. George's Hall for State banquets. The party was small, because etiquette requires that the queen shall converse with every guest.

The introductions were made as follows: Minister Pierrepont, advancing, introduced General Grant; then Lord Derby stepped forward with Mrs. Grant. The queen shook hands with them, while the ladies in waiting simply bowed.

This formality at an end, the gentlemen led the way to the Oak Room. The queen sat at the head of the table. On her right were respectively Prince Leopold, Princess Christian and General Grant; on her left Prince Christian, Princess Beatrice and Minister Pierrepont. Then came the Duchess of Wellington, Lord Elphinstone and Mrs. Pierrepont; Lord Derby and Mrs. Grant; the Duchess of Roxburgh and Lord Biddulph; the Countess of Derby and Jesse Grant.

During dinner the band of the Grenadier Guards, under Dan Godfrey, played in the quadrangle. The enjoyment of the party was unconstrained, the queen taking a prominent part in the lively conversation, during which all kinds of topics were discussed, American and English, political and social. The Princess Beatrice is a brilliant conversationalist, and she was particularly interesting on many American social topics, which she thoroughly understood.

Most of the ladies were all dressed in black with white trimmings, owing to the deaths recently of the Queen of Holland and the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. The queen was attired in a similar style, but her toilet comprised a very magnificent array of diamonds.

After dinner the queen's party proceeded to the corridor for the purpose of enabling the visitors to examine it more closely. Here they met another party from the Octagon, and a lively conversation ensued, during which Her Majesty talked with every person present.

At about ten o'clock Her Majesty shook hands and retired.

In the evening, Grant and Minister Pierrepont played whist with the Duchess of Wellington and Roxburgh, the ex-President and Minister both playing badly.

The next day a deputation of forty men, each representing a different trade, and representing altogether about one million English workingmen, waited on ex-President Grant, at Consul-General Badeau's house, and presented him an address, welcoming him to England, and assuring him of their good wishes and deep regard for the welfare and progress of America, where British workmen had always found a welcome. Impromptu speeches were then made by various members of the deputation, all of which were extremely cordial.

General Grant replied as follows: "In the name of my country, I thank you for the address you have presented to me. I feel it a great compliment paid my Government and one to me personally. Since my arrival on British soil I have received great attentions, which were intended, I feel sure, in the same way for my country. I have had ovations, free hand-shakings, presentations from different classes, from the Government, from the controlling authorities of cities, and have been received in the cities by the populace, but there has been no reception which I am prouder of than this to-day. I recognize the fact that whatever there is of greatness in the United States, as indeed in any other country, is due to labor. The laborer is the author of all greatness and wealth. Without labor

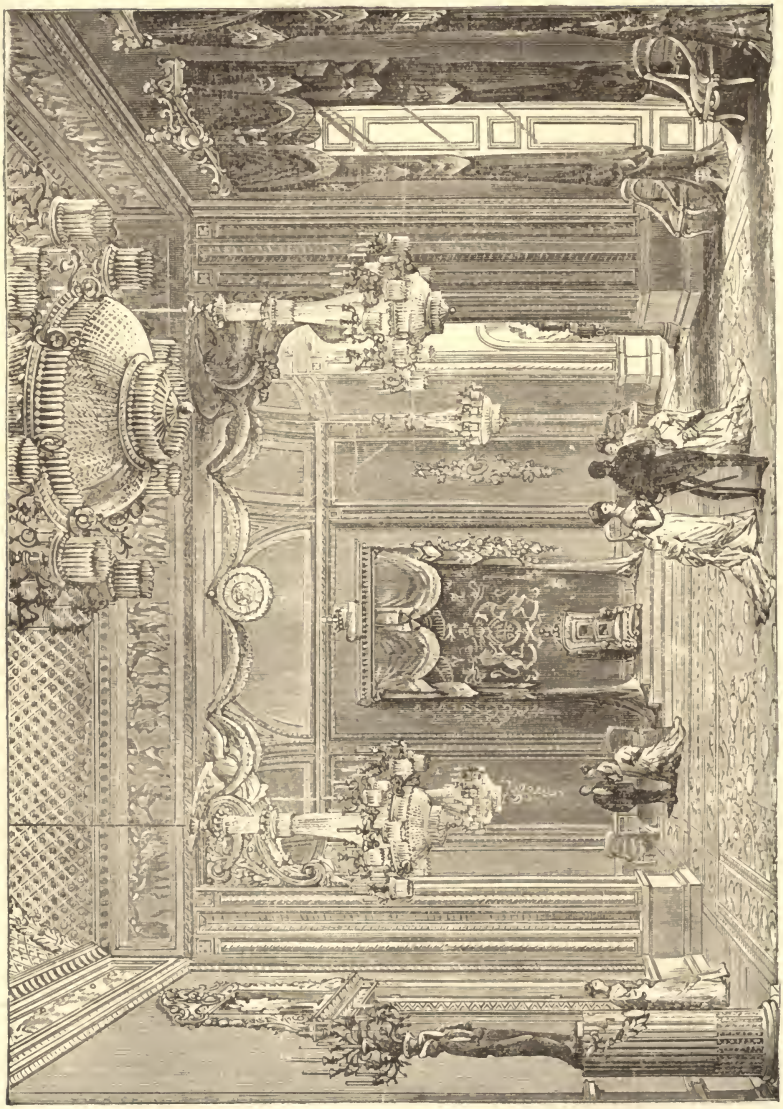
GENERAL GRANT ENTERTAINED BY QUEEN VICTORIA AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

there would be no government or no leading class or nothing to preserve. With us labor is regarded as highly respectable. When it is not so regarded it is because man dishonors labor. We recognize that labor dishonors no man, and no matter what a man's occupation is, he is eligible to fill any post in the gift of the people; his occupation is not considered in selecting whether as a law-maker or as an executor of the law. Now, gentlemen, in conclusion, all I can do is to renew my thanks for the address, and repeat what I have said before, that I have received nothing from any class since my arrival which has given me more pleasure." After the speech there was an informal exchange of courtesies and the deputation then withdrew.

In the evening he attended a banquet given him by the "United Service Club," presided over by the Duke of Cambridge, in which the latter toasted him in a short speech. Grant's reply was briefer still. In all these royal and princely entertainments he never lost his Amercian simplicity, or indulged in fulsome laudations of the aristocracy or of English institutions.

Natural, easy, and always remembering he was the representative of his country, he played his part in the palaces of England as well as he had on the battle-fields of his country. But it is useless to describe all the dinner parties he attended. The invitation to the renowned Buckingham Palace, the city residence of the queen, was a special honor. But it required a constitution of iron to long keep up this round of receptions, and dinners, and fetes, and he, without regret, saw the time draw near when he should take his departure and put an end to these regal entertainments.

I have made no allusion to the sight-seeing done by Grant while in London, for it would be as tiresome as a



THRONE-ROOM.

table of statistics. The vicinity and suburbs of the city are well worth a visit—Epping Forest, so renowned of old and still furnishing grand woodland views; Richmond

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

EPPING FOREST.

Park; Greenwich; Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, crowded with its objects of interest; Kensington, with its horticultural garden, and many other places. Within the city,

probably the three buildings most attractive are the British Museum, the Tower, and Westminster Abbey, on which volumes might be written.

Grant, it will be remembered, when he landed at Liverpool, promised the mayor that he would accept an invitation to dinner given by the city. This, after some other entertainments similar to those we have chronicled, he put down for the 28th. Some two hundred and fifty guests sat down to the richly-loaded table. After dinner the mayor proposed the health of General Grant in a toast to which, after the band had played "Hail Columbia," the latter relied:

"MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN: You have alluded to the hearty reception given to me on my first landing on the soil of Great Britain, and the expectations of the mayor that this reception would be equaled throughout the island have been more than realized. It has been far beyond anything I could have expected." (Cheers.) "I am a soldier, and the gentlemen here beside me know that a soldier must die. I have been a President, but we know that the term of the presidency expires, and when it has expired he is no more than a dead soldier." (Laughter and cheers.) "But, gentlemen, I have met with a reception that would have done honor to any living person." (Cheers.) "I feel, however, that the compliment has been paid, not to me, but to my country. I cannot help but at this moment being highly pleased at the good feeling and good sentiment which now exist between the two peoples who of all others should be good friends. We are of one kindred, of one blood, of one language, and of one civilization, though in some respects we believe that we, being younger, surpass the mother country." (Laughter.) "You have made improvements on the soil and the surface of the earth which we have

HORTICULTURAL GARDEN.

not yet done, but which we do not believe will take us as long as it took you." (Laughter and applause.) "I heard some military remarks which impressed me a little at the time—I am not quite sure whether they were in favor of the volunteers or against them. I can only say from my own observation that you have as many troops at Aldershott as we have in the whole of our regular army, notwithstanding we have many thousands of miles of frontier to guard and hostile Indians to control. But if it became necessary to raise a volunteer force, I do not think we could do better than follow your example. General Fairchild and myself are examples of volunteers who came forward when their assistance was necessary, and I have no doubt that if you ever needed such services you would have support from your reserve forces and volunteers, far more effective than you can conceive." (Cheers.)

CHAPTER II.

A RUN TO THE CONTINENT—RECEPTION AT OSTEND—VISITS GHENT—ARRIVES AT BRUSSELS—THE KING OF BELGIUM CALLS ON HIM—GIVES HIM A BANQUET—GOES TO COLOGNE—A SAIL UP THE RHINE—THE CASTELLATED RHINE—WIESBADEN—HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION OF ITS HOT SPRINGS—FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN—HAMBURG—LES BAINS—THE ROMAN CAMP—OPENING A GRAVE TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD—DINNER OF THE GRAND DUKE—THE BLACK FOREST—BADEN—SWITZERLAND—INTERLACHEN—GENEVA—LAYS THE CORNER-STONE OF A CHURCH—GRANT'S SPEECH AT LUNCH—THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI—THE ALPS—THE SIMPLON PASS—RECEPTION AT LAKE MAGGIORE—SPEECH—VISITS NORTHERN ITALY—RESTING AT RAGATZ—ALSACE AND LORAINE—VISITS SCOTLAND—PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF EDINBURGH—HIS SPEECH—VISITS CELEBRATED SPOTS—THE TAY BRIDGE—HIS OPINION OF HAND-SHAKING—VISITS THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND—RECEPTION AT THURSO CASTLE—GLASGOW PRESENTS HIM WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY—INTERESTING CEREMONIES—THE HOME OF BURNS—GUEST OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLE—PLEASANT INTERCOURSE.

GENERAL GRANT, after the feverish excitement attendant on the continual round of public fetes and receptions, and the constant strain on his physical strength, resolved to go where he could enjoy a little repose and secure that rest which he had sought by going abroad, and which it seemed destined he should not obtain. He therefore turned his steps toward the Continent to rest for awhile amid the sublime scenery of the Alps.

Having celebrated the Fourth of July in a dinner at our Minister's, accompanied by his wife and son, and General Badeau, he left London for Ostend. On his arrival there he found the royal car awaiting him, to transport him to Brussels. So, after receiving the congratulations of the municipal authorities, he next morning started for the Belgium capital. Stopping for awhile at

the ancient town of Ghent to visit the various points and objects of interest in it, he proceeded to Brussels, where he arrived Friday evening, at six o'clock.

The next morning, after paying a visit to our Minister, Mr. Merrill, he visited the Hotel de Ville, and added his name to the list of famous men who have inscribed their names in the "Book of Gold," as it is called. The next day the king called on him, at his hotel, and conversed

COBLENTZ.

with him for some time. The day after, Grant returned the visit, and in the evening attended a banquet, given in his honor by His Majesty.

Tired of banqueting, he, the next day, July 9th, left for Cologne, in the king's railway carriage, where, as usual, the authorities waited on him. He visited the famous cathedral, which, after being left unfinished for centuries, now, for the first time, reveals the great and grand design of the architect. Making the most of his time, he,

the next forenoon, took a sail up the Rhine as far as Coblentz, where

> "The castled-crag of Drachenfels
> Frowns over the wide and winding Rhine,
> Whose breast of waters boldly swells
> Between the banks which bear the vine;
> And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
> And fields which promise corn and wine,
> And scattered cities crowning these,
> Whose far white walls along them shine."

ON THE RHINE.

Castles line the shore, vineyards deck the rocky slopes, mountains jostle mountains, each crowned with hoary ruins towering one after another, while the Rhine flows at their base, not in a broad, straight current like the Hudson, but in wide, graceful curves as it speeds toward the sea. For sixty miles from Coblentz to Mayence the river is lined with ruined castles perched on almost inaccessible heights. Be-

tween are dismantled convents and churches, sweet villages and smiling vineyards, making this portion of the river, called the Castellated Rhine, beautiful beyond description. Added to this there is some wild legend attached to all these old castles, once occupied by lawless barons who took toll of all passers-by on the river. Around their crumbling walls have rung the clash of arms, and in their dungeon cells the brave and beautiful have languished.

ANCIENT CASTLE.

DESERTED CASTLE.

"Beneath those battlements, within these walls
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a later date."

At Mayence, Grant left the river and went over to Wiesbaden, once the Saratoga of Germany, in whose luxurious

gambling-rooms fair ladies and proud men often spent nights in maddening excitement of "*rouge et noir*," and where many who sat down at evening rolling in wealth, the next morning found themselves paupers. The great curiosity of the place is the hot springs, around which every morning crowds may be seen gathered, swinging their glasses in the air to cool the water sufficiently to be drank. It tastes for all the world like chicken broth. Sir Francis Head said, after visiting them, "If I were to say while drinking the water, one hears in one's ears the cackling of hens, and that one sees feathers flying before one's eyes, I should certainly greatly exaggerate; but when I declare that it exactly resembles very hot chicken broth, I only say what De Granville said, and what in fact everybody says respecting it, and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup when they can get much better from nature's great stock-pot, the Kochbrunnen at Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer and winter, the temperature of this broth remains the same; and when one remembers that it has been bubbling out of the ground and boiling over in the very same state certainly from the time of the Romans, and probably from the time of the flood, it is really astonishing what a most wonderful apparatus there must exist below, what an inexhaustible stock of provisions to insure such an everlasting supply of broth, always formed of the eight or ten ingredients, always salted to exactly the same degree, and always served up at exactly the same heat.

One would think that some of the particles in the recipe would be exhausted; in short, to speak metaphorically, that at last the chickens would be boiled to rags, or that the fire would go out for want of coals, but the oftener one reflects on this sort of subjects, the oftener the old-

fashioned observation is forced upon the mind, that let a man go where he will Omnipotence is never from view." This water, like that of most mineral springs, is good for everything; for those too fat and those too lean, for those too hot and those too cold, for all ages and conditions and sexes.

The next day the party went to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where Grant was received with acclamations by the people, and a public dinner and ball given in his honor by the American residents of the place. In the morning he went to Hamburg les Bains, where a committee of Americans received him, and thence drove to Salburg to visit the renowned Roman camp there, which covers 700 acres. It is under the charge of the Prussian Government, and in honor of Grant's visit, Professor Jacobi and Captain Fischer, who have the care of it, opened one of the graves, more than two hundred of which have been opened since the camp was discovered, a hundred and fifty years ago. Nothing but the ashes of a Roman soldier was found in this one, where he had reposed for nearly two thousand years. They then drove back to Hamburg to dinner, during which, the Grand Duke's band played for them. After dinner, Grant with his party, strolled through the beautiful gardens of the Kursaal, with its fountains which sparkled and flashed in the brilliant lights that illuminated every part of it. At eleven, he returned to Frankfort, having crowded much sight-seeing into a single day. He remained here visiting some of the famous vast wine cellars, and the next day, on Sunday, left for Heidelburg. After a brief visit to its University, he went to the Black Forest, made famous in Napoleon's campaigns, and then to Baden, the present chief watering-place of Germany, and till lately, the most noted resort of respectable gamblers in the world. He was everywhere received with distinction. He now

turned his steps toward Switzerland, in whose cool retreats he could rest from the fervid heats of the latter part of July.

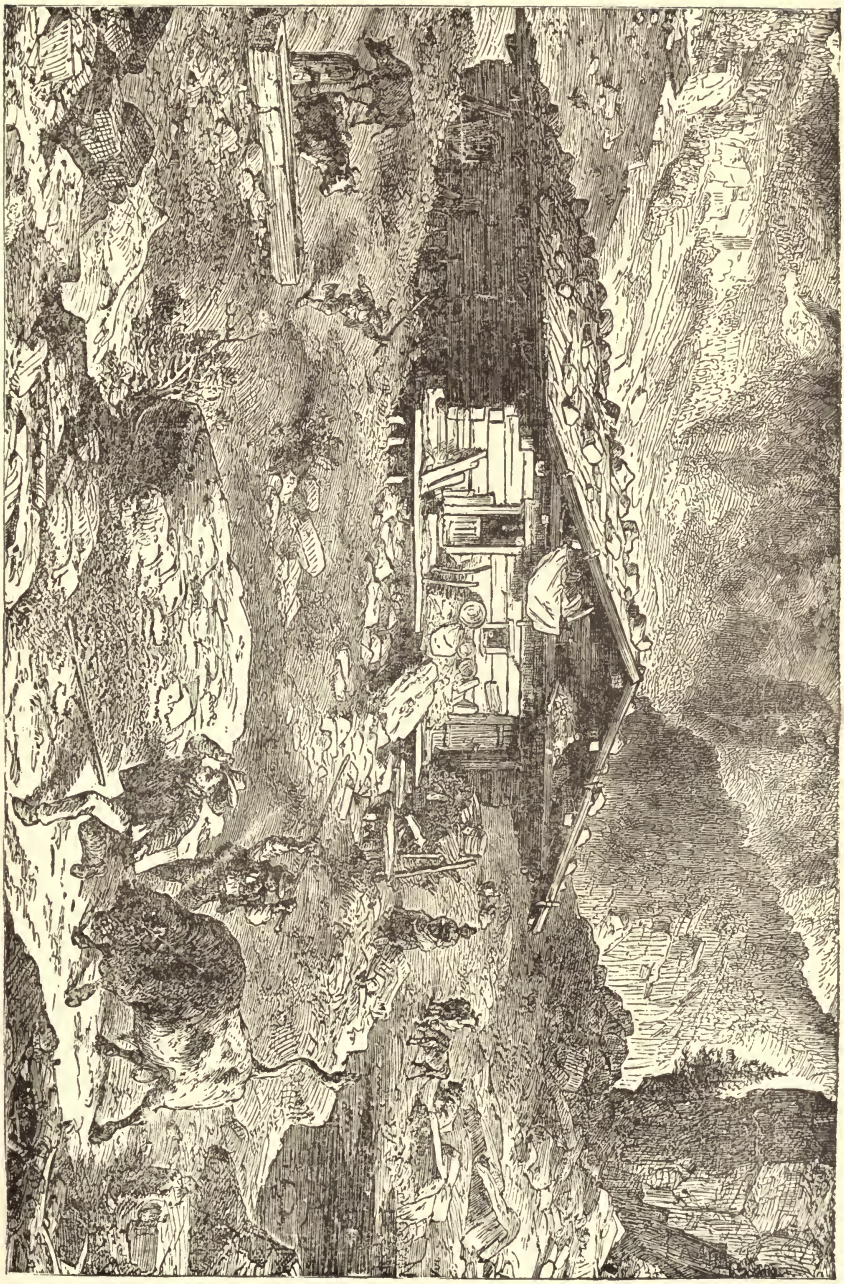
At Lucerne and Berne the people flocked to see him, and the town authorities gave him public welcome. At last he seemed to get out of the great toiling, busy world, when he entered the secluded little valley of Interlachen, resting at the very feet of the snow-clad Jaugfrau, towering nearly fourteen thousand feet into the heavens—a form of beauty, as well as awful majesty. By very contrast it makes the sweet valley lying unconscious at its base sweeter still, and a day in it amid its lovely shaded walks, when just out of the great world, is like a day in Paradise. Grant and his party enjoyed it as those only who are weary of endless ceremony can enjoy it.

On the 26th of July, he arrived at Geneva, lying at the foot of the classic Lake Leman, whose blue waters Byron's song has rendered immortal. Here the same public honors awaited him that had been accorded him ever since he first set foot on the shores of the Old World. It would be a mere repetition to speak of them, or to give the addresses always delivered on such occasions. One incident quite out of the ordinary routine, occurred here during his visit that gave it a peculiar interest. An Episcopal church, to be built on a site given by an American citizen, was just having its foundations laid, and General Grant was asked to lay the corner-stone. There was a quiet gathering of the American citizens at the Hotel Beau Rivage, and headed by several Protestant clergymen, they formed a procession and marched to the place. After prayer, music and an address, a box, containing various American and Swiss papers and coins, was placed under the foundation, and Grant struck the stone with a mallet and declared it well

laid in the name of the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost. After this there was a lunch, at which addresses were delivered and thanks paid to Grant. The latter replied in a short speech, saying: "I have never felt myself more happy than among this assembly of fellow-republicans of America and Switzerland. I have long had a desire to visit the city where the Alabama claims were settled without the effusion of blood, and where the principle of international arbitration was established, and which I hope will be resorted to by other nations, and be the means of continuing peace to all mankind."

ALPINE PEAKS.

From Geneva he went first to the vale of Chamouni, lying at the foot of Mont Blanc and amid the most sublime scenery of the Alps. A night in this secluded valley, sleeping amid such gigantic forms of nature, is one to be remembered forever. The mighty shadows that fall over it give it a sombre aspect which even the moon and stars cannot change, and the awful solitude



PEASANT LIFE IN SWITZERLAND.

seems deeper from the sound at long intervals of falling avalanches in the far-off abysses. There is something weird, too, in the smooth, round top of Mont Blanc, lifting itself nearly three miles into the heavens till the stars seem to rest upon it. It stands silent and grand, while all around, splintered pinnacles, inaccessible crags and precipices are piled in wild confusion.

The feeling of strangeness is not lessened by the dawn, for with the first streak of light there steals through

A VILLAGE AMONG THE ALPS.

the valley the mellow sounds of the Alpine horn as the shepherd leads his goats to their mountain pasturage.

As it was too late in the season for the party to go into Southern Italy, where the month of August is the most deadly of all the year to travelers, it was resolved to visit its northern portions and if possible, at some future time go to Rome and Naples. Having chosen the Simplon Pass, their road lay through the Valais, along the beautiful shores of the Rhone just before it enters Lake Leman,

that has been made classic by Voltaire, Rosseau, Byron and others. Picturesque hamlets and villages cluster along its banks, and the white walls of the castle of Chillon are reflected in its blue waters.

> "Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls—
> A thousand feet in depth below
> Its massive waters meet and flow,
> This much the fathom line was sent
> From Chillon's snow-white battlement."

The highway over the Simplon, a mountain over 10,000 feet high, is a monument at once of skillful engineering and of Napoleon's genius. It is thirty-six miles long and twenty-five feet wide the entire length. It took six years to complete it, although 30,000 men were employed in its construction.

The colossal nature of the work may be imagined when it is stated that six hundred and eleven bridges, some spanning fearful abysses were erected—ten galleries through the solid rock, and twenty houses of refuge; while though mounting to the region of eternal snow, its average slope is only a fraction over an inch a foot. After leaving the Rhone at Brieg, the road plunges at once into the heart of the Alps; now skirting fearful abysses, now crawling beneath gleaming glaciers, and now entering covered ways built to protect the travelers from descending avalanches, and again shooting out on a bold spur, revealing sweet pasturages and smiling villages, and the winding Rhone spread out like a map below. When near the top you turn, and looking straight down through a terrific gorge, see a village in the valley of the Rhone that seems only a good rifle-shot from where you stand. On inquiring its name, you are told it is Brieg, that you left hours ago, and which, by the road you have come, is nearly twenty miles distant. The summit of the

pass is a dreary field of snow and ice, girded round with drearier rocks. Here at the hospice the traveler is glad to rest and refresh himself with the bread and wine offered by the kind-hearted monks, and watch the gambols of the Saint Bernard dogs, so well known for the skill and courage they show in rescuing travelers from the snow. The descent on the other side is still more grand and awful, especially the gorge of Gonda, with its gallery nearly six hundred feet long, cut through the solid rock, while perpendicular precipices seem to reach the clouds

RURAL SCENE IN ITALY.

above, and descend to unfathomed abysses below. The railroad which passes through a tunnel miles in length beneath this summit, piercing the highest point, if possible exhibits a still more daring feat of engineering than the highway, and whether creeping under the overhanging cliffs, or leaping the awful chasms, fills the traveler with feelings of awe, and sometimes of terror. Both God and man have wrought here on a wondrous scale.

Arriving at Lake Maggiore, on the farther side, Grant found the inhabitants waiting to receive him. He was serenaded at his hotel, and in the evening a concert was given, followed by a display of fire-works that was grand and imposing, from the surrounding scenery, which they lighted up; the towering snow-clad Alps on one side, and Lake Maggiore with the Borromean Islands on the other.

An address was made by the mayor and an officer who had served under Garibaldi. Grant replied through an interpreter, saying he felt grateful for the reception given him; praised the people whom he had seen; spoke in admiration of the sublime and beautiful scenes that had met his eye at every turn, and concluded with the declaration, "there is one Italian whose hand I wish especially to shake, and that man is Garibaldi." This was received with tremendous applause by the people.

The same attention was shown him in his rapid tour through Northern Italy. We say rapid, for on the 14th of August, he was back in Switzerland, resting in the quiet little village of Ragatz on the Tamina, where it enters the Rhine, and where he passed some days to enjoy its repose and the baths, for which it is celebrated. From thence he descended the Rhine again, and visited Alsace and Lorraine, which have been the fields on which so many battles have been fought for twenty centuries, and lately made still more famous for the part they bore in the tremendous struggle between France and Germany, and whose present condition enlists so deeply the sympathy of the world.

He, however, made a short stay here, and proceeded at once to Scotland to make the visit which he had promised. Of course, the same public demonstrations were made here that had been made everywhere.

The freedom of the city of Edinburgh was presented to

him by Lord Provost Sir James Falshaw, in Free Assembly Hall. Two thousand persons were present. In reply to

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

the Lord Provost's speech, General Grant said:

"I am so filled with emotion that I scarcely know how

to thank you for the honor conferred upon me by making me a burgess of this ancient city of Edinburgh. I feel that it is a great compliment to me and to my country. Had I the proper eloquence I might dwell somewhat on the history of the great men you have produced, on the numerous citizens of this city and Scotland that have gone to America, and the record they have made. We are proud of Scotsmen as citizens of America. They make good citizens of our country, and they find it profitable to themselves. I again thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me."

Three cheers were then given for the youngest burgess.

A round of visits and entertainments followed so alike in character to each other, and to those he had previously received in England, that it would be monotonous to describe them. Of course, he visited all the chief places of public interest in and around Edinburgh—the Commercial Bank; Walter Scott's birthplace; the Castle of Holyrood; the Palace where Queen Mary lived, and the room from which Rizzio, her youthful lover was dragged and murdered; the house where John Knox, the great preacher, lived; Arthur's seat, etc. In the evening the Lord Provost gave him a dinner of state, and on Saturday he visited the famous Tay Bridge, the following long account of which appeared in the Scottish papers. On their way the party visited a training-ship, containing 350 boys. The terms on which they are received, and the education and discipline they undergo, are very much like those of our own school-ship.

"From the training-ship they embarked, with the boy-band on board the tug, and went to the Tay Bridge. Here the engineer, for the contractors, Mr. A. Grothe, narrated in detail the principal points connected with the

erection of the structure, and expressed great pleasure that General Grant should appear just as the bridge was finished completely enough to cross, and the rails were nearly all laid. The last supporting column had been set up the day before. Here the General and party were handsomely entertained at lunch by the Tay Bridge people. General Grant, being something of an educated engineer, desired to go out upon the bridge, so the whole party were put into a workman's car and taken across. The Tay Bridge is the longest in the world. It is not as elaborate or expensive as the St. Louis bridge, only longer. It extends two miles over water, and a quarter of a mile over land. The object of its construction was to avoid the frequent and sometimes very severe storms encountered by passengers over the North British Railroad, as well as to lessen the running time and increase the capacity for traffic over the railroad. At present the running time is three, and sometimes as much as four and five hours between Edinburgh and Dundee, thirty miles. The passengers are obliged to change cars twice —once when they cross the Frith of Forth, and once when they cross the River Tay. These and the storms that beat in from the German Ocean are great inconveniences and annoyances to the traveler. The Tay Bridge is expected soon to remove one great obstacle, and in five years the bridge in course of construction by the same railroad company will remove the other. The Tay Bridge was commenced July 22d, 1871. It consists of eighty-five spans, varying in length from sixty-seven to two hundred and forty-five feet. Of the latter dimensions there are thirteen, which are eighty-eight feet above high water. The rise and fall of tide varies from twelve to seventeen feet. In appearance the bridge is light and graceful, and, viewed from a distance, it looks too light

for its purpose, but when inspected closely it is found firm enough for any load that can be taken over it, even in the most violent gale. It cost $1,500,000. It is not covered or ornamented at all."

On the train, while passing from one place to another around Edinburgh, a friend asked Grant if he did not tire of so much hand-shaking. "Yes," he said, "I was under the impression that there was no such custom here; but in England the habit is as strong as in America. I think hand-shaking a great nuisance, and it should be abolished. In 1865 it was awful with me; I thought I could hardly survive the task. It not only makes the right arm sore, but it shocks the whole system and unfits a man for writing or attending to other duties. It demoralizes the entire nervous and muscular system. None but a strong man could go through as much of it as I did in 1865. If Mr. Tilden, who, you know, is old and not very strong, had been elected, he would have been obliged to decline the hand-shaking business to a great extent, because I don't think his system would bear the strain of the amount of it that would have been expected of him. The most laborious and injurious hand-shaking is where you stand on an elevation and reach down. A man cannot stand much of that."

On Tuesday, the 4th of September, he visited the Duke of Sutherland, at Dunrobin, and spoke warmly of the manner of his reception, and expressed great pleasure at the information the duke gave him of agricultural affairs in Scotland, and of the way he managed his own vast estates. He afterward attended the horticultural fair at Dornock, and the next day, accompanied by the duke, went to Thurso Castle, where he was met by a volunteer guard, and an address was presented by the town authorities. The same formalities occurred at In-

verness, which he next visited, in which the provost said that the Highlanders had a claim upon him, as a well-known Highland clan bore that name. At Elgin and Wick public receptions and addresses were gone through.

On the 13th of September, he arrived at Glasgow and was presented with the freedom of the city. A formal and complimentary address was made to him, in which he was called the Wellington of America, and highly praised for his ready forgiveness of the Southern people and his freedom from all those petty feelings of vengeance which disgraced so many Northern political leaders. In conclusion, he was formally received as a burgess and guild brother of the city and royal burgh of Glasgow. He followed in a short address, in which, after thanking the Common Council and expressing his gratification at the manner in which he had been

COSTUME OF SCOTCH HIGHLANDER.

everywhere received, said jocularly: "I find that I am being made so much a citizen of Scotland it will be a serious question where I shall go to vote." This sally was received with uproarious laughter and applause.

The next day he visited Ayr, the home of Burns, and then made a rapid tour of the country in the neighborhood of Loch Lomond, and thence to Inverary, where he was the guest of the Duke of Argyle, who was the unswerving friend of the North during our civil war. This created a common bond of sympathy between the two and made their intercourse exceedingly pleasant and familiar, which left a lasting impression on General Grant.

CHAPTER III.

GRANT VISITS THE MANUFACTURING AND RURAL DISTRICTS OF ENGLAND—GRAND OVATION ON NEWCASTLE MOOR—AN ENGLISH DESCRIPTION OF GRANT—HE VISITS SUNDERLAND, SHEFFIELD—HIS OPINION ON FREE TRADE—A GREAT IRON PLATE ROLLED IN HIS PRESENCE—DESCRIPTION OF IT—VISITS SHAKESPEARE'S HOME AND ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, LEAMINGTON—RECEPTION IN BIRMINGHAM—GRANT'S SPEECH—VISITS BRIGHTON—ONE SIDE OF ENGLAND THAT GRANT DID NOT SEE—ITS SUFFERING MASSES.

GRANT having visited most of the chief *cities* of England, now returned thither to get some knowledge of its rural and manufacturing districts. Hearing of his expected visit to their region, the workingmen of Northumberland and Durham determined to give him a grand ovation on the town moor of Newcastle, on Saturday afternoon, the 22d of September.

Twenty-two trade societies participated in a procession, which occupied twenty minutes in passing a given point. The number of persons present on the moor was estimated at from forty to fifty thousand. The demonstration has no precedent since the great political meetings at the time of the Reform Agitation. Mr. Thomas Burt, member of Parliament for Morpeth, presented an eulogistic address to General Grant, who said he thanked the workingmen for their very welcome address, and thought this reception was the most honorable he could meet with.

Alluding to what Mr. Burt had said concerning the late civil war, General Grant declared he had always been an advocate of peace, but when war was declared,

he went to the war for the cause which he believed to be right, and fought to his best ability to secure peace and safety to his nation. In regard to the relations between America and England, the General said that friendship now existed between the two countries, which he fully believed was increasing, and which would, in common with industry and civilization, increase in the future.

On the same day the mayor and Town Council of Gateshead presented the ex-President with a congratulatory address. General Grant expressed pleasure at his enthusiastic reception in all the towns of the north of England, and said he was glad the good feeling between England and America was warmer to-day than it had ever been.

A banquet was given in honor of him, in the evening, by the Mayor of Newcastle. In response to a toast to his health, the General said his reception in Newcastle exceeded anything he had expected, and had been the warmest and best he had had or could have had.

The *Chronicle*, after speaking of the immense throng, and the banners, and bands, and rush, and roar of the mighty multitude, in their efforts to get a look at General Grant, thus describes his appearance: "Looking as much like an ordinary Tyneside skipper as possible, open-browed, firm-faced, blunt, bluff, and honest, and unassuming, everybody at once settled in his own mind that the General would do."

The cheers became warmer and warmer as that quiet, strong, thoroughly British face grew upon them, and as they increased, General Grant, who at first merely touched his hat to the multitude, bared his head as an unmistakable everybody-joins-in-it hurra roared out from fifty thousand throats, and rattled up to the astonished birds circling overhead. Referring to his speech it says:

"The vast concourse, still rushing up from the turnpike, and which now musters at least eighty to a hundred thousand, estimate the unheard speech after their own thoughts, and applaud every now and again with might and main. When the General finishes, everybody who has not yet shouted feels it incumbent to begin at once, and those who have bellowed themselves hoarse make themselves still hoarser in their endeavors to come up to the demands of the situation. Hats are waved with a self-sacrificing obliviousness to the affection subsisting between crown and brim which is beautiful to witness. And right in the centre of the crowd, little shining rivulets glistening on his ebony cheeks, and his face glowing with intense excitement, the whole soul within him shining out through his sable skin like a red-hot furnace seen through a dark curtain, stands a negro, devouring Grant with a gaze of such fervid admiration, and respect and gratitude that it flashes out the secret of the great liberator's popularity."

In the evening there was the usual banquet with toasts and speeches, and an exceptional long address by Mr. Cowen, member of Parliament, in which he discussed the war, the Pilgrim Fathers, and our literary men. On the 24th Grant went to Sunderland by invitation to lay the corner-stone of a new museum about to be erected there, where there was also a procession of workingmen and various benevolent societies, with addresses and a luncheon with toasts and more addresses, followed in the evening by a display of fire-works. The next day he visited the glass-works of Hartley & Co., and the day after went to Sheffield, and was received by the aldermen and councilors in great state; the former being dressed in scarlet, and the latter in purple. In reply to the mayor's address, Grant spoke of the reputation of

Sheffield manufactures over the world, and said, "I think the first penknife I ever owned, away out in the western part of Ohio, was marked Sheffield. I do not know whether it was counterfeit or not, but it gave them a good market." In the manufacturing districts the question of free trade is paramount, and the speaker and the banners could not help alluding to it. Grant in reply said: "In the matter of free trade, I would hardly be able to speak upon that subject without some preparation. It must be recollected, however, that the country which I had at one time the honor of representing, has gone through a great war and contracted a great debt in suppressing a rebellion. That makes it necessary to raise a large amount to support the running expenses of the Government, and to pay the interest on the debt which is owing in foreign countries to a very large extent. It is impossible to raise these revenues from internal sources. The protective tariff is a matter scarcely heard of now in the United States, though it was a common subject of talk years ago. The reason it is scarcely mentioned now is that the revenue from imports is regarded simply as one of the means of raising the necessary money to pay the interest upon the national debt and the other expenses incident to the carrying on of the Government, and if we were to abolish the revenue from imports, the foreign bondholders would very soon cry out against us because we failed to pay the interest on the bonds which they hold." (Laughter.) "We get along rapidly enough in that direction, and we will compete with you in your manufactures in the markets of the world."

On the 27th, he visited the cutlery works of Rogers & Sons, and thence went to the Cyclops Iron and Steel Works, where an iron frame plate for locomotives was rolled in his presence. He mounted a platform where

he could get a good view of the gigantic operations. The plate was for an Austrian ship-of-war, and the mass

OXFORD AS YOU APPROACH.

of iron to compose it when put into the furnace, weighed twenty-six tons. Said the *Sheffield Telegraph:*

"On the furnace doors being opened, only those whose eyes are accustomed to the scene could view anything

within it beyond a white mass of burning material. A crane traveling overhead, however, carried a pair of huge tongs to the mouth of the furnace; they were thrust within it, and with the help of the engines the heap of seething metal was drawn forth upon an iron lurry. The heat in the mill was now tremendous, and the majority of the strangers were endeavoring to shield their eyes from the blinding glare of the material, and at the same time seeking to protect their faces from the heat. The lurry was hastened to the rolls, and at the first passage a shower of fire was ejected as the iron ran through; at the same time the dross running from the sides of the plate as whey does from a cheese. In eight minutes, after being several times passed and repassed through the gigantic rolls, the operation was concluded. As the General left the mill he was again heartily cheered." A banquet in the famous Hall of the Cutlers' Company followed at which the toasts and speeches were a repetition of those in other places. The next morn-

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

ing Grant went in his Pullman palace car, where he had passed the night, to Shakespeare's home, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Oxford, to which he had been invited, lies near the route, and is distinguished for the beauty and magnificence of its buildings, and its University, consisting of twenty colleges, of which Trinity is one, and five halls. Here he visited the

WARWICK CASTLE.

church where the great delineator of human nature lies buried; looked on the Avon, along whose banks the poet had wandered in strange musings, and stood in the grammar school room where the precocious youth obtained his scanty education. As he left the latter, he asked a holiday for the school assembled there, which was granted.

He also drove over to Shotley to see the cottage of Anne Hathaway, that Shakespeare's love has made immortal. The next day he and his party went to Leamington, the pleasantest of all the fashionable watering-places of England. London and Liverpool having set the example of a public reception, every town and hamlet of England had to follow their example, much to the discomfort and annoyance of Grant. It was well enough in the great cities, but to have the mayor and common council of every provincial town get up a display, and

PENHURST CHURCH.

make speeches, and talk bombastic nonsense, was tedious in the extreme.

It was but seven miles from here to Kenilworth Castle, made immortal by Walter Scott, and but two to Warwick Castle, its turrets and battlements rising out of a sea of green foliage, one of the finest in England, and celebrated for its armory.

Grant now took a tour through the Midland counties to get an idea of the agricultural condition of England. The gently rolling ground, separated by green hedges and cultivated like a garden, presented a striking con-

trast to our agricultural districts. Nothing can be more charming than the rural districts of England—they must be seen not described—and Grant enjoyed them keenly. Everything is different from ours. There are no new wooden churches as here, but old stone ones, half hid among the trees, covered with ivy. All are different, but Penhurst Church perhaps represents as fairly as any one the great proportion of them.

ENGLISH MILL.

So with everything else. Fresh mills with their rough dams are nowhere found as in our country, but old, quaint structures, with surroundings that make them picturesque.

This pleasant trip was succeeded by a rest with his daughter at Southampton, but on the 16th of October he redeemed his promise, made some time previous, to pay

a visit to Birmingham. The reception and ceremonies were like all others with one exception, an address by Mr. A. O'Neill in behalf of the international arbitration union, in which allusion was made to Grant's efforts to see that the rights of the Indians were secured. Grant in reply gave utterance to the following noble sentiments:

"MEMBERS OF THE MIDLAND INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION UNION: I thank you for your address. It is one that gives me very little to reply to, more than to express my thanks. Though I have followed a military life for the better part of my years, there was never a day of my life when I was not in favor of peace on any terms that were honorable. It has been my misfortune to be engaged in more battles than any other general on the other side of the Atlantic; but there was never a time during my command when I would not have gladly chosen some settlement by reason rather than by the sword. I am conscientiously, and have been from the beginning, an advocate of what the society represented by you, gentlemen, is seeking to carry out; and nothing would afford me greater happiness than to know, as I believe will be the case, that, at some future day, the nations of the earth will agree upon some sort of congress, which shall take cognizance of international questions of difficulty, and whose decisions will be as binding as the decision of our Supreme Court is binding on us. It is a dream of mine that some such solution may be found for all questions of difficulty that may arise between different nations. In one of the addresses, I have forgotten which, reference was made to the dismissal of the army to the pursuits of peaceful industry. I would gladly see the millions of men who are now supported by the industry of the nations return to industrial pur-

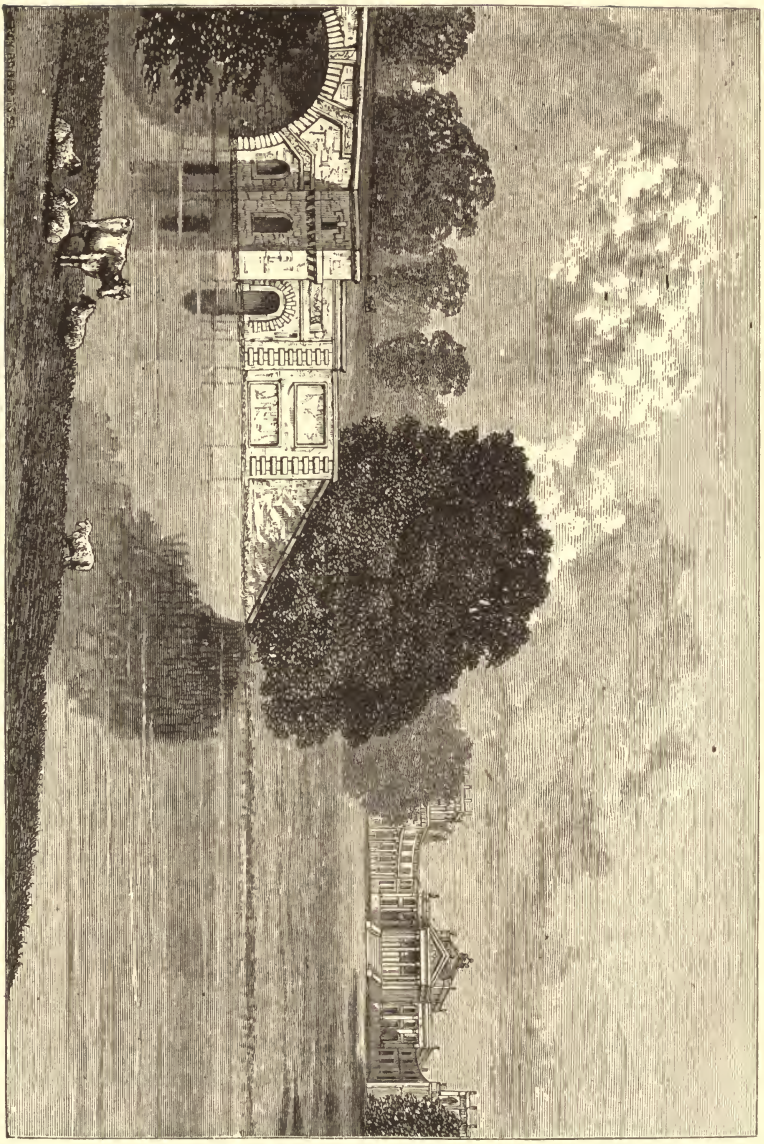
suits, and thus become self-sustaining, and take off the tax upon labor which is now levied for their support."

After an inspection of the elaborate works and exquisite specimens of manufacture, the invariable lunch, with toasts and speeches, followed.

Grant now returned to London, and for a time passed a more quiet life, but in December he made a promised visit to Brighton, the most famous watering-place in England, and containing the largest aquarium in the world.

He now proposed to close up his journeys in England, and pay his long-deferred visit to France, deferred on account of the political agitations in Paris, in which the question of a republic entered so largely.

But, though he had seen so much of England, he had seen only one side of it, aristocracy and royalty, represented by Windsor Castle and Blenheim House. The other and most important to one who would really understand that monarchy, and be able to form a correct judgment regarding the working of its political system and the stability of its institutions, he did not see. He saw royalty, and aristocracy, and wealth, and distinguished men, but not that vast half-starved and ignorant class that form half of the English population. He saw the great manufactories and their wealthy proprietors, but not the dirty hovels and their half-starved inmates. He saw the workingmen assembled by thousands in their gala-dress, but not their families living on a few pence a week. He was told of the vast amount of coal produced in certain districts, but was not told of the suffering, and crime, and ignorance its production entailed. He should have descended into the coal-pits, where the half-naked children and youths, of both sexes, live no better than swine, and witnessed a condition of things to which the former state



BLENHEIM HOUSE.

of slavery at the South was luxury. He was drawn through magnificent parks without thinking that only

about thirty thousand men owned the greater part of the land of England, of which hundreds of thousands of acres was as useless to the starving people as though it were an unbroken wilderness. He saw magnificent churches and cathedrals, but not the want and suffering produced by maintaining them. The people are taxed to death to support the state, and beggared to support the church.

BRIGGATE—THE FIVE-POINTS OF LONDON.

It was a magnificent country to ride through, but where were the school-houses of New England?

One day devoted to the reading of the reports of the various commissioners appointed by Parliament to investigate the condition of the people in regard to education in the manufacturing districts and those working in the collieries, would make all this magnificent display a shameless mockery, and it would require an effort not to believe he was reading the description of a barbaric peo-

ple, and he would wonder not that chartism once made this strong monarchy reel, but that the people do not at once rise and overthrow it.

Ruskin says, "Though England is deafened with spinning-wheels, her people have no clothes; though she is black with digging coal, her people have no fuel, and they die of cold; and though she has sold her soul for gain, they die of hunger." This picture is drawn with very few lines, but how terrible it is. In reading the magnificent displays and lavish expenditures that have characterized Grant's receptions, one can hardly believe it to be true—but, alas, it is!

It staggers one, to hear a member of Parliament declare on the floor, that out of 5,242 persons he visited in a single country town to ascertain their condition, 136 were subsisting upon *six-pence a head per week*, 291 on ten and a half-pence, 500 on one shilling, 4,859 on one shilling and six-pence, 1,500 on one shilling and nine-pence, 812 on two shillings and two-pence, so that the poorest had less than one penny a day to live on, while the best had but about three-pence half-penny. This state of destitution he said was not confined to one section, but it prevailed all through the country. Five-sixths of the total number mentioned, had scarcely a blanket to cover them; eighty-five families were sleeping on chaff beds and wood shavings. This is a mere specimen of a score of such statements that might be given. Said Sidney Smith: "There is, no doubt, more misery and acute suffering among the mass of the people of England, than there is in any kingdom of the world, but then they are the great, unwashed, dirty, disagreeable, importunate persons. There are thousands homeless, houseless, breadless, friendless, without shelter, raiment or hope in the world; millions uneducated, only half-fed, driven to crime and

every species of vice, which ignorance and destitution bring in their train to an extent entirely unknown to the less enlighted, the less free, the less favored, and the less powerful kingdoms of Europe." Said the *Quarterly Review*, "In the road which the English laborer must travel, the poor-house is the last stage on the way to the grave." The bare statistics, as they have appeared from time to time in official reports, furnish the sadest reading under the sun. Hence we say that one side of England, and that the most important one, Grant in traveling through it never saw. And yet the unseen, uncounted, half-starved, desperate masses are yet to settle the destiny of this proud Empire.

CHAPTER IV.

GRANT VISITS PARIS—CALLS ON M'MAHON—THE AMERICAN COLONY—HE MAKES HIS HOME WITH IT—SIGHT-SEEING—A DINNER—BRILLIANT RECEPTION BY THE AMERICAN MINISTER—INTERVIEWED BY A FRENCH REPORTER—DINNER BY THE AMERICAN RESIDENTS—TIME PASSING PLEASANTLY—BRILLIANT FETE GIVEN BY MRS. MACKAY—PARIS NEVER GAYER—GRANT EMBARKS FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN—GIBRALTAR—AFRICA—THE BAY OF NAPLES—COLD WEATHER—CASTLE OF SAN MARTIN—ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

FRANCE having gone through her struggle, and rejoicing in a republican victory, the time seemed appropriate for Grant to make his long contemplated visit to Paris, where he arrived on the 24th of October, accompanied by his wife and son. The yacht "Victoria," in which he sailed, landed at Boulogne, where the authorities formally received him and welcomed him to the shores of France. After a pleasant conversation with a member of the French Senate, who entered rather largely into the peculiar phases of French politics, Grant took the train for the metropolis. On the way the General studied closely the scenery through which he passed along the route, noted the principal industrial sections, and especially observed the wonderful agricultural resources of the country. He spoke a great deal about the financial policy at home, declaring emphatically on the silver question, saying he was bitterly opposed to the demonetization scheme, which was only another phase of repudiation. He next talked about the war, the relations of the United States with Mexico and St. Domingo.

Our Minister, Mr. Noyes, and a few distinguished American gentlemen, received him at the station, and as

soon as he entered the saloon, richly carpeted for the occasion, he was loudly cheered. They then drove to the Hotel Bristol, where apartments had been provided

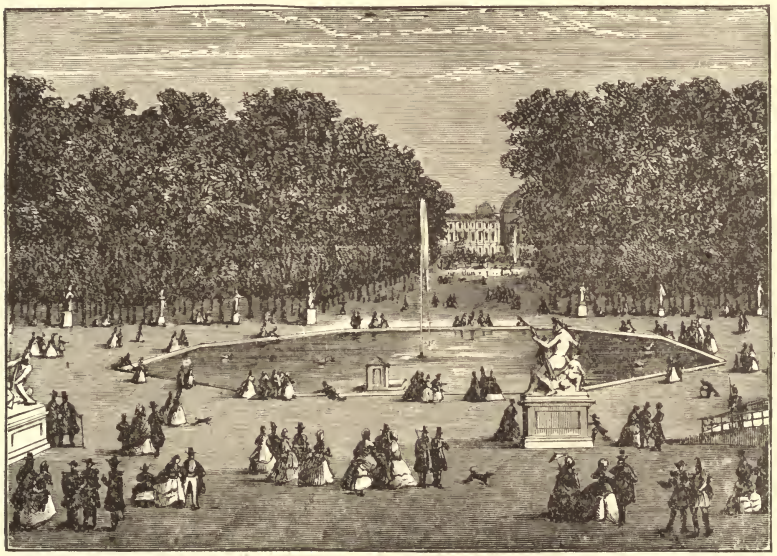
MARSHAL McMAHON.

for him. After dinner he smoked his cigar, as usual, and retired early to bed.

The next day dawned dismally, for the rain was coming

down in torrents. It did not prevent, however, distinguished Americans and Frenchmen from calling, and it was a succession of carriages from an early hour till noon.

At two o'clock, Grant, with his wife and son, accompanied by Mr. Noyes and the secretary of legation, called on General McMahon, who, with the Duchess of Magenta, received them cordially. A frank, cordial, informal conversation between these two distinguished military



GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.

chieftains followed. At its close, McMahon invited him to dine with him at the Elysee on the following Thursday.

The Americans in Paris form a colony, of which the minister is the centre. A history of its doings and mode of passing time is quite curious, but out of place here. This colony took possession of Grant during the month he remained in Paris. That he should have made his social home, while in the city, with it, was most natural. In England he met everywhere his mother-tongue, and

in all public ovations and banquets he not only heard it spoken, but he could reply in it, while here all this was reversed. Formal state receptions can be conducted very well through interpreters, but dinner-parties, banquets, or anything that partakes of a social character cannot. Hence, General Grant's life outside of these few public ceremonies, was confined to his intercourse with this "American Colony" and sight-seeing, of which the latter was by far the most important.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

But to follow him in this, and describe what he saw, would be simply to republish a hand-book. The Palace of the Tuileries—almost destroyed in the communist war, and now decreed by the Government to be pulled entirely down—the garden in front, the Place de Concorde, the Champs Elysee, Arc de Triumph, stretching from east to west in the heart of Paris, form the most remarkable features of the city. The Palace of the Tuileries, now in ruins, for a long time the home of the kings of France,

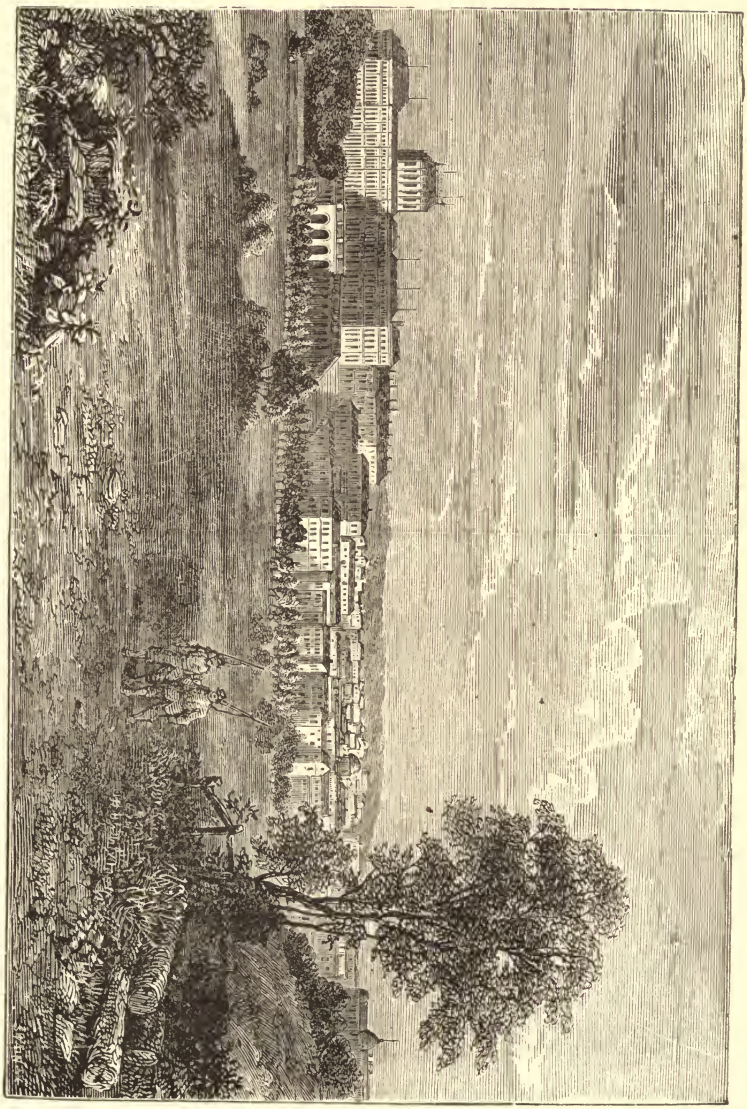
and the city residence of Napoleon, was about one thousand feet in length and faced the garden of the same length, but more than twice as broad. From the terrace on the west end you look westward on the Place de la Concorde, separating it from the Champs Elysee. This is 750 by 525 feet, and in its centre now stands the obelisk of Luxor, a present from the Pasha of Egypt.

On this spot stood the guillotine during the great French revolution, on which perished Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, the Duke of Orleans, Josephine's first husband, Beauhamais, and finally Robespierre himself—besides nearly three thousand persons of more or less distinction, both men and women. Looking still west, the eye travels down the Champs Elysee, the most charming spot in the world, its drives, and avenues, and groves stretching for a mile and a quarter to the Triumphal Arc de l'Etoile, springing with its white arch 150 feet above the sea of green foliage—the whole distance gay with equipages and laughing people. It was built by Napoleon to commemorate his victories, and is one of the largest triumphal arches in the world. Twelve grand boulevards start from here and traverse Paris; also, commences here the Avenue de l'Imperatrice, 1,300 yards long and 1,000 wide, leading into the Bois de Boulogne, the most magnificent park in the world—four miles long and two broad, with artificial lakes and islands, hippodrome and race course. Here can be seen, any pleasant day, the most splendid equipages of Paris. And then there comes the Alle Long Champe, and Theatre des Fleurs, where ballets are performed, and the scenery is all real, water, trees, sky and grottoes. To start from the Tuileries and pass westward as we have described is an episode in one's life, and he gets an idea of what gay, wealthy, tasteful Paris is, more than in any other way.

Paris being cut in twain by the Seine, as London is by the Thames, is spanned by twenty-seven bridges, connecting the two sections, and though those in both cities are beautiful, the tasteful designs and light airy character of those of Paris show the difference between the cities of one country and the other. Among those spanning the Seine the Pont des Arts is one of the most light and airy,

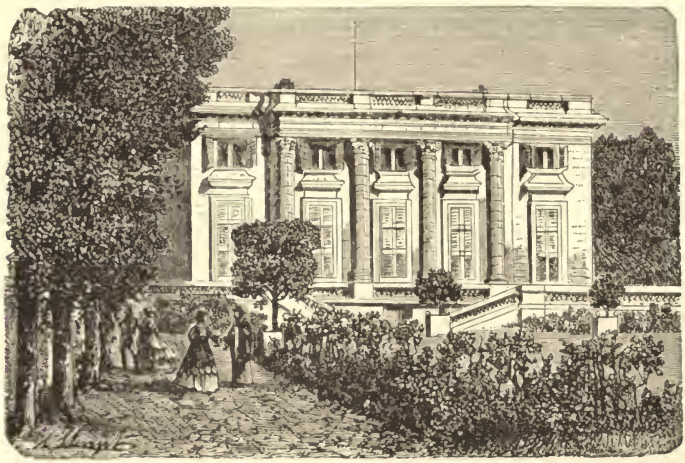
PONT DES ARTS.

being reserved for foot passengers alone. It consists of eight arches, 141 yards in length by thirty-three feet broad. Among the many palaces of France, that of Versailles is the most noted and the most historic, although it does not belong to Paris proper, being twelve miles distant from the city. It is impossible to give in a brief space a description of this palace, or rather of what it contains. Its seven miles of rooms and galleries, filled with works of art, is a day's work to walk through, while an account of what they contain would fill a volume.



VERSAILLES.

But there is one gallery that would naturally interest Grant more than any other—the Grandes Galerie des Bat-



THE PETIT TRIANON.

tailes, which is 400 feet long, and devoted to pictures representing the great battles of France for the last 1,400 years.

TEMPLE OF LOVE.

The paintings that adorn it are a history in themselves. The great and little Trianon and gardens attached to

them are very beautiful. Everywhere are lovely walks, parterres of flowers, vases, colonnades, fountains, statues, groves and beautiful avenues, bordered with long lines of evergreen trees, forced by the pruning knife to grow into fantastic shapes. Marie Antoinette is especially associated with these gardens, having added greatly to their beauty. Whether as the humiliated wife, the triumphant mother or the unpopular queen, she was always the presiding genius of this Eden in the garden of Versailles. In the

THE QUEEN'S SWISS COTTAGE.

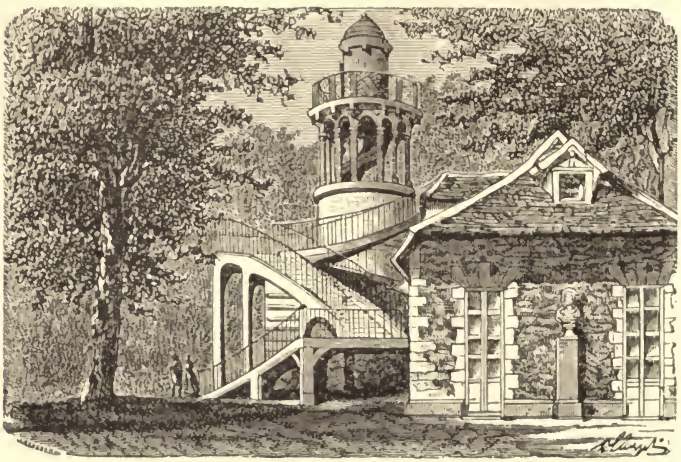
garden of the Little Trianon she built the Temple of Love and numerous rustic cottages. The charming Swiss cottage, built for herself on the border of the lake, being the prettiest of them all.

The entrance to the cottage was decorated with rare shrubs in boxes and climbing flowers. Inside the cottage everything was complete for carrying out the role of peasants, in which the queen and her ladies often indulged. Outside nothing was lacking; it had its farm-

house, its sheepfold, its dairy, in white marble, and little barns for storing the harvest, etc. This miniature farm,

THE FARM-HOUSE.

however, could not be called a profitable investment, for the cows, hens and pigeons were entertained in a style

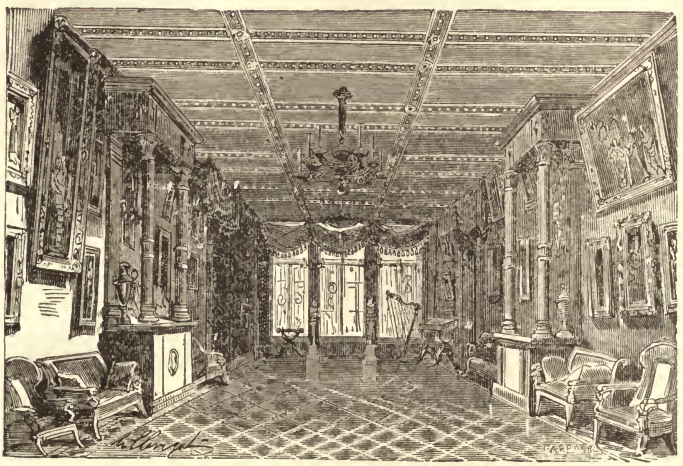


THE DAIRY.

of luxury that made the milk more costly than champagne, and an egg worth its weight in silver.

The palace was the royal residence till the Tuileries was built, and has been the scene of more gayety and more vice and witnessed more terrible scenes, probably, than any other palace in the world.

Malmaison, also out of Paris, being ten miles distant, was a place to interest such a man as Grant, for it was not only the favorite residence of Josephine, but here Napoleon planned some of his greatest battles, and here he remained five days after his last abdication.

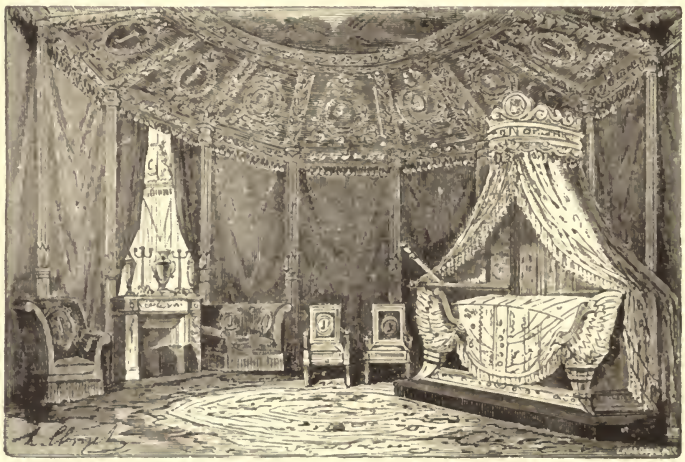


THE GALLERY OF MALMAISON.

But we cannot enumerate all the objects of interest that invited and received his attention in Paris. Even such an inveterate sight-seer as he will get tired after awhile and seek rest. The arches, and domes, and towers, and churches, and gardens—the palace of the Corps Legislative, with its council chamber—the gay boulevards, and restaurants, and theatres, and amusements of every kind combine to make Paris the gayest city in the world.

He enjoyed this sight-seeing all the more that his life

in this gay metropolis was, in reality, more quiet than it had been for a long time. Of course there were public dinners, receptions and banquets. The dinner given by President McMahon passed off like all other public dinners. The one given by the American minister, Mr. Noyes, was a very *recherche* affair and drew together many of the most distinguished men of Paris.



BED-CHAMBER OF JOSEPHINE.

The reception in the evening was still more brilliant, and President McMahon was among the guests, and remained a long while beside General Grant, indeed, receiving with him the members of the diplomatic corps and state officials.

The ex-President did not escape the ubiquitous interviewer by being in Paris, and speaking only English. The following account of an interview is from the pen of one attached to the well-known paper, *The Figaro:*

"The American General, who has been the guest of Paris for the past two days, is generally considered the most taciturn man in the world. To him Count Von

Moltke, whom the Germans call the Great Silent, is quite a talker, since they often get from him speeches of fifty or sixty lines, while the longest speech which Grant is ever remembered to have made was that pronounced the day after he was first nominated President of the United States. Here it is in all its simplicity. The General appeared upon the balcony of the hotel where he was staying. Below, in the street, more than ten thousand persons were awaiting a speech. Reluctantly removing the cigar he was smoking, and raising it slightly between the first and second fingers of his right hand, he said: 'Gentlemen, I am very glad to see you.' Then he made a bow, as much as to say, I hope you will not expect anything more from me now. On another occasion he found the means of being even more concise. One of his soldier friends, who is said to be almost as reserved as himself, was commissioned to present the General with an elegantly-engraved gold cup, in the name of the soldiers who had served under him. The warrior was introduced into the Grant household, bearing the cup in question. He quietly placed the cup upon a sideboard, remarking: 'That's the cup.' The President looked at it in a dreamy sort of a way, and after the lapse of a few seconds, replied: 'Thank you.' Then he offered his companion in arms a cigar. The two veterans sat down, and, facing each other, smoked away in silence, while the deputation of soldiers waited in vain outside for the speech which is usual on such occasions.

"I was aware that the General was of this peculiar turn, and I was not a little exercised concerning the kind of interview I was to have in response to my application of Thursday night, which he consented to with the best grace imaginable.

"The General's courier, M. Jacques Hartog, a very

pleasant and agreeable young man, introduced me. General Grant was sitting near the corner of the fireplace. Facing him, upon a large divan, sat Mrs. Grant and her son. The latter is a young man of twenty to twenty-five years, having almost as meditative and reflective an air as his father. He is, I am told, a great mathematician. The General arose and extended to me his hand. The physiognomy of the brave General, to whom I had the honor to be presented, was very curious to observe. I do not think, for example, that there is upon earth any being whatever who, under whatever circumstances, could flatter himself as having seen made upon this enigmatic figure, the shortest, the slightest, the most momentary impression. We Frenchmen possess, in order to characterize this kind of figure, a word which I would not employ if I thought it would constitute a want of respect, this is *tete de bois*—wooden head. Ulysses Grant possesses this peculiarity in the highest degree, that which, after all, is perhaps a quality and a resource for a soldier or a statesman. I know, through a friend of the General, that this phenomenal imperturbability is never relaxed, even for a second, even in circumstances the most grave and perilous. This friend has seen him under fire, mounted on his grizzly mare, as celebrated in America as the white horse of Napoleon has been in France, and there was always the same figure, impassible, indifferent. During a series of battles, which lasted for ten or twelve days, and which cost the Federals nearly sixty thousand men, Grant slept at night, after having smoked an enormous number of cigars, for eight hours at a time, as peaceably as an infant, rose in the morning and dressed, then began to give his orders about in the same way a city merchant arranges his bills. Never have circumstances more grave, never has heavier responsibility rested

upon a man than General Grant has experienced, yet a word of anxiety, trouble or discouragement was never known to escape him. They called Wellington the Iron Duke. The Americans might well have entitled Ulysses S. Grant the Steel General. As I saw him at the Hotel Bristol, and much as he must have been fatigued by his journey, General Grant had the appearance of a man still very vigorous. His shoulders are massive, broad, and his body has a marked tendency to *embonpoint*. The General, moreover, gives a very good account of himself, for he said laughingly to a friend yesterday, that he congratulated himself on not having changed for ten years. 'Yes, and I have gained forty-five pounds in weight.' His beard, which is closely cropped, has commenced to turn gray. His hair is perfectly black. His complexion, slightly bronzed, gives the General a Germanic aspect, although he comes of pure American stock.

"The conversation commenced in English about Paris, which the General now visits for the first time in his life. I inquired what his first impression was. He replied to me, with much good sense and precision, to the effect that he was unable to form an opinion, as he had ridden from the railroad depot (*gare*) to the hotel in a covered carriage, and was unable to see anything but the cushions in the vehicle.

"'But, General, have you not paid a visit to Marshal McMahon? How did you find our President?'

"'We were unable to comprehend each other.'

"'How was that?' I said with astonishment.

"'Simple enough. I didn't understand a word of French; the Marshal does't know a word of English. He bowed to me; I bowed to him. He extended his hand to me; I extended mine to him. Then all was over.'

"'Then the interview only lasted a minute.'

"'No, I remained a few minutes to speak with Mme. McMahon, and I was delighted, for she speaks English admirably. I was, indeed, astonished that a French lady should speak so beautifully. The Marshal has a fine mein, and has the air of an honest man.'

"As it seemed to me the General was in good humor, and in a vein for talking, I risked, without great hopes of success, however, a question on politics as follows: 'General, as you have been, like our Marshal, President of a Republic, and you have been in an analogous situation to his—that is to say, at variance with the legislative power, I am sure the public would be curious to know your opinion upon the present crisis.'

"The General, at this question, which I confess having put with temerity, had what I will call a 'time' of silence. He did not express the slightest astonishment, and, in the same tone as before, looking continually at the carpet, said: 'I am not a Frenchman; I am an American, and, as the Atlantic separates us, I have not studied the question in any such way that I should dare to give my opinion on it.'

"I then recalled to mind what had been told me of the manner in which Grant acted with reporters in America when he was in power. He received them whenever they wished; then, when they broached politics he drew cigars from his pocket, offering one to his interlocutor, and then commenced to smoke in silence. To get a word out of him after this, there was but one means left; speak to him about his horses. I therefore (somewhat changing the tactics of the Americans) quitted the domain of politics by asking the General if he proposed staying long in Paris. 'If this horrible rain continues,' said he, 'I shall leave forthwith. If not I shall remain here during the whole of the month of November.'

"Another silence. Then he continued: 'I have always been very curious to know France, and Paris especially. The impression I had coming from Boulogne was that it was a fine country, well cultivated and had a happy air.'

"Another silence. 'The railroads of France are much better than ours. The service is made with more precaution, and the roads are well built.' Then the General recounted some details concerning his journeys in England, and upon the enthusiastic and sympathetic reception he had received. He seemed to have great pleasure in recalling these facts. I do not think it of sufficient interest to reproduce these remarks for the French public. 'After having seen Paris,' said he, 'I shall go to Spain, Italy and Egypt, where I hope to pass the greater part of the winter.'

"The conversation lasted about fifteen minutes, and comprised the pauses of this great taciturn. I thought that this was a great deal, and that already I had occasioned the General to expend a good many words, so I took my leave, thanking him for the condescension with which he entertained me."

Another banquet almost, if not quite equal in extravagant display and in the distinguished guests attending it, was that given by the American residents of Paris. Toasts were given and several speeches made, a lengthy one by Mr. Noyes, highly eulogistic of General Grant, to which the latter replied in a few brief words of thanks, and two others by Marquis de Lafayette and Rochambeau—both descendants of those distinguished Frenchmen who bore so conspicuous a part in our Revolutionary War.

Grant, on this occasion, was dressed in full uniform and having on his famous Galena sword with the names of all the battles on it in which he was engaged—from

Palo Alto to Chattanooga—the hilt being incrusted with diamonds.

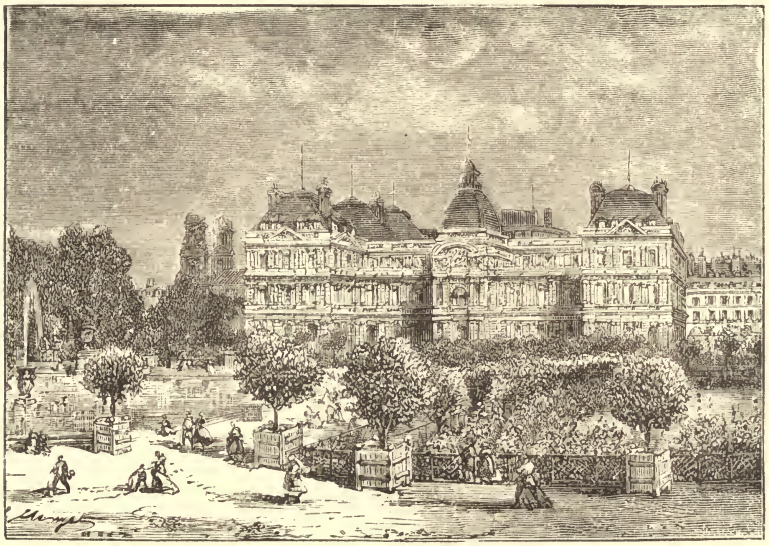
His time passed very pleasantly in the gay French capital. To-day he would call on Prince Orloff, to-morrow on a rich banker, or be invited out to dinner, while the sights to be seen were almost endless. In the morning he usually visited the Herald bureau, where he would sit for an hour and smoke while reading the newspapers. If not engaged to make or receive some formal call, he would visit the Tuileries and stroll through its galleries rich in paintings, or visit the great Sevres manufactory. It was with singular feelings he stood in the Hotel des Invalides, built for the worn-out soldiers of France, and gazed on the tomb of Napoleon, surmounted by his cocked hat and sword, worn at Eylau. It might well remind him of the vanity of all earthly greatness. A drive through the Bois de Boulogne, or along the Champs Elysee and under the Arc de Triomphe would make any day seem bright.

TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

The Louvre, with its garnered works of art, and the Luxembourg, across the Seine, built by Maria de Medicis, with its gallery of art and gilded salons, had for him the deepest interest, while those localities that told of revolution moved him more than written history. The Tower

of St. Jacques is one of its monuments, being all that is left of the church torn down by the mob. He was delighted with the view of Paris from the heights of Montmartre.

One of the most select dinners and brilliant fetes got up for him in Paris, was given by Mrs. Mackay, wife of "Bonanza," as she was called, from the enormous wealth of her husband, who owns some of the richest



PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

mines in California. The house where the affair took place cost 1,500,000 francs, and the furniture 500,000 francs. It looks out upon the Place d'Etoile, and is a splendid residence. The garden was brilliantly illuminated and decorated with national flags, and with emblems set in thousands of gas jets. The orchestra, consisting of thirty-six musicians, was stationed on a pavilion built out from the house in front of the Rue Tilsit. A dozen footmen, in liveries of crimson and gold, lined the

entrance and stairway. The carriages occupied the causeway in front. The vestibule, staircase and passage-ways were profusely decorated with flags and beautiful flowers. The rooms were magnificent. Everything that money could supply and elegant taste select was there to add to the beauty and impressiveness of the scene. Indeed, nothing was omitted that boundless wealth could supply to make it the most magnificent event of the season. A succession of more brilliant dinners and fetes never took place in gay and brilliant Paris than was got up in honor of the distinguished American. The farewell dinner was given by an eminent banker.

TOWER OF ST. JACQUES.

The American steamer "Vandalia," detailed by our Government for his use, arrived at Ville-Franche on the 13th of December. Grant, with his wife and son, went on board, and as the steamer slowly moved away, all the American ships in the harbor greeted him with cheers. As they entered the Straits of Gibraltar, Grant looked with profound interest on the grim, old fortress, tunneled out of the solid rock, rising almost fifteen hundred feet into the air. It was a history in itself, with the low-lying

and gray shores of Africa on the one side, and the lofty summits of the Grenadian Mountains on the other. The stout ship went bowling along over the blue waves of the Mediterranean, and on the morning of the 17th came in sight of the Bay of Naples, with Mount Vesuvius in the background, sending its tall column of smoke silently toward heaven.

The Bay of Naples is celebrated the world over for its beauty, but that beauty is seen from the shore more than from the sea. It is true, the islands at its entrance are very beautiful, and so is the semicircular sweep of the shore, with the background of St. Elmo and Vesuvius.

At the time the "Vandalia" arrived, the weather should have been like ours in early October, before the foliage has changed, but, unfortunately, it was cold and cheerless. The old phrase, "*Vedi Napoli e poi moir*"—"See Naples, and then die"—did not seem very appropriate, as Grant buttoned his coat around him, and his wife gathered her wraps about her, as they entered the boat and were rowed ashore.

Determined to lose no time, he had thus hastened ashore before the authorities knew of his arrival, to have a quiet drive through the city. Accompanied by his wife, he climbed to the Castle of San Martin, now a museum, with barracks attached. They spent nearly an hour in examining the various curiosities, in which Mrs. Grant seemed to take more interest than the General; so little, in fact, did he think of the collections, that when the guide showed him the portrait of the man who gave the collection to Naples, he dryly remarked, in English: "Well, if I had a museum like this, I would give it to Naples, or anybody who would take it." But the view from this elevated position was worth the trouble of the ascent. Below lay Naples, with its beautiful sea line; beyond

the bay, with Capri and Ischia slumbering in the blue waters, while inland rose Vesuvius, with its everlasting plume of smoke swaying in the wind. The chill air, however, robbed the scenery of half its charms; but, in compensation, reduced the number of beggars, by keeping them on the sunny side of the walls, protected from the wind.

Returning to the ship, the party contented themselves with looking at Vesuvius through a spy-glass and read-

CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

ing themselves up as to the best and most economical manner of spending their time to see the most of Naples and its objects of interest in the few days they could give to it. Grant decided that, first of all, they should ascend Vesuvius, and gave his orders for an early start next day. But, alas, his arrival had been announced, and the forenoon was spent in receiving officials in dashing uniforms, so that it was late before he could set out.

Taking a carriage they rattled out of the city, along a

perfect road, passing and meeting donkeys with their loads and all sorts of vehicles, conspicuous among them the two-wheeled platform—a sort of a truck, drawn by a donkey, and loaded with a half a dozen laughing, chatting Italians. Passing through Portici, where is the royal palace, which Murat, while king of Naples, fitted up with great splendor, they hastened on, and at length arrived at the place where horses and donkeys are taken for the ascent. Here a scrambling and quarreling among the numerous guides commenced, each extolling the merits of his donkey or horse, while beggars, swarming like the locusts of Egypt, helped to swell the Babel. At last they got mounted and began the long and toilsome ascent. The animal that Grant bestrode was not one he would pick out for a Vicksburgh campaign, still as he could do no better, he had to be content. His experience of Italian beggars had been very limited, but here it was to be enlarged to a degree that he did not anticipate. He innocently thought by laying in a large stock of small coin, he could easily satisfy their importunities, and be left alone. He had to learn, however, that generosity, instead of lessening their number, increased it fourfold. A reputation for open-handedness in Naples is fatal to all comfort. Scatter your coin among a half a dozen to get rid of their importunity, and in fifteen minutes you will have a dozen screaming bundles of rags after you, rolling in the dirt to attract your attention, or yelling "per carita." Satisfy these, and in fifteen minutes more you will have two dozen, and so on, till their number will be legion. If General Grant had stayed a month in Naples and gone on in the liberal way he began here at the base of Mount Vesuvius, at the end of that time he would have had a procession at his heels every time he stepped out of his hotel large enough for a king's escort, but of a kind that

would have astonished the beholder. He now soon found his stock of coin exhausted, and began to borrow of his companions, but it would have taken the bank of England to have stopped the clamor.

The ascent of the mountain is for some time gradual, the road passing through vineyards from which the wine called Lachryma Christi (tears of Christ) is made. But the scene gradually grew drearier until they came to the region of pure lava, where the imagination begins to have conceptions of the scenes that have passed here. There spreads, black, barren and rough, the motionless stream of lava just as it cooled in its slow and troubled march for the sea. Here it met an obstacle, and rose into a barrier; there it fell off into ridges, that cracked and broke into fragments till the whole inclined plane that spreads off from the base of the mighty pyramid that incloses the crater appears as if the earth had been violently shaken till all the large loose portions had risen to the surface. Sometimes you can trace for some distance a sort of circular wall of cooled lava, behind which the red-hot stream had gathered and glowed like a brow of wrath. Through this barren tract the road was a narrow path that looked as if it might lead to the gates of death. As the eye wanders over this dreary, desolate tract, it involuntary looks up to see its end, when it encounters the column of smoke steadily ascending from the barren peak, telling in language more emphatic than words, of the slumbering power that wrought this wild ruin. The party toiled slowly on through this dreary region until they came to the Hermitage, as it is called, where they halted for lunch. Grant had started with the intention of climbing the last peak to the crater and look down into its sulphurous depths, but the formal calls on shipboard had delayed his departure till now it was getting late in

the afternoon, while the cold wind from this altitude pierced to the very bones, and he had to be content with a view of the beautiful landscape below him instead of gazing down into the bowels of the earth; and what a panorama presented itself. At their feet slept the city of Naples, with its palaces and towers, basking in the sunshine, while far inland, till the eye grew dim with the prospect, swept away the whole *campagna felice*, "happy country," dotted with villages, fields and vineyards without end. To crown all, there spread the beautiful Bay of Naples, with the blue islands of Capri and Ischia and the bluer waters of the Mediterranean, stretching away till sea and sky melted together on the far-off horizon.

It was dark when the carriage containing the party rolled again through the streets of Naples down to the bay, where the lights of the ship welcomed them to rest and food once more.

The next day, the General visited the ruins of Pompeii, twelve miles from the city. The road passes through Torre del Greco and the ancient Oplante—by houses of the poor—furnishing sights to be found nowhere else in the world. Here would sit a row of ragged, dirty women so engaged in looking at heads that the passing of the equipage did not arrest them; there an urchin sitting on the ground with his head between the knees of a woman busy with his head, and behind her a third performing the same kind service for her—a laughable yet disgusting picture. In another direction would stand a man with a plate in one hand, while from the other lifted over his head, which was thrown back to a horizontal position, hung long strings of macaroni, that disappeared down his neck like young snakes in the throat of their mother. The streets of Torre del Greco were cut through lava that once rolled over the town, and houses were built on

it looking black and fresh as if it had not been cooled for more than a month.

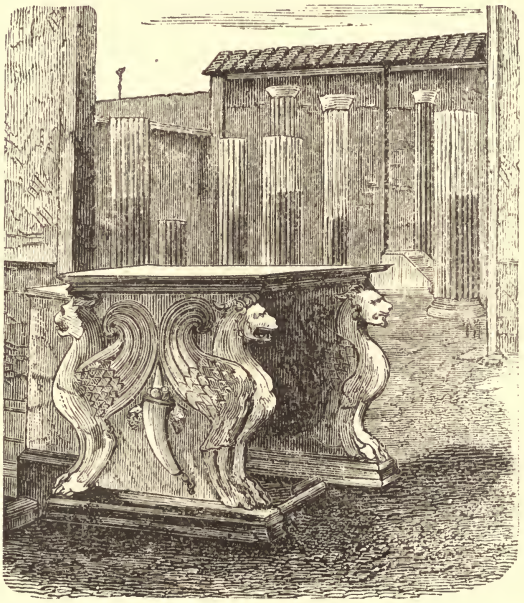
At length the "city of the dead" was reached where a guide met them, who spoke English and informed Grant that he had acted as a guide to Sheridan when he visited Pompeii; moreover, was a soldier himself; all of which important information had, of course, its due effect on Grant. Pompeii is not dug out of the ground below the

POMPEIIAN RUINS.

surface like Herculaneum, but is excavated from the side of a hill composed of the ashes and cinders that buried it, and you enter it as you would a walled town, with the sky bending over you. But to go into all the details of a visit and enumerate the various objects that arrest the attention, would be only a thrice-told tale. There is the house of the rich aristocrat Diomede, with its many pillars, mosaic floor, and damp, dark wine-cellar, where the bones

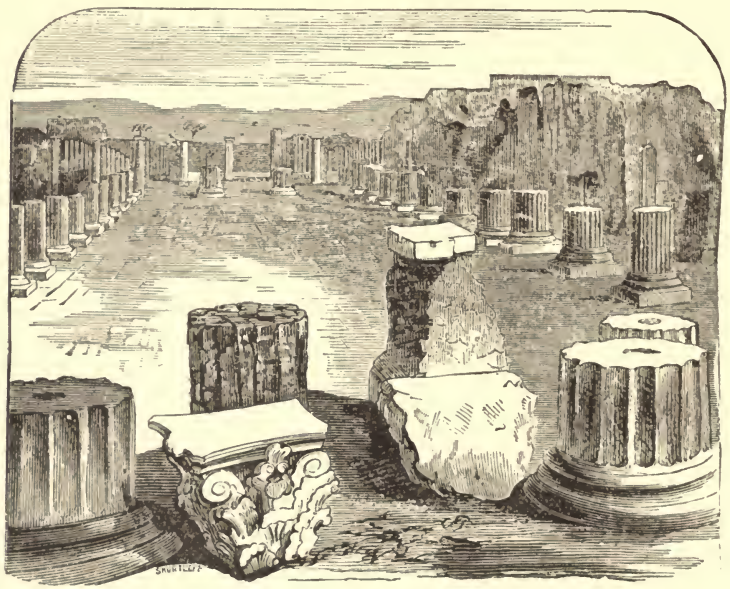
of his family were found, who had fled there for safety from the storm of ashes and fire that was falling on the doomed city. There against the side of the wall, amid the earthen jars, was the shape of the breast and head and outstretched arms of a woman, who had fallen against it in helpless terror. Nothing remained but the bones and jewels to tell the story of her sufferings and death agony.

You leave this strange house, and wander amid the crumbling and broken fragments of what was once a great city. You follow the wheel-worn streets—the ruts in the stones cut there by the gay chariots when Christ was walking by the Sea of Galilee, and see where there were baths, and dressing, and dining-rooms, and work-shops where the living multitude had moved, and luxuriated, and toiled. There were tombs that were themselves entombed; rooms for washing the dead where the living were suddenly buried, unwashed and uncoffined; beer-shops with the marks of the tumblers still fresh on the marble counter; mill-stones that still turned to the hand as they turned 2,000 years ago. There, too, were the brothel, and theatre,



HOUSE OF DIOMEDE.

and dancing-hall, conspicuous to-day as they were then. There, too, stands a tavern with the rings yet entire, to which the horses were fastened, and where the bones of a mother and three children were found locked in each other's arms. Temples were overthrown with their altars, on which smoked the sacrifices to the gods to whom they prayed in vain. Columns fallen across each other in the courts, just as that wild hurricane



THE FORUM OF JUSTICE.

had left them, pieces of the architrave blocking up the entrances they had surmounted, told how fierce the shock and wild the overthrow had been.

Here stands the house of a wealthy poet with the garnished apartments forming in their silence a part in a greater drama than he had ever conceived; there the palace of a rich man with mosaic floors representing battle scenes, precious stones imbedded in the pave-

ments of the long corridors, attesting the unbounded wealth of the owner.

There, too, stood the Temple of Eupiles, the Court of Justice, the Forum and the Market-place, everything belonging to a great and opulent city but the inhabitants. Streets and buildings were alike empty, and the stillness that reigns falls like a shadow on the spirit. Standing outside the view is perhaps still more impressive. You look back on the disentombed city, and beyond it on Vesuvius, standing solemn, grand and lonely, sending up its steady column of smoke, a perpetual tombstone over the dead at its feet. You can see the track of the lava in its wild and fiery march for the sea, and imagine just how the cloud of ashes and cinders rose from the summit and came flying toward the terror-stricken city. Foot after foot it piled itself in the streets, over the thresholds and above the windows, till it reached twenty or thirty feet above the tops of the houses, and the gay and pleasure-loving and licentious city lay buried as century after century rolled by, till nearly seventeen hundred years rolled away before the first opening was made into the hill that covered it.

Outside is the amphitheatre, large enough to hold fifteen or twenty thousand spectators. Here were the lion's dens bordering the area where gladiatorial shows were exhibited. Some have thought that the people were assembled here at the overthrow of the city, but this could not be; the inhabitants of a city so dissolute and careless as this could not gather to a place of amusement when such dire portents were in the air for days before the eruption. Spectres seemed to line the mountains as the mist boiled up from its trembling sides, and it reeled above the sea of fire that was boiling under, struggling for freedom. It was no time for amusement,

but for consternation and terror, and thousands sought safety in flight.

It is customary for the Italian authorities when a very distinguished man visits Pompeii, to have a house dug open, which ever afterward bears his name. An order was therefore given to have one exhumed for Grant. Chairs were brought for him and his wife, and some of the officers of the "Vandalia," and the solemn work commenced. But nothing of importance was discovered; the bones of no inmate rewarded the toil of the workmen; two or three bronze ornaments and a loaf of bread wrapped in a cloth and a few fragments of something that could not be made out, were all that was found. The officer who had conducted the excavation, proposed to open another, but one of the officers of the "Vandalia," who was both tired and hungry, said he thought it would be better to excavate a beefsteak.

Grant, who all this time had been quietly smoking his cigar while the workmen uncovered the house, agreed with him, and thanking the director for his courtesy, adjourned outside to a restaurant, and Pompeii and its solemn ruins were forgotten in the comforts of a modern dinner.

Grant's visit was a flying one, and embraced as little of Southern Italy as his one over the Alps to Northern Italy did of that section of this most renowned peninsula of the world. He did not go to Pæstum and its ruined temples, among the most ancient and mysterious that still stand on the earth; nor to Baiæ, on the other side of Naples, made immortal by Virgil, and was once the resort of the poets, philosophers and emperors of Rome, in their leisure hours, and even now is covered with ruined temples, dedicated to Venus, Apollo, Mercury, Diana, etc., to say nothing

of the historic harbor of Mæsenum, nor did he follow the usual route of travelers that land at Naples, and go back to Rome, the mother of empires and early civilization, whose very ruins are grander than modern art. This was reserved until he returned from Palestine.

He tarried only between three and four days in Naples, and then took ship for Palermo, and landed on the 23d of December, when the city was gay and jubilant in preparations for Christmas festivals. The next day a delegation from American vessels in port waited on him to pay their respects. It was a gay morning, such as no one sees except in sunny Italy. The city seemed filled with bells, whose merry peels rung over the bay till the whole atmosphere was filled with sweet chimes, and everywhere and around the ship multitudinous voices seemed to be shouting a merry Christmas. The sound fell on the ears of Grant and his party as some sweet memory, half-sad, half-joyful, comes back on the heart, and the thoughts of home brought to each face an expression that seemed vibrating between a smile and a tear.

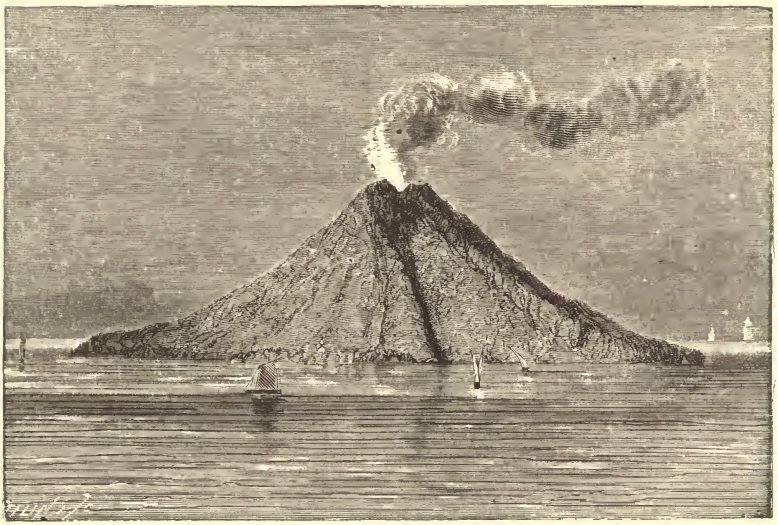
At noon the prefect came on board and was saluted with fifteen guns. He remained only a few minutes to tender to Grant the hospitalities of the town; but the latter had had enough of ceremony and wished quiet, and so declined them with thanks. In the afternoon he went ashore with the captain, and sauntered about the town for three or four hours, seeing the sights and enjoying the gayety and abandon of the people. It was not a sunny Italian day, for the capricious rains came down in short, sudden showers, but he did not seem to notice them, and continued his walk without even raising his umbrella.

The Christmas dinner aboard ship, given by the ward room officers, was, perhaps, the most home-like and enjoyable thing to Grant than anything that had occurred since he left his native shores. The vessel was gay with evergreens, and as Grant sat down surrounded in this strange land by only his countrymen, all his reserve seemed to forsake him, and he gave himself up like a boy to the abandon and enjoyment of the day. Said Young, who was present, "As he sat under the green boughs of the Christmas decoration, the centre of our merry company, it seemed as if he were as young as any of the mess, a much younger man by far than our junior Dannenhower, who looks grave and serious enough to command all the fleets in the world. Mrs. Grant was in capital health and spirits, and quite enchanted the mess by telling them, in the earliest hour of the conversation, that she already felt when she came back to the 'Vandalia' from some errand on shore as if she were coming home. I wish I could lift the veil far enough to show you how much the kind, considerate, ever-womanly and ever-cheerful nature of Mrs. Grant has won upon us all; but I must not invade the privacy of the domestic circle. She was the queen of the feast, and we gave her queenly honor."

There were no speeches, but a quiet home-like dinner, followed by a stroll on deck, with cigars, to look on the fire-works that were set off on the various ships in the harbor.

Since Garibaldi overthrew the Bourbon King of Naples, and the unification of Italy, Sicily has felt the spirit of the age, and various modern improvements have been made, and among them the laying out of several new avenues, one of which bears the name of Lincoln. A stroll through the streets of Palermo, is full of interest

from the associations that are awakened, though no very striking objects present themselves. Grant's visit was very short, for the anchors were weighed next day, and the "Vandalia's" prow turned for Malta. Next morning they passed Stromboli, but it was so enveloped in rain and mist that only its dim outline could be seen. Through the narrow Straits of Messina, past Scylla and Charybdis,



STROMBOLI.

the terror of the ancients, and past Messina, sleeping white and beautiful on the margin of the sea, past Rhegium, the same Rhegium to which Paul said, "we fetched a compass and came;" last of all past Etna, rising nearly 11,000 feet out of the blue sea, its summit covered with snow, all day long in sight, and standing silent and grand in the cloudless sky, they kept on through the Mediterranean.

Malta was reached on the 28th, one of the strongholds of which, with Gibraltar, gives England such a preponder-

MALTA

ance of power in the Mediterranean. The vessel swung to her moorings alongside an huge iron-clad of the British navy, and fired her salute of twenty-one guns, which were no sooner answered than the Duke of Edinburgh, commanding it, presented himself.

Grant received him courteously, and after presenting the gentlemen standing by his side, led the way to the cabin, where they engaged in conversation for nearly an hour. On leaving, the duke invited General Grant and his family to his palace, at San Antonio, some four miles from town. They accepted the invitation, and drove out to it under a glowing sun Luncheon and a stroll through the orange groves followed.

Grant next visited the governor, and was received in state, a regiment of soldiers being drawn up in front of the palace, to do him honor. Then came a state dinner, after which all went to the opera, the orchestra playing the "Star Spangled Banner" as the General entered the door, the music almost drowned by the thundering cheers with which he was received. Invitations crowded on Grant here, but he declined them all, and spent the time in strolling about the place. The day after he embarked on the "Vandalia," which once more turned her prow seaward, and amid the music of the bands on board the "Triton" playing our national airs, passed out of the harbor and took her leave of Malta.

CHAPTER V.

GENERAL GRANT STARTS FOR EGYPT—ENTERS ON NEW SCENES—ALEXANDRIA—HIS RECEPTION—MEETS STANLEY—WANDERS THROUGH THE CITY—HIS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN—STARTS FOR CAIRO—MEETS OLD WEST POINT SCHOOLMATES—INTERVIEW WITH THE KHEDIVE—THE PYRAMIDS—UP THE NILE—RUN AGROUND—LIFE ON THE RIVER—MEETING OF FRIENDS—SIOUT—DINNER AT THE CONSUL'S—AMERICAN MISSIONARIES—SWEET REPOSE—GIRGEL AND FRIENDS—ABYDOS—A POOR HORSE—ARAB BOYS AND DONKEYS—THE JOURNEY—THE RUINS—THEIR ANTIQUITY—DIGGING FOR THE TOMB OF A GOD—GRANT CLIMBS TO THE SITTING-ROOM OF KING MENES—DINNER IN THE RUINS.

GENERAL GRANT had now cut loose from Western civilization to enter on that of the Orient, with different scenes, different nationalities and different social and political systems. His voyage through the Mediterranean had awakened entirely newer feelings than those he had experienced in the capitals of Europe. Africa, with its ancient history, its modern barbarism and desert wastes, were on one side the shores of the grandest empire of the world, with its remarkable military history; and Greece, the home of heroes and the fine arts, and so long the centre of refinement and literature, on the other. This inland sea washed lands laden with grander associations and more beautiful memories than those of any other portion of the civilized world, and finally laved the shores of the Holy Land.

As he approached the low-lying coast of Egypt, without a single hill or elevation on which the eye could rest, he felt that he was entering on an entirely new world. As the vessel neared the narrow, intricate channel leading to the port of Alexandria, a crowd in boats gathered

around the vessel, yelling and shouting in their strange dialect.

It was with strange feelings that he first set foot on shore at Alexandria, and remembered that he was in the land of the Pharaohs, out of which the mighty host of the Israelites moved with Moses at their head, guided by a pillar of fire and cloud; the land of the pyramids—monuments of the oldest civilization of the world. Everything was now changed—climate, the aspect of nature, the people, the very animals were all different, and the mind, with one bound, leaped from the palaces and splendor of European courts to vast, untrodden deserts and grand, mysterious views. Instead of elegant carriages, camels in caravans were slowly moving through the streets, bound for the desert plains. Cleopatra's Needle and Pompey's Pillar pointed not only heavenward, but far back into

BAS-RELIEF OF CLEOPATRA.

the ages. Grant, however, had but little time for reflection. His arrival was expected, and the American consul, and vice-consul, and governor, together with all the missionaries, came on board before he landed, and as each was saluted according to his official rank, the roar of guns for a long time prevented all conversation. The governor, in the name of the khedive, offered him a palace in Cairo and a special steamer to take him up the Nile, and departed.

That very afternoon Grant returned the official visit, and landed amid the thunder of guns, while the crew of the "Vandalia" manned the yards, and rent the air with hurras, which were answered back by all the Egyptian vessels in port. A guard of honor received him and conducted him to the pasha's palace. Led into a spacious apartment they were seated according to their rank on divans, while the pasha offered them, with great dignity, cigarettes. Grant, who was ever ready to smoke, would have preferred a substantial cigar, but was not unwilling to take these as a substitute. In the intervals of puffing out the smoke, a conversation of mutual compliments was carried on—the pasha complimenting Grant, and the latter, the land of Egypt. A short time being spent in this way, a servant entered, bearing little porcelain cups about the size of an egg, in beautiful filigree cases, and containing a hot drink spiced with cinnamon. This being drunk, conversation was resumed—the pasha speaking with Oriental dignity and slowness, and Grant replying with his usual taciturnity; it was not very brilliant or animated, and probably about as little was said in the following five minutes, as ever passed between two men who wished to be particularly polite and entertaining.

The ceremony being over, Grant and his party arose and filed slowly and solemnly down the stairs, saluted by

the servants, and the visit was over, much to the relief of the distinguished guest, to whom the whole thing had been a serious farce. At evening, Grant and his wife dined with the vice-consul, and there met the African traveler Stanley, fresh from his wondrous journey across the "Dark Continent." Grant had sent to have him come on board the "Vandalia," but the latter did not receive the letter. The two had a long and interesting conversation, and Grant listened with the deepest interest to the account of his wonderful discoveries. To a toast that was given him he replied in a neat speech, in which he said it was the proudest moment of his life to find himself seated beside the distinguished guest of the evening. The next morning he continued his journey to England to report in person the result of his great expedition. Dinner over, the General returned on board the vessel and passed the night. The next day, Sunday, he proposed to take a quiet stroll through the town, like any other private traveler and, unobserved, study the character and manners of the people as well as get an idea of the place. Free from continental formalities he wandered hither and thither as his fancy led him, till he was lost in a labyrinth of streets. This was his constant custom in traveling, and is the best way to get a thorough knowledge of any city. He wandered as far as Cleopatra's Needle, and after viewing the graceful shaft, returned to luncheon. The next day was a quiet one on board ship. Being requested to sit for his photograph, he seated himself on deck—surrounded by his family, with the officers of the ship on either side, and was thus taken, the picture to be kept by the latter as a memento of the occasion. The next day, he started for Cairo. It formerly took three days to reach it from Alexandria, but now, by rail, the distance can be made in four

hours. A special train was placed at his disposal, and accompanied by the principal officers of the "Vandalia," wound along the Nile and soon came in sight of the pyramids, rising solemn and grand in the distance, those massive, mysterious creations of the ancient Egyptian kings. Mrs. Grant seemed filled with the romance of the scenery and the objects they passed, while he studied the country closely and remarked in a very matter-of-fact way: "That some portions of it resembled very much our Western prairie." Imagination was almost entirely left out in his composition, and he looks at everything in a plain, practical manner.

As the train entered the station at Cairo at 3 o'clock, Grant found a carpet-way laid for him to walk upon, while a guard with a group of cavaliers stood ready to receive him. As Grant cast his eye over them he recognized under their Oriental costume and Egyptian uniform old army friends, and he exclaimed: "There is Loring whom I have not seen for thirty years—there is Stone who must have been dyeing his hair to make it so white." He knew that they were high officers in the khedive's army, and was expecting to meet them, though it was hardly probable he would, after such a lapse of time and in such a strange uniform, recognize them.

Stone, who received such harsh criticism for the affair at Ball's Bluff, stood high in the khedive's estimation and in his army, and he now entered the car as his representative, to welcome Grant to Egypt. The meeting was a strange one in that far-off land, but Grant was glad to speak to this foreign representative in his own tongue and talk something besides what court etiquette demanded. Loring was a rebel officer, and had fought Grant in the recent civil war, but the latter, glad to see a familiar face, forgot all that and shook him warmly by

the hand. They had been West Point boys together and this meeting, almost under the shadow of the pyramids, could not be otherwise than a pleasant and cordial one.

The consul-general gave a dinner, at which the usual toasts and speeches were made. A formal call was now made on the khedive, which he returned the next day. The General received him, accompanied by his secretary of foreign affairs, and welcomed him in the grand saloon, where Mr. Grant also received His Highness. The officers of the "Vandalia" were present, and their striking uniforms, the picturesque costumes of the khedive and his attendants, and the splendid, stately decorations of the room in which they assembled, made the group imposing. In the course of this conversation General Grant spoke of General Stone, now chief of staff to the khedive. He said he had known General Stone from boyhood, and did not think he had his superior in our army; that he was a loyal and able man, and he was pleased to see him holding so important a command. The khedive said he was very much pleased with General Stone, that he found him a most useful and a most able man, especially fitted to organize troops, and had made him a member of his privy council. At the close of the interview General Grant escorted the khedive to his carriage. Official calls were then made upon the two sons of the khedive, who at once returned the calls, and so ended the official duties.

Though Cairo had its objects of interest, they were of little consequence compared to those which the banks of the Nile furnish. Still, it will well repay the traveler for a sojourn of many days. It is a gay and bright city, and the new quarters occupied by foreigners are handsomely built, and make it resemble a European city. The climate

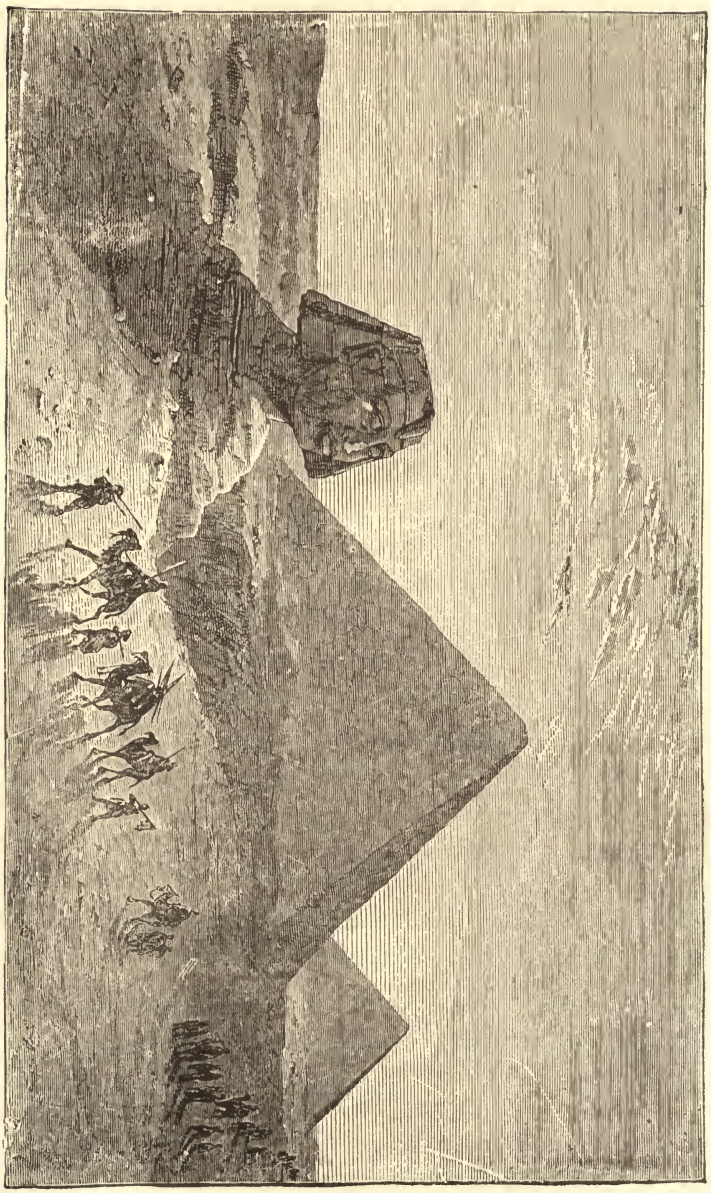
is delightful, while the great number of foreigners one meets at the "New Hotel" makes him feel as if he were at Saratoga or Newport. The streets are picturesque, and filled with fine horses, and carriages, and diminutive monkeys, and sober camels—all equally at home, as they bear their respective burdens to their destinations. You cannot stir a step without being hailed by a sharp little boy, asking if you don't want a donkey. If he happens to know that you are an American, he will say that he has a capital one, and that his name is "Yankee Doodle."

The traveler can hardly believe, as he walks the solid streets and sees the massive buildings that every stone

IRRIGATING MACHINE ON THE NILE.

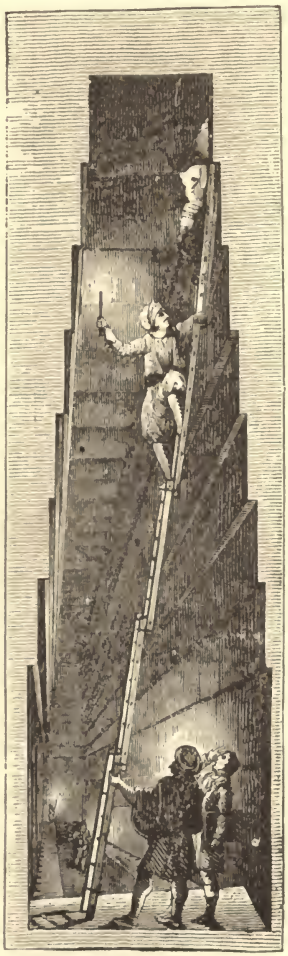
and brick of which the gay city is built was brought there on the backs of donkeys and camels.

But the greatest sight in the neighborhood of Cairo is the pyramids, only eight miles distant. Though the time



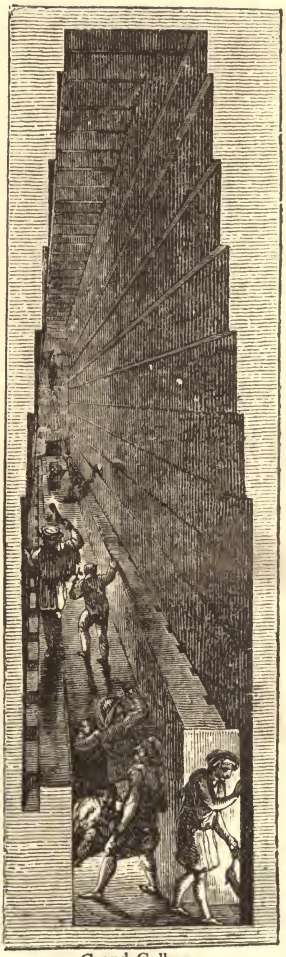
PYRAMID AND SPHINX.

of their erection is lost in the dim ages of antiquity, they are a marvel and a mystery to-day, and will be to the end of time. One is overawed as he looks at that of Cheops, which Herodotus says it took 120,000 men twenty years to build, and which is so massive that its base covers eleven acres, while its top rises nearly five hundred feet into the heavens. By whom and for what purpose these heavy structures were built, at such an enormous expense of time and labor, is only conjecture. One gets some idea of the enormous mass of stone in this great pyramid, when it is stated that there is enough stone in it to lay a wall a foot and a half broad and ten feet high around all England, a distance of 883 miles. They were built before Moses was born, nay, before Jacob came down into Egypt; and Joseph, doubtless, showed them to his brethren as one of the wonders of that land, over which he was ruler, second only to the king. The summit of Cheops is a platform about thirty feet square, from which is seen a splendid view of the surrounding country. Before you is the Nile, which can be traced for miles, winding its way through a carpet of verdure, on which are scattered numerous villages, with Cairo and its minarets in the distance. The entrance to this, the



Gallery leading to the chamber of the Queen.

largest of the three pyramids, is on the northern side, from which you make a sharp descent through a long gallery, until you reach a massive block of granite obstructing the passage. Up one side of this you are helped by the guides and then continue through another gallery, rising at about an angle of twenty-five degrees. The length of this passage is about one hundred and twenty-five feet, the end of which is much enlarged and divided into two galleries, on one side of which is a large opening called the well. This was formerly a gallery communicating with a lower corridor, but it is now practically closed. Of the two galleries just mentioned, the first leads to what is called the chamber of the Queen, and the second is the Grand gallery, which rises to the centre of the pyramid, until it reaches a vestibule leading to the chamber of the Sarcophagus. Here the royal remains were deposited in a sarcophagus of red granite, part of which still remains, the remainder having been chipped off piece by piece and carried away as relics, so that it is fast disappearing, and probably in time, not even a fragment will be left to mark where the royal remains were placed. But while this change is going on in the inside, the outside ever remains the same. Centu-



Grand Gallery.

ries have rolled over them, leaving no mark of their slow passage. Nations and dynasties, and generations of men have come and gone, the very face of the earth undergone a change, yet there these mountains of stone stand, and will stand, till time shall be no longer.

UP THE NILE.

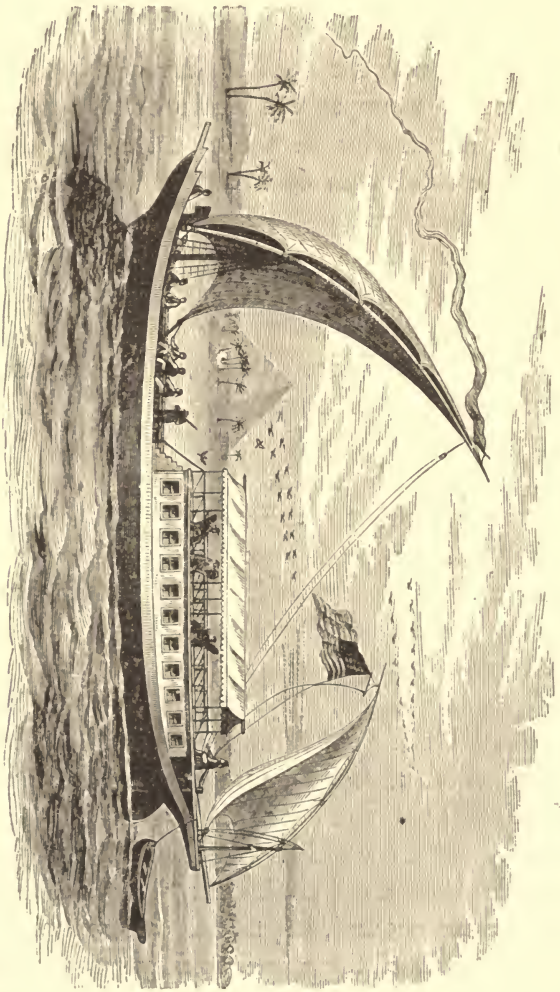
Grant, having determined to ascend the Nile as far as the first cataract, and visit the ancient ruins near its banks, the khedive placed a steamer at his disposal, and sent Mr. Brugseh, one of the Directors of the Egyptian Museum, and hence knew all that can be told about Egyptian antiquities, to accompany him. Three officers of the "Vandalia" also joined the party, together with the consul-general and his attendant, Hassan. As they embarked on the steamer and moving out into the stream, many friends came on board to see them off, bringing bouquets of flowers for Mrs.

THE ARAB CAPTAIN.

Grant. While preparations were being made to start, Grant sat in one corner of the cabin talking with Stone and Loring about old times in the army, and the officers who had become famous. At length, all being ready, adieus were made and the steamer shot away up the turbid Nile. It was the 16th of January, but a summer air was around them and a summer sky above them. The Arab captain sits in the middle of the boat and shouts to the steersman or two men who lean over the prow and strike their poles down to sound the depth, and shout back. A pilot is of no use, for the ever-shifting bed of the stream allows no permanent channel to be cut. It was a strange and dreary sail up this mysterious river, whose waters bathe ruins that are almost coeval with man. For two or three hours the boat glided along, while the passengers gazed on the low, green banks that swept rapidly by, when suddenly the wheels stopped. They first thought that some disaster had happened, but shipwreck on the Nile is not a very dangerous thing. They had only run aground. This got to be of such common occurrence, that it served hardly to break up the monotony of the voyage.

When evening came, or soon after sunset, the captain having selected the spot to tie up for the night, ran the boat ashore, when the crew landed and driving posts into the soft clay, tied up. As if by magic a group of Bedouins appeared on the bank, and having gathered together a heap of combustible matter, set fire to it and squatting on the ground, kept watch till morning, or pretended to. It was all the same, as they got the same pay. The days and nights that followed were a repetition of this first, except when Grant wished to visit a ruin they were passing, when the boat was run ashore. Each one breakfasted when he liked, except when some object of

interest was to be visited. Grant is early astir, and if any one wishes to accompany him he must be on time. He waits for no one, but with his Indian helmet on, wrapped



A NILE DAHABEAH.

in silk to protect him from the heat of the sun, he starts at the appointed hour. But when nothing is to be seen, all lounge lazily on deck, or lean over the sides of the

vessel and watch the polemen sounding the bottom, or young Grant firing at a wandering crane or pelican, when his father dryly suggests that he had better go ashore and fire at the poor camel toiling along the bank under his heavy load. Sometimes he sits for a long time wrapped in silence, the rest following his example, and then again, as his mind wanders back to the past, he begins to talk on some subject or event connected with the war or his administration, when all listen with eager attention. Sometimes Brugseh descants on the antiquities of Egypt till his listeners catch his enthusiasm. One day a dahabeeah, the regular Nile boat, hove in sight, and overhauling it they found on board a friend of Grant, Mr. Drexel. Other friends were met on their way back to the living world, all full of anxious inquiries as to what had happened since they left the land of railroads, and steamboats, and newspapers. They thus passed idly up the river, and the morning of the 19th, just three days after they started, came to the town of Siout, or Assiout, as some call it. We have a vice-consul there, and tokens of their coming had been sent, as could be seen by the flags which decorated the bank, and the crowd on the shore. Siout is the capital of Upper Egypt, and is a city of 25,000 inhabitants. The city is some distance back from the river, and grew into importance as the depot of much of the caravan trade from Darfour. Upon arriving, the vice-consul and his son came on board and were presented to the General. Congratulations were exchanged. The name of the consul here is Wasif el Hayat.

They rode into the town and through the bazaars. All the town seemed to know of their coming, for wherever they went, crowds swarmed around them, and they had to force their donkeys through masses of Arabs and Egyptians of all ages and conditions, some almost naked—

crowds crying for baksheesh or pressing articles of merchandise upon them. The bazaars are narrow covered ways, covered with matting or loose boards, enough to break the force of the sun. The stores are little cubby-holes of rooms, in front of which the trader sits and calls upon you to buy. The town had some fine houses and mosques, but in the main it was like all towns in Upper Egypt, a collection of mud hovels. They rode beyond the town to the tombs built in the sand, and climbed the limestone rock on donkeys. This was the first evidence of the manner of sepulture in the olden time. These desert rocks of limestone were tunneled and made into rooms, and here the mummied dead found rest. The chambers appointed for them were large and spacious, according to the means of the deceased. In some they entered there was a chamber, an antechamber, and sometimes connecting chambers. There were inscriptions on the walls but they had been defaced.

The American consul invited the party to his house. As they approached the building, lanterns lined the streets, with servants in the invervals, holding up blazing torches, while a transparency was over the door, with the words: "Welcome, General Grant." As they passed in the court-yard rockets and colored lights lit up the scene, while the way into the house was covered with gorgeous carpets and rugs. At the door the consul met the General in true Oriental style, kissing his hands as he clasped them, and then touching his own heart, lips and brow. They here met also the governor and Rev. L. R. Alexander, one of the professors in the missionary college, under charge of the United Presbyterian Church. A sumptuous dinner followed, of some twenty courses. At the close the son of the consul proposed the health of General Grant in a a toast, and in clear, good English, pronounced a glowing

eulogy on America, closing with one on Grant. The latter made a short reply, saying that nothing in his whole trip had so impressed him as this generous, unexpected welcome in Egypt. Coffee, conversation and cigars followed, and Mrs. Grant had a long and pleasant chat with the young wife of Mr. Alexander about home and home friends. As evening drew on, the company separated with mutual expressions of pleasure at the interview, and Grant and his party mounted and rode through the glooming to the boat on the Nile, accompanied by torch-bearers, over the desolate plain. A bright moon was sailing through the cloudless heavens, lighting up the surrounding landscape, and adding still more to the dreariness and strangeness of the scene.

This lazy life on the Nile was the first real rest of any length that Grant had enjoyed, for the ceaseless round of entertainments, speeches and hand-shakings had been almost as great a strain on him as his public life at home. But here it was a complete abandonment of all care and thought. The monotonous ripple of the water against the boat, the balmy air, the quiet, drowsy shores, all tended to lull the feelings into repose, while the strange and new objects around him, and stranger language, removed him far off from all the exciting topics that had so long occupied him. Their very memory seemed like a dream, and he abandoned himself without restraint to the quieting influence around him. The occasional monuments of the past, rising out of the desert, served only to deepen the dream, and remove still farther all those things that had burdened his mind.

There was one thing whose enjoyment never ceased, the beauty of the atmosphere and the sky. Before sunrise you hear the ropes released from the shore struggling back to the ship. You see the torches flashing up

and down the bank, noting the preparations for departure, and you have only to open your eyes to see the heavens in all their glory, the stars and constellations—to see them again, as it were, embossed on the dark, brown river. You hear the cries of the sailors at their posts and answering cries from the shore, and the boat pulls herself together like a strong man gathering for a race, and you are away.

HASSAN.

On the 21st, they hauled up to the bank at the town of Giegel, where they found Admiral Steedman and Mr. Davis, of Boston, whose dahabeeah was fast aground. A pleasant interview followed, and the evening was wearing away in mutual inquiries and reminiscences of home, when the admiral's dragoman entered and reported the river was rising, and they must take advantage of it to get afloat, and they hurried away.

The party was to start from here early next morning to visit Abydos, "the cradle, the fountain-head of all civilization," whose first king, Mendez, reigned 4,500 years before Christ, or hundreds of years before Abraham came to Egypt. It was quite a long ride to the ruins, and the orders had been given to be ready at eight o'clock. Grant was first on deck, followed soon after by his wife, while the rest straggled up not more than half

awake. But as the General waits for no one, he went ashore prompt on time, and the loiterers were compelled to hurry after him, some of them with their half-eaten breakfast in their hands, which they nibbled as they hurried up the bank. A crowd of Arabs and donkeys awaited them, the former making a perfect babel with their vociferous cries as each extolled the peculiar and excellent qualities of his own diminutive animal, often so small, that a good-sized man on the back of one could almost touch the ground with his feet. Hassan managed the selection, which at last was completed, and the party prepared to set out, while two camels, loaded with refreshments for a breakfast in the ruined temple, went ahead. The pasha had provided Grant with a horse, but so poor a one, and with such a shambling gait, that he was half inclined to be rude enough to decline the courtesy and take instead a lively little donkey.

Each person had two Arabs as an escort, one on each side of him, whose chief employment was to whisper, and talk, and soundly thrash by turns the donkey the travelers bestrode. Mrs. Grant would not stand this and ordered a halt, when she told the astonished Arabs they must stop beating the donkeys, accompanying the orders with the most terrible threat she could utter to the poor wretches, viz., that unless they did, they should have no *baksheesh*—not a farthing—at the end of the journey. This was effectual, but they compensated themselves by keeping up a running fire of conversation with the travelers, the burden of which was, as far as it was intelligible, "Good donkey," "Good morning," "Yankee Doodle," and uttering their own names. In the intervals they would try to drive a trade with fragments of mummy cloth or mummies, which they had stolen from the tombs. Their donkeys were named, for the time being, according to the

nationality of the rider, hence, "Yankee Doodle," was the popular name among these. Over the cracked and barren land that was baked and parched, because the Nile had failed to overflow its banks this year, over burning sands, dry irrigating ditches and along roads that looked as if they had not been mended since the time of Moses, they pushed their way. They were in the land of the sun, and soon his rays came down with scorching power. Each one had provided himself with a head covering or protection to suit his fancy, and padded straw hats, helmets covered with silk, etc., gave them a picturesque yet odd look as they straggled through the country. If a donkey fell into a hole, all the rider had to do was to walk off over his head and let him help himself up.

At last the ancient temple was reached, and they dismounted and entered. Brugseh was now in his element, and he discoursed eloquently of this ancient ruin. He said that although India and China pretended to go farther back than this temple, it was only in tradition, and therefore not reliable, but here were monuments that could not lie, and there could be no doubt that right here under their feet once flowed the fountain of civilization which has enriched the world. Engraved on stones are the names of seventy-six kings, reaching back from Lethi, who built this temple, 1400 years before Christ, to 3,000 years farther back in the ages. Here on a stone dug up only a little over ten years ago from the sand, is cut in clear, distinct characters, what makes a continuous history of Egypt, from this time till Moses, corroborating where there is any connection with it the sacred account. They wandered over the buried city which the khedive was excavating, and saw from the ruins, that it had been built on a grand, magnificent scale. But the most remarkable thing about these excavations is the

search after the tomb of the god Osiris, who, by Egyptian tradition from time immemorial, was buried here. The discovery of the burial-place of a god, would, under any circumstances, be an event of great importance, and to suppose it possible, raises a laugh in a modern, practical man. But when it is remembered that the Crusaders shed oceans of blood to rescue the tomb of the Saviour of mankind from the hands of the infidel, and that to-day to save the tomb of Mahomet from desecration, the plains of Asia would swarm with more than a million of men devoted to death, it should not seem so strange that the Egyptians desire with irrepressible longings to find where is the sepulchre of their god Osiris. But how they should give such a definite character to this god, who was once torn to pieces and went through so many changes and is so intimately connected with Isis, it is difficult to perceive, and we are inclined to doubt whether such a learned man as Brugseh did not give an undue prominence to this project of his patron the khedive. He may be mistaken, too, in making these inscriptions so much more veritable history than tradition. How does he know that the monarch who traced the dynasty to which he belonged to such remote antiquity did not put on imperishable stone tradition and only tradition? What he calls reliable record, viz., tradition on stone, may be no more reliable than oral tradition. One thing, however, is certain, that this city had passed its glory before Thebes had an existence, and that the sand that covers it, covers the dynasties that reach back almost to the flood—covers the earliest human civilization, and a portion of the most important part of human history.

"There had been some trouble in the neighborhood—riots, arising out of the bad Nile and taxes. So, a guard was given the party, consisting of one soldier, whom they

called Boss Tweed. He was a fat and ragged fellow, with a jolly face. It was quite a walk to the ruins, which was over hills and ridges of burning sand. The courier went to the village to see if the camels had come bearing the luncheon —a subject that was of more value to his practical mind than the tomb of a dethroned deity. It was an interesting walk, as it was the first real glimpse of the desert and of an ancient city. The General and the reporter found themselves together climbing the highest of the mounds. It was rather an effort to keep their footing on the slippery sand. Beneath was one excavation forty or fifty feet deep. You could see the remnants of an old house or old tomb; millions of fragments of broken pottery all around. You could see the strata that age after age had heaped upon the buried city. The desert had slowly been creeping over it, and in some of the strata were marks of the Nile. For years, for thousands of years, this mass, which the workmen had torn with their spades, had been gathering. The city was really a city of tombs. In the ancient days the devout Egyptian craved burial near the tomb of Osiris, and so for centuries their remains were brought to Abydos from all parts of Egypt. This fact gives special value to the excavations, as it gave a special solemnity to the view. As they stood on the elevation, talking about Egypt and the impressions made upon them by the journey, the scene was very striking. There was the ruined temple; here were the gaping excavations filled with bricks and pottery. Just beyond were rolling plains of shining sand—shining, burning sand—and as the shrinking eye followed the plain and searched the hills there was no sign of life, nothing except, perhaps, some careering hawk hurrying to the river. It was the apotheosis of death and ruin, a fit mantle for the sepulchred city below."

From the contemplation of these hoary ruins, and the grave and solemn thoughts they inspired, they come down to a very practical employment. The correspondent says: "We were now told that the camels had come and the luncheon was ready. We sat around our modest table and feasted—feasted in the temple sacred to the memory of Osiris, and built by the pious munificence of Sethi, the king who rests with God. After an hour's rest we went back again very much as we came, and proceeded on our way to the ruins of the ancient city of Thebes."

CHAPTER VI.

ANCIENT THEBES—THE WONDER OF THE WORLD—LUXOR—RECEPTION OF GRANT—A SOMBRE VIEW—A YANKEE MANUFACTURING RELICS FOR SALE—ENGLISH BARBARISM—THE TEMPLE—THE STATUE OF MEMNON—DONKEY BOYS AND WATER GIRLS—MRS. GRANT'S INTERFERENCE TO PROTECT THE LATTER—THE SINGING STATUE—THE TEMPLE OF MEDCEMET—GRANT A NIMBLE CLIMBER—THE KING'S PRIVATE ROOM—A LUNCH IN THE RUINED SANCTUARY—MRS. GRANT'S VAIN ATTEMPT TO PAY OFF THE WATER GIRLS—A STATE DINNER—JESSE GRANT TEACHES THE MINSTRELS—KARNAC—THE GREAT TEMPLE—A WILDERNESS OF RUINS—GRANT AND HIS PARTY PHOTOGRAPHED AMONG THEM—GRANT A FAST TRAVELER—KENCH—HOME-LIFE OF THE PEOPLE—A STUPID INTERVIEW WITH THE PASHA—VISIT TO THE GERMAN CONSUL—A BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTION OF DAILY LIFE—ANONAN—NUBIA—A COAL-BLACK GOVERNOR IN PARISIAN COSTUME—MRS. GRANT BARGAINS FOR SOME OSTRICH FEATHERS—A CURIOUS SCENE—A VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA—A NOBLE HORSE—PHILADELPHIA OZIRIS AND ISIS—EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY—THE RETURN—MEMPHIS—CAIRO.

THE next morning the steamer was untied from the bank, and kept on up the river toward the ancient city of Thebes, once the wonder of the world. If Homer can be relied on as an historian, it once covered both sides of the Nile, had a hundred gates and contained 300,000 inhabitants. Here was the Temple of Memnon and the colossal statue of the same name.

Dr. Pocock, in speaking of Thebes, says: "That venerable city, the date of whose destruction is older than the foundation of other cities, and the extent of whose ruins and the immensity of whose colossal fragments still offer so many astonishing objects, that one is riveted to the spot, unable to decide whither to direct his steps or fix his attention. And no wonder, for they extend along

the Nile for eight miles on both sides, reaching back to the mountains, both east and west, making a circuit twenty-seven miles wide. History has no record of this marvelous city, whose ruined architecture puts to shame the ghest triumphs of modern art. Its glories live in poetry and fiction, that have survived the work of human hands, and they would be regarded as merely the creation of the imagination, did not the ruins remain to show that the brightest flights of fancy fall far short of the reality.

VIEW OF THE RUINS.

The mighty city has crumbled to ashes, and where once gorgeous equipages, and a gay and busy population thronged the streets, are now only a few scattered villages, consisting of miserable huts, built in the courts of the old magnificent temples, presenting a sad commentary on the improvement of the present over-past ages. As the boat moved slowly toward the site of this ancient city, nothing but distant, low, brown mountains, and parched fields, and patches of desert sand, met the eye, and the question arose, "where is Thebes?" At length

two lonely columns rose beside a clump of trees, outlined in the clear air against the blue sky, they were the colossal statues of Memnon, reared long before Moses was born. But as they move on, mile after mile of magnificent portals, adorned with beautiful sculpture, forests of columns and long avenues of colossal statues greet the eyes, filling the beholder with wonder at the enormous wealth, power and grandeur of a people and a civilization

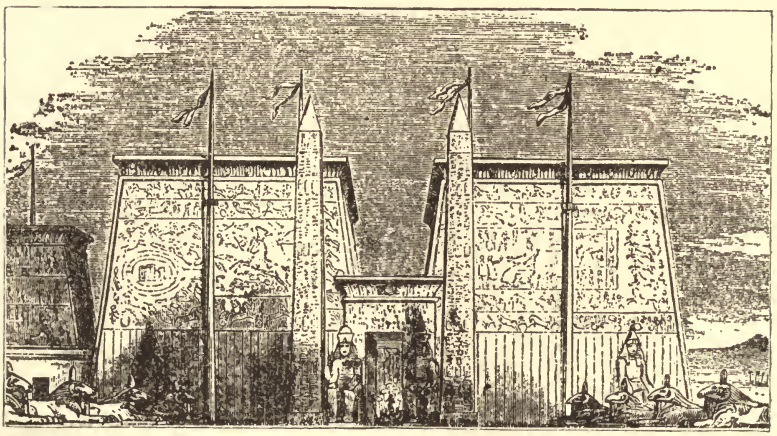
RUINED TEMPLE.

that lived before present history began. Passing Karnac, the largest temple found in Egypt, they went on about a quarter of a mile to the village of Luxor, groveling amid the grand and mighty ruins of the ancient Luxor. They discover that they are expected, for from a stone building are flying the American and Brazilian flags, raised by the respective consuls who live in this modern capital of Upper Egypt. There were five or six Nile

GATEWAY AT KARNAC.

boats in the river, which also had their little flags out, while to complete this imposing reception in this ancient

glory of the world, two soldiers on the roof fired a half a dozen shots from their muskets, as a salute. The plank was then run ashore, and the vice-consul and governor came aboard and welcomed General Grant to the city. A lunch at the consulate followed, and then all mounted to the roof to look over the site of the ancient city. The sun was stooping low over the western desert, and all that could be seen was a narrow valley between two brown hills, a few dirty villages, and here and there a colossal ruin, throwing its long and silent shadow over the buried city and the mouldering generations of unknown ages.



ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE.

Sauntering about the town, they were shown a house where an American lived for fifteen years, making not wooden nutmegs, nor wooden clocks, but mummy-lids, hieroglyphic inscriptions, idols and relics of all kinds to suit the purchaser, which now, doubtless, adorn many a private collection, and are looked upon with wonder by the curious, as genuine relics of the past.

The chief object of interest here is the temple, which is now desecrated by Arab cottages, and worse than all, by

the English consulate, put up here in one of the grandest ruins in the world, defacing and disgracing it. This is a fair sample of English barbarism throughout the East. Anything English is sacred, whether it be a work of modern art, ancient ruins, social customs or political rights, while all these in other nations are totally disregarded. If perchance some ancient relic is looked upon as valuable, it is appropriated, so that what of antiquity England wants she seizes, and what she does not want to transport home she considers so much useless rubbish.

This temple is not so large as the one at Carnac, but of superior architecture and in a better state of preservation. The entrance to it is most imposing, with its columns of rose-colored granite rising 100 feet into the air. Sculptures cover one of the wings, representing a great victory gained by the ancient Egyptians, consisting of 1,500 human figures, 500 on foot, and 1,000 in chariots.

In the morning, after Grant's arrival, it was determined to visit the statues of Memnon. The party consisted of fifteen, properly, but with the donkey-boys and water-girls, and a sheik and several soldiers, it was swelled when it left the farther bank of the river to quite a caravan. Grant, standing on Orchard Knoll, in Chattanooga, with three armies awaiting his bidding for the decisive hour, and then carrying Missionary Ridge amid shouts, and yells, and torrents of blood, and Grant heading a train of miniature donkeys, slowly wandering over the desert plain in search of a ruin, presented as wide a contrast as a western town and Thebes, the glory of Egypt.

At first all the romance and sentiment these great surroundings awakened were taken away by the screams of the donkey-boys and the importunities of the water-girls

running beside the animals. Hassan, at last, began to lay about among the latter with a whip, which aroused all the American woman in Mrs. Grant, and she summarily ordered Hassan before her and peremptorily forbade him beating the girls. He, in reply, assured her that he did not intend to hurt them—he wished solely to frighten them. But the way they laughed at and eluded him showed that he did not even do this. It was, however, all arranged on a strictly business basis, which Mrs. Grant had come to understand perfectly well. She told Hassan to inform the water-girls, and donkey-boys, and peddlers of relics, that if they did not keep behind and out of the way they would, at the close of the day, receive no baksheesh. This was the strongest kind of moral suasion and Hassan's whip after that was not called into requisition. Still, woman like, every now and then a dusky maiden, under the pretense of offering water, would steal up to the side of one of the travelers and press a bargain in such a way that there was no resisting her.

In this matter of fact, unromantic, unsentimental way they came to Memnon. It was a terrible leap, from these modern ragged Arabs to these statues, clad with the mouldering garments of centuries and believe in the history attached to them. But their solemn aspect, as they stood in their lonely silence and grandeur, were sufficient to drive away all skepticism and make them forget donkey-boys, water-maidens and covetous, fawning Arabs alike. It is true but little was left of these historic statues without a history. It is not worth while to trace the fabulous career of Memnon amid the mythology of the ancients. Of the two statues erected to his memory, one, it is said, uttered a joyful sound when the sun arose and threw his first beams upon it and sung a mournful

refrain when it set. How much truth is mixed with this tradition it is impossible to say, but it is not probable that

STATUES OF MEMNON.

such a strange story should have been a pure invention and, as such, traveled down through the centuries. It is

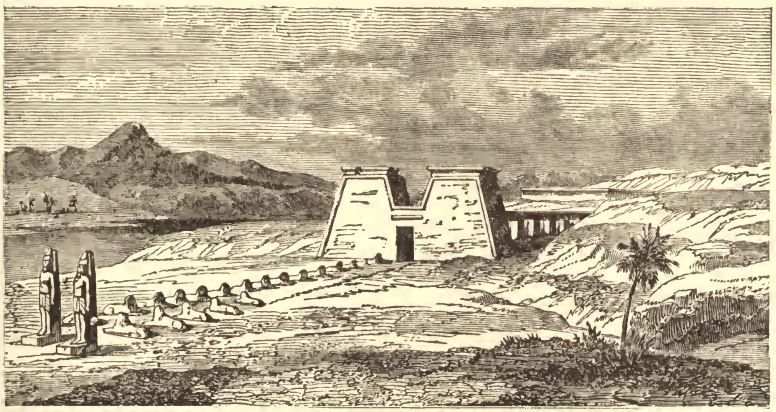
far more likely that by some curious mechanism or contrivance, for which the Egyptians from the remotest ages have been remarkable, so much so that even in the time of Moses they were able to imitate miracles and perform all sorts of magical wonders, they made the top of this great statue an Æolian harp, a musical instrument of some sort, that played when the sunbeams first struck it and last left it. It is far more easy to believe this than that the whole story is a pure fiction.

The statue is now a solitary monolith, only some fifty feet high—the base being partly buried in the earth. It is over eighteen feet across the shoulders, and sixteen feet and a half from the top of the shoulder to the elbow. Not all the convulsions that have shaken the earth, and overturned and buried cities, have been able to overthrow this wonderful statue. It is true the lips, if they ever spoke, are now mute, and the strange strains that from its top came and went with the god of day are heard no more. Yet its silence is more moving than song, and a voice from the dim mysterious past comes down to us far more eloquent than words, and says things of deeper import than it then did as a god to the superstitious people. After riding round and round it to take in its vast dimensions, and resting for half an hour under its shade, that was like resting under the shadow of the centuries, the party struck across the country, to visit the temple of Medinet Haboo. Their road lay through ruins, each one a history in itself, and reached at length this temple which, containing the rooms in which the great Rameses lived, brought the remote past nearer, for they revealed somewhat the home-life of the ancient kings. Still, climbing up the ruined stairways of stone, and wandering through vast and desolate chambers that had not been occupied for more than two thousand years,

gave a poor idea of how kings lived in the time of Moses. It looked as if none but a sailor could climb to the king's private chamber, but Grant mounted the steep and rugged ascent, with the nimbleness of youth, and was rewarded by seeing the picture of the king himself, sitting in his own room, as he sat thousands of years ago, and playing a game of draughts, with a lady who is holding a lotus flower to his nose. This quiet domestic scene caused the imagination to leap at a single bound over the intervening ages and look with a familiar eye on the home-life of the Pharaohs.

At length, weary with their long climbing, they went down to the ancient sanctuary, and there, where men and women had worshiped thousands of years ago, eat their luncheon as unconcernedly as though in a western forest. As they left the ruins they came upon the donkey-boys and girls bearing water to drink, and ragged relic-sellers, importunate as ever, who, forming in the same procession that they did in the morning, followed them back to the river. Here Mrs. Grant, in the kindness of her heart, called all the water-maidens around her to distribute baksheesh among them. She little dreamed what an uproar she was going to raise. All attempts to preserve order and distribute her small coin equitably was out of the question. They rushed upon her and screamed, and almost rolled over each other as they reached out toward her purse. The confusion did not lessen as each received her portion, but grew louder, for the more they got the more they clamored, until at last she had to give it up, and turn her purse over to Hassan. In a few minutes order was restored, and the distribution went on quietly—thanks to the eloquence and argumentative force of Hassan's stout stick, the blows of which fell around him thick and fast.

Returning to Luxor, Grant at first determined not to go to the state dinner, to which he had been invited, and sent his regrets, for he was tired and dusty, and needed rest. But the Arab vice-consul felt so bad about it, and especially so as it was well known that he had not refused the invitations of other vice-consuls of Egypt, that he changed his mind and went. Some of his retinue being in full uniform, however, received all the attention on the way meant for him, for it never occurred to these simple creatures that the short, plain man, in plain clothes, could be the "King of America."



AVENUE OF SPHINXES.

It was a sumptuous dinner, course following course, only to be taken away untasted. Music in the meanwhile floated through the hall, from Arab minstrels, who showed considerable skill. The leader, a blind man, had an instrument resembling a violin, made of the cocoanut shell, which he placed on the ground, and played with a bow. But whether he played love songs or recited narratives, there was always the same sad refrain which winds up all the music of the children of the desert —a sort of echo of their sad life. Jesse Grant endea-

vored to teach them some modern airs, and among them the "Marseillaise," but the stirring, rousing strains of this martial air found no echo in their bosoms, and hence no expression in their instruments.

The next morning they visited Karnac, only about a mile and a half distant, on the same side of the river with Luxor. These, the greatest and most magnificent ruins of Egypt cannot be properly seen in one day, but must be visited again and again before the imagination can begin to conceive or the mind embrace their vastness and beauty.

The chief temple, standing about a half a mile from the river, is 370 feet broad and 50 feet deep, with a tower 140 feet high. An avenue 200 feet long, lined with statues and sphinxes, led up to the main entrance, which conducts you to a court 275 feet by 329. Of the approach to this great temple, the Howadji says: "The great temple fronted the westward. The eye follows the line of the great central building, the nucleus of all the rest, backward to the desert. It is lost in the masses of sand-buried foundations and prostrate walls which surround it. Separate pylons fronting the four winds stand shattered and submerged. Sharply two obelisks pierce the blue air. The northern gateway stands lofty and alone, its neighboring walls leveled and buried. The eastern gate, toward the desert, was never completed. It is only half-covered with sculptures. The blank death of the desert lies gray beyond it. Karnac has grim delight in that neighboring grimness. From each gate, but the desert one, stretched an avenue of sphinxes, southward to Luxor, northward to a raised platform on the hills, westward to the river. Through the great western gateway across the court, with one solitary column erect over its fallen peers, which lie their

length, shattered from their bases in regular rows, as if they had been piles of millstones carefully upset, we enter the great hall of Karnac; shall I say the grandest ruin in the world. A hundred and thirty-four columns, thirty feet in circumference, rise in silent majesty around you, speaking of a wondrous past, on which the light of history will never shine."

But mere statistics and figures give no conception of these vast ruins; they cannot be described, they must be seen to be felt—it is a wilderness of architecture and art which the ages have heaped together.

After wandering hour after hour amid the gorgeous desolation, where ruined colonnades, half-buried statues, sculptured walls and prostrate columns, meet the eye at every step till it becomes wearied and the heart overwhelmed, they sat down in the shade of a column to rest. A carpet was spread over a sculptured fragment for Mrs. Grant and, while luncheon was being prepared, they all had their photographs taken sitting in one group. Grant was taken with his pith helmet on swathed in silk, giving but a partial view of his face; Mrs. Grant near him turning from the sun; Jesse holding an Arab child, and the others, each in his own costume and in such attitude as he chose.

Grant made no stay amid these ancient ruins. A fast traveler, he paused nowhere only long enough to get a general impression of the objects he visited. He traveled neither as an antiquarian, poet or historian, but to see the most that could be seen in a given time. In Europe, he studied carefully the workings of the different political systems as compared with our own, but soon as he cut loose from western civilization the different governments required no study to understand them. Semi-barbarism is the same the world over.

So he made but this one flying visit to Karnac and then went steaming up the Nile again. Stopping where the fancy took him, he kept on toward the first cataract, where the journey was to terminate One of the places they stopped to see was the town of Keneh, about a mile from the shore. Having tied up to the bank, they took donkeys, which were already there—the owners having seen the smoke of the steamer in the distance—and rode over the barren plain. It was a year of "bad Nile," its annual overflow not having occurred, so that otherwise fruitful fields were parched and desolate—a sad picture that foreshadowed a picture still more sad, of people suffering from famine. The sand blew across the road as the travelers pushed on toward the place unannounced. Not having been expected, they wandered around at will and saw more of the real life of Egypt than ever before. They saw women grinding corn just as they are described grinding it in the Bible; potters at work making pottery as they did in the time of Jeremiah—indeed, all seemed primeval and unchanged since the days of the patriarchs.

A few coin would give them free entrance into the private houses, and they saw in the only way it can be seen, the real home-life of the people; after all, of vastly more consequence than the magnificent ruins in the sombre shadow of which they live. The following account of one house they visited, of which all the others are but duplicates, will give a better idea of life in Upper Egypt than anything else.

"The house was a collection of rooms; the walls made of dried mud and bricks. It was one story high, thatched with straw. The floor was the ground. The walls were clay. In one room was the donkey, in another the cow—a queer kind of buffalo cow, that looked up at us as we went in. In another room slept the members of the

EGYPTIANS OF THE BETTER CLASS.

family. There was neither bed, nor chair, nor table. They slept on the ground or on palm leaves, like the

donkey. They sat on the ground for meals, and ate out of the same dish. The woman was sitting over a fire, on which she was roasting some kind of grain. The children were sprawling about her. The woman was a Copt, and not doomed to Moslem seclusion. The father stood at the door, grinning and waiting for baksheesh. The welcome was as cordial as possible, but I suppose there were not a thousand slaves in the South, who were not better housed than these free Egyptian citizens. Their life was virtually that of a savage, but they all seemed happy and cheerful enough. In this land, Nature is the friend of the poor. You can sleep on the ground every night of the year secure from rain. You can array yourself in the scantiest of raiment, free from cold. You can live on dates and sugar cane, and, as far as the mere ailments that come from want and misery with us are concerned, they are not known in Egypt. The people are well made, well formed, with unusual powers of endurance, and naturally light. I would like to see any of our laboring men at home, run up and down the Pyramid of Cheops in eight minutes, as I saw an Arab do for a franc. And we have no damsels among our own dear, tender, lovely maidens at home, who could run at your donkey's side for miles and miles, balancing a pitcher of water on their heads, and showing no signs of fatigue."

But this free, unfettered and satisfactory way of seeing the common life of the people, was brought to an end by a messenger from the pasha (for this little town had also its pasha), who had heard of Grant's arrival, and sent to invite him to come to the palace. The General was vexed at this interruption of one of those strolls which were his delight, but in his good nature he could not refuse the invitation, and so took his way to the palace. The pasha, like all Orientals, was entirely unaccustomed

to the American direct, rapid way of doing business, and found his guest at his door before he was prepared to receive him. The result was, that Grant had to wait some time for his host to appear. It was annoying to be compelled to sit on a divan waiting the appearance of this petty mayor of a barbaric town, but he bore it patiently, and at last the pasha appeared in full uniform as a general, a stout, gray-mustached, good-looking man.

The usual compliments were exchanged through an interpreter, when, in the same formal way, the pasha told Grant what he already knew, that the weather was rather indifferent. The latter, to vary this conversation, which was doubly stupid from having to be interpreted, while the two looked unmeaningly at each other, expressed his regret that the people were suffering from the "bad Nile," and hoped for a change. When this was translated with becoming formality and gravity, the pasha threw up his eyes sanctimoniously, and replied with true Mohammedan philosophy, "If God wills it, and may He will it." Grant having had enough of this useless ceremony, proposed to continue his walk, when the pasha offered to accompany him, and they sallied forth together. On their way they called on the German consul, because they could not help it, as he waylaid them and insisted on their being his guests. He lived in quite magnificent style for this part of the world, and gave them coffee in porcelain cups in cases of silver and gold, and pipes with amber stems, flashing with diamonds. These two visits of ceremony used up the time, and the party rode back through a storm of sand to the boat—the General on one of the pasha's donkeys.

Resuming their dreamy journey, they pushed on up the historic river—now past old ruins and now date and palm-trees on the shore—the same bright sky overhead

and clear atmosphere around them, bringing distant objects near, while morning and evening seemed to rival each other in beauty. The description of one day will give a vivid description of all the charming days that made up this delightful journey.

PALM TREE.

"The clouds had been following us all the afternoon, throwing their fleecy canopy over the plains of Thebes. Not ominous, black clouds, big with rain and thunder and bringing awe, but light, trailing clouds, hanging over the heavens like gossamer. There was the desert, coming almost down to the river—grudging the Nile even the strip of green which marked the line of the telegraph. There was the desert—vast, wide, barren—with no vestige of life beyond a belated peasant driving his camel, or a flock of birds hurrying as we came. So the clouds were a comfort, and we watched them at their play, grateful for anything that took our thoughts from the scene of

endless and irretrievable desolation. Then as the sun went down there came the struggle between coming night and the stern, burning majesty of the eternal monarch of nature. The pearls and grays became crimson and saffron. The sun shot forth his power in a sunburst of light. There were ridges of crimson and gold, luminous and flashing that it might almost seem to burn and hiss like flames in the forge. Then came the tranquil blue—blue of every shade—every conceivable tint of blue—from that which Murillo threw into the eyes of the wonder-stricken Madonna in the supreme moment of her joy, to the deep violet blue, which tells of the passion, the patriotism and the revenge of Judith. The struggle still went on, but the victory was not with the sun, and it only remained for him to die as became a great king. The palm grew dim in the shadows. The flaming tints of crimson, and scarlet, and gold became brown and dark. The desert flushed with purple—with the purple of wine—and it seemed as if old Egypt's kings spoke from the desert that was once their throne, proclaiming their sovereignty. All that was left was the green that had become black, and the desert that had become black, and the glorious sky above, with the glory of conquering night; and about us this land of eternal summer, beautiful even in death—beautiful with the beauty of death."

Asswan, the frontier station of old Egypt, and the boundary of Nubia, and the goal of their journey, was at last reached. It is a pretty town of about four thousand inhabitants. Its governor, though coal-black, was dressed in the latest Parisian fashion, furnishing a striking contrast to th Arabian officers heretofore met with. He, however, seemed uneasy in his dress, as though unfamiliar with it. He received the General with great

courtesy, and the usual salutations followed. This place was formerly a quarry and furnished stones for many of the obelisks, temples and tombs now in ruins. It is 580 miles from Cairo and 730 from the Mediterranean, and is the neatest-looking town they saw in the whole distance.

Asswan, the Greek Syene, being at the head of navigation proper of the Nile, is a great depot for the commerce of the tropics; and donkeys, driven by naked boys, laden with tropical fruits, and camels with their heavy burdens, throng the place. The bazaars furnish a great variety of objects of interest to the European, but Mrs. Grant was drawn thither by the ostrich feathers which, obtained from the wild bird, are much finer than those plucked from the tame birds in South Africa. She had seen the filth, and raggedness, and want of the Egyptians—had learned from bitter experience how pertinacious young Arabs were for baksheesh, and she was now to see how an Oriental can drive a bargain. Selecting a bunch she told Hassan to ask the price. Twenty-four dollars (our money). "Twenty-four dollars!" repeats Hassan in a rage and tossing back the feathers contemptuously to the seller. "But," said Mrs. Grant, picking up the feathers and remembering what a price they would bring in New York, "I don't think this such an exorbitant price, for they are very fine feathers—besides the man looks poor and probably sells but few feathers and has a family to support," and so on. But Hassan has a character to support, also, and that would be ruined if he allowed one of these Arab Jews to cheat him, and tells her that they always ask two prices, though never expecting to get only the lowest and often not that. Hassan at once strikes an attitude and harangues the crowd, appealing to them if this is not an attempt to rob; and grows wrathy and eloquent together. The man

replies in the same strain, and a war of words ensues. Finally, in a pause, this son of the desert puts on a gracious air and, in a tone of great respect, asks, "What would the gracious lady give?" "Four Napoleons," is the answer. The merchant looks up, his face expressing mingled grief and astonishment. He snatches away the feathers, strikes an attitude, and then pours forth a torrent of eloquence over their beauty. He holds them up to the light and exclaims, "See how they shine, behold their tints—white, gray and black!" He waves them up and down like a plume and bursts forth, "Such feathers were never seen in Asswan; if they came from the far desert, they would be cheap at a hundred Napoleons." Pausing to take breath he looks around in triumph on his audience and with a mute appeal to them if it is not so.

Mrs. Grant is convinced that the man is really in earnest, and suggests that they had better look elsewhere. "No, no," said Hassan; "wait a little, and he will take the four Napoleons." It is his turn, and the feathers are denounced in good, strong Arabic, as a fraud, hardly fit to give away, and much better can be got for less than four Napoleons. And so the war of words goes on, until Hassan at last tells Mrs. Grant that she can have the feathers for four Napoleons. The money is paid over, and the party take their leave, satisfied with their experience in driving a bargain with an Egytian merchant.

Philæ, lying just above the first cataract, is a small island on the Nile, about four hundred yards long, and some five miles from Asswan or Syene. While preparing to start, the governor came, bringing a letter of welcome from Gordon, who was placed over the vast territory conquered by Baker, and held for the khedive, in order to put a stop to the slave trade from the interior

and promote commerce in the tropics. Grant was in high spirits; for, instead of having a miserable donkey to bestride, the governor had provided him with a beautiful Arabian steed, beautiful even here, where the horse reaches such perfection. He scans his points with the air of a connoisseur, hardly looking at the gorgeous trapping that bedeck the high-spirited animal. As he vaulted to the saddle and felt the lithe motion beneath him his

HEAD OF FIRST CATARACT.

eyes sparkled, and for the time he forgot Philæ in the noble steed he bestrode.

Sami Bey, one of his retinue, became very anxious about the safety of the General, as the animal began to prance beneath him, and expressed his fears. But Grant, who feels once more at home, smiles good-naturedly, and says: "If I can mount a horse, I can ride him, and all the attendants can do, is to keep away."

As the procession passed on they soon crossed the line into Nubia, when a sudden change appeared in the inhabitants. The veil which the Egyptian women wear was thrown aside, and instead of the brown skin and straight hair of the Arab, there appeared the pure African, with woolly hair. The women sat and spun in the shade, while

the children, stark naked, played around. Says the eloquent Howadji:* "Girdled with the shining Nile, Philæ is an austere beauty. Isis, like it, sits solemn-browed, column crushing column, pylons yet erect and whole sides of temple courts yet standing with perfect pillars, huge, dreary, wherein grandeur is yet grand. It is strange to see human traces so lovely in a spot so lonely. Seen from the shore, a band of goldenest green surrounds the island. The steep bank is lithe with lupin and flowering weeds, palms are tangled, as they spring, with vines and creepers, dragon-flies float sparkling all over it, and being the sole verdure in that desolation, the shores of Philæ are gracious as the blue sky after storms. Its surface is a mass of ruin. But the great temple of Isis yet stands, although it is shattered, and a small Hypethral temple overhangs the river. It is not inarticulate ruin, but while whole walls and architraves remain, several buildings are shattered and their fallen walls are blended. Philæ was the holy land of Egypt. Thither sailed processions of higher purposes in barques more gorgeous than now sail the river, and deep down, gazing in the moonlit Nile, the poet shall see the vanished splendor of a vanished race, centering solemnly here like priestly

EGYPTIAN LADY

* Mr. Curtis.

pomp around an altar. Hither, bearing gifts, came kneeling Magi, before they repaired to the Bethlehem manger. And kings not forgotten of fame unkinged themselves before a kinglier. For the island was dedicated to Osiris, the great god of the Egyptians, who were not idolators as far as appears, but regarded Osiris as the incarnation of the goodness of the unalterable God of gods.

"Isis was the daughter of Time, and the wife and sister of Osiris. Hermes was their child, and they are the Trinity of Philæ. Osiris and Isis finally judged the dead, and were the best beloved god of the ancients, and the best known of the moderns. Very beautiful is Isis in all Egyptian sculptures. Tenderly tranquil her large, generous features, gracious her full-lipped mouth, divine the dignity of her mien. In the groups of fierce fighters, and priests, and beasts, and bird-headed gods that people the walls, her aspect is always serene and solacing, the type of the feminine principle in the beast and bird chaos of the world.

"The ruins are stately and imposing, and one range of thirty columns yet remain. The capitals, as usual, are of different flowers. The lotus œacia, and others, are wreathed round and among them. You will be grave at Philæ, but with a gravity graver than that of sentiment, for it is the deadness of the death of the land that you will feel. The ruins will be to you the remains of the golden age of Egypt, for hither came Thales, Solon, Pythagoras, Therodotus and Plato, and from the teachers of Moses learned the most mystic secrets of human thought. Ptolemy and Cleopatra walked these terraces and sought shelter from this same sun, in the shade of these same columns; dreamed over the calm river, at sunset; by moonlight drained their diamond-ringed goblet of life and love, then, embalmed in sweet spices, were laid dreamless in beautiful tombs."

This is a view of Philæ, as seen by a poet and dreamer, and yet, perhaps the truest view. We give another, by the writer of Grant's travels, who accompanied him, which exhibits in a striking manner the different views taken by a poet and a matter-of-fact correspondent of the press. One describes things as the imagination paints or recalls them; the other, as the practical man, or, in other words, as the modern newspaper editor looks upon them. Wide apart as they are, yet both are true, and both have a lesson equally valuable. The newspaper correspondent says:

"Philæ is not specially interesting as a temple, after you have seen Thebes and Abydos. I can think of nothing useful to say about it except that as a ruin it is picturesque. Nature comes as an aid. The temples we have been visiting have been mainly in the sand, on the desert. But here we are in volcanic regions. Around us are piles of granite rock. The island is green, and the date palms salute us as we pass. There are flowers, and, instead of bulging and sliding through sand, we step trippingly over stones and turf. In the sanctuary we note three young Germans eating lunch. We pass to the other bank to see the cataract. This is one of the features of the Nile. The river here spreads into various channels and runs over rocks. One channel is used for vessels ascending the stream, the other for vessels descending the stream. The one before us is not more than a quarter of a mile long. The river is narrow, the banks are steep, and the stream rolls and dashes like a sea, the waves lashing the banks and roaring. I should call the cataract simply a narrow, heavy sea. The danger in navigating is from the rocks and being dashed against the banks. It is a relief, fresh from 500 miles of easy, placid sailing, the river as smooth as a pond, to see it in this angry mood. While we are here, we note men

swimming toward us, each man on a log, with a garment tied to the head. They are natives, who propose to run the rapids for our amusement. They swim, or rather, hold on to a log, and propel themselves into the current. It is hazardous enough, for the current sweeps like a torrent, and the least want of nerve would dash the swimmer against the rocks. But they go through bravely enough and come out into the smooth water below. Each swimmer, carrying his log on his shoulder and drawing his single garment around his shivering loins, comes for baksheesh. Hassan makes the payments, but the crowd becomes so clamorous and aggressive, and would probably carry off Hassan, bag and all, but for the governor, who restores order with his stick. We return to our donkeys, having had an interesting but rather wearying day. And in the morning, before we are up, our boat has turned its prow, and we are going home."

On their way back, they stopped at Siout, where two missionaries came on board and told them the news. They learned that since they had been cut off from the world, Russia had taken Adrianople; Derby had resigned, and England was to go into the European conference, ready for war. "I begin to think," said Grant, when he heard it, "that England may go in." As he expected to visit Turkey soon, some one remarked, that he might offer the sultan his services. "No," he replied, "I have done all the fighting I care to do, and the only country I shall fight for, is the United States." At last they came in sight of the minarets of Cairo, when they stopped to visit Memphis, the last royal residence of genuine Egypt, the abode of the Pharaohs, where Abraham took Sarah, and the king fell in love with her. But the magnificent city has long since crumbled to dust, and even its ruins have almost entirely disappeared. But

lately, under the direction of the khedive, excavations have been made, and the tombs of the sacred bulls have been discovered.

"It was believed in the Egyptian mythology, that the god Osiris came to earth, and allowed himself to be put to death, in order that the souls of the people might be saved. After his death there was a resurrection, and the immortal part of him passed into a bull—called Apis. The bull could only be known by certain signs written in the sacred books, and kept by tradition. These signs were known to the priests. When they found the calf bearing these marks, he was fed for four months on milk, in a house facing the rising sun. He was then brought to Memphis and lodged in a palace, and worshiped with divine honors. The people came to him as an oracle. When he passed through the town, he was escorted with pomp, children singing hymns in his honor. The greatest care was taken of his life. At the end of twenty-five years, unless natural causes intervened, the reign of Apis came to an end. Another calf was found, bearing the sacred signs. The bull was marched to the fountain of the priests and drowned with ceremony. He was embalmed and buried in the tombs, which we visited at Memphis. The ride to Memphis was a pleasant one, a part of it being through the desert. We passed close to the pyramid of Memphis, which is only an irregular, zigzag mass of stones. Brugsch tells us it is very old, but with no especial historical value. The ruins of Memphis are two or three tombs, and the serapeum or mausoleum of the sacred bulls. One of the tombs was opened, and we went through it, noting as we had so often before the minuteness and care of the decoration. There were other tombs, but to prevent the modern travelers from breaking them to pieces, they were covered with sand.

What a comment upon our civilization, that Egypt can only preserve her tombs and monuments from Christian vandals by burying them!

"We entered a long arched passage, with parallel passages. Candles had been placed at various points. On each side of this passage, were the tombs. Each tomb was in its alcove. The bull was placed in a huge granite sarcophagus, the surface finely polished, and covered with inscriptions. These coffins were stupendous, and it is a marvel how such a mass of granite could have been moved through this narrow channel, and into these arches. We lit a magnesium wire, and examined one or two very carefully. The tombs had all been violated by the early conquerors, Persians and Arabs, to find gold and silver. In most cases, the cover had been shoved aside enough to allow a man to enter. In others, the sides had been broken in. The inside was so large, that four of our party climbed up a ladder and descended. There was room for three or four more. There were tombs enough to show that the bull had been worshiped for centuries."

As they steamed down to Cairo, Grant regretted that his visit had been so hurried, but it was too late to make any change in his plans. Here the khedive met him again, and took him a drive around the city, in which a pleasant conversation was carried on about the voyage up the Nile, and various topics connected with the future of Egypt. Grant little dreamed then, that before he had finished his tour around the world, his distinguished host would be compelled to abdicate his throne, and be shorn of his power.

Grant, having handsomely rewarded the captain of the steamer, and given presents to all the crew and attendants, bade good-bye forever to the boat in which he

had spent so many pleasant days, and prepared to join the "Vandalia" at Alexandria, and turn his face toward Jerusalem.

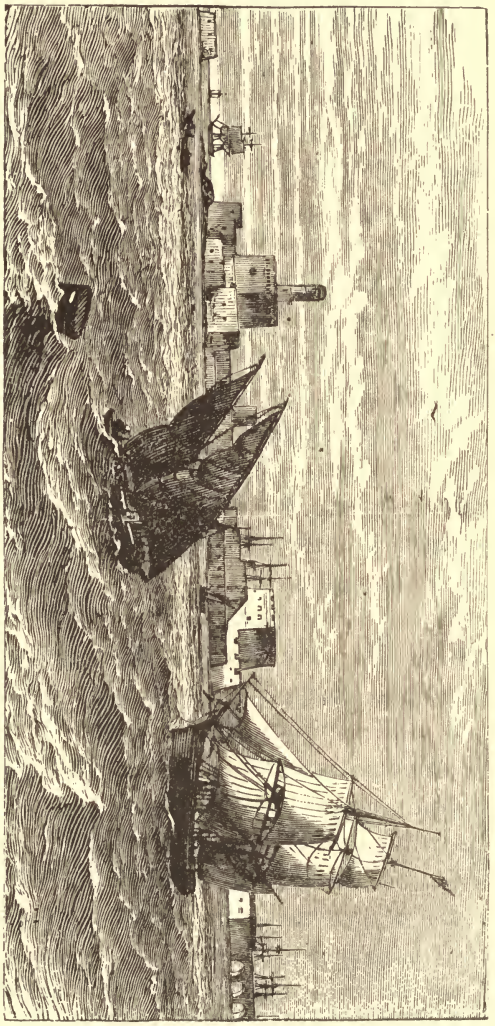
CHAPTER VII.

GRANT STARTS FOR JERUSALEM—JAFFA—THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER—PLAIN OF SHARON—AN UNCOMFORTABLE NIGHT—GRANT IN THE RAIN—KIRJATH JEARIM—JERUSALEM—A PUBLIC RECEPTION—GRANT'S DISAPPOINTMENT—TOO MUCH ATTENTION—THE ROAD TO MOUNT CALVARY—GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE—BETHANY—JACOB'S WELL—NAZARETH—DAMASCUS—A SECOND PARADISE—VISITS CONSTANTINOPLE—MR. LAYARD'S RECEPTION—MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA—ACHMET—DOGS OF THE CITY—SERA SCUTARI—A WONDERFUL HISTORY—THE SULTAN PRESENTS GRANT TWO BEAUTIFUL ARAB STEEDS—GOLDEN HORN—GREECE—RECEPTION BY THE KING—BEAUTIFUL WOMEN—ATHENS—ITS SIGHTS AND RUINS—THE ACROPOLIS—ILLUMINATION OF THE PARTHENON IN HONOR OF GRANT—A GRAND SPECTACLE—BATTLE FIELDS—GRANT STARTS FOR ROME.

AFTER a month's sojourn on the little steamer of the Khedive of Egypt, Grant felt almost as if he were at home, when he found himself once more on the good steamer "Vandalia." As they steamed out of Alexandria, and were once more afloat on the broad Mediterranean, it seemed as if they had entered a new world. The sea that had hitherto proved stormy, was now calm and beautiful, and it was like moving over a lake, as they steered for the Holy Land. But all this beauty vanished as they entered the dilapidated port of Jaffa—the Joppa of the Bible, and the old port of Jerusalem, where the cedars, and gold, and precious stones were landed for the Temple of Solomon. They scrambled up the steep banks, 150 feet high, through a crowd of shouting, filthy Arabs, and passing along the dirtiest street in the world, at length reached the vice-consul's house.

A feeble attempt was made to honor his arrival by erecting a little archway of flowers over the road, surmounted by the inscription, "Welcome to General Grant."

It was a laughable contrast to the brilliant receptions that had hitherto marked his journey, but quite as acceptable. This was a forbidding and matter-of-fact entrance enough to the Holy Land; and, but for the Jerusalem in advance, would have been sufficient to dampen the most ardent imagination.



ALEXANDRIA.

Grant, whose time was limited, always seized the first opportunity to become acquainted with every place he visited, and at once set out to find the house of "Simon the tanner, by the seaside," made immortal by having been once occupied by Peter. The miserable town was soon exhausted of all its sights worth seeing, and the party prepared to set off for Jerusalem. Part of the officers of the "Vandalia" determined to accompany them. Three clumsy, open wagons were pro-

vided, each drawn by three horses abreast, into which they mounted, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, drove out of the place, stared at by a gaping crowd, and began to cross the Plain of Sharon, decked with lilies and orange-groves, ladened with yellow fruit, and almond-trees, just coming into bloom. It was a pleasing contrast to the burning desert-sands of Egypt, which they had just left. Even the rain, which was steadily falling, could not darken the beautiful panorama that spread out before them. Besides, they were in the Holy Land, and bound for Jerusalem, around which clustered such thrilling associations.

At sunset they reached Ramleh, and put up for the night in a miserable inn that reminded Grant of some of his head-quarters during his campaign at Vicksburg. The party huddled together in a large room, which combined dining-room, parlor and kitchen all in one—the servants eating in one corner, while eggs were frying in another. Here they sat till the captain returned from his required, though unwilling call on the governor, when they all went to bed, or rather to sleep, in one room, the four beds in it having such a suspicious look that the benches along the walls were preferred to them. The arrangement was to start at six o'clock in the morning, and General Grant, who was always ready to march, was the first up. Mounting their rough wagons, they pushed on for Jerusalem, only some twenty miles distant All now was excitement and expectation, for far away, the blue mountains of Judea stretched along the horizon. The rain was still falling, and Grant, who had been able to find a horse, rode unprotected through it. One of the party offered him an umbrella, but he declined it, as well as the proposition to wrap a handkerchief around his neck, declaring that it was nothing but a mist, and galloped ahead. Says Mr. Young:

"The road becomes rough and stony, and the carts go bumping, thumping, dumping along, over the very worst road, perhaps, in the world. But there is not one who, in the spare moments when he is not holding on to the sides of the cart lest there might be too precipitate an introduction to the Holy Land, does not feel that it is one of the most agreeable and most comfortable trips ever made. The summits of the hills glisten with the white, shining stone, which afar off looks like snow. In some of the valleys are clusters of olive-trees. The fertility of Palestine lies in the plain below. Around and ahead is the beauty of Palestine—the beauty of Nature in her desolation—no houses, no farms, no trace of civilization but the telegraph poles. Now and then a swinging line of camels comes shambling along, led by a Bedouin."

Still pressing on in the rain, they pass the ruins of Gezr, and at intervals an abandoned stone guard-house, the soldiers having been called away to fight the Russians. At eleven o'clock they stopped to lunch. It was a miserable lonely building they were shown into, and a damp chamber, where, on a primitive pine table, they spread the lunch, which they luckily had carried with them. Having finished their hasty repast, they pushed on over hills that kept growing higher—and along roads that became rougher—some walking, preferring it to the bumping and thumping of the rude wagons. A little way off stood Kirjath Jearim, where the ark rested for twenty years, and beyond, the Valley of Ajalon, where the sun stood still to let Joshua conquer in a greater battle than Grant ever fought. Then came the deep valley through which runs a rapid brook, where David killed Goliath, and with stones enough in it to have supplied the slings of a hundred thousand Davids.

At last, but one series of heights separated them from

VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, on the summit of which the Crusaders caught the first sight of the Holy City and fell on their faces and wept, while like the murmur of the sea swelling into the thunder-sound of billows breaking on the shore, went up the mighty shout, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" Just then a horseman was seen galloping toward them, and pulling rein beside General Grant informed him that a public reception awaited him. His face darkened, for he had hoped to be left alone to his own thoughts when he entered the Holy City. But it could not be helped—a body of cavalry was now seen approaching, with deputations from Greeks, and Jews, and Armenians, and Americans—a veritable "army with banners." Horses had also been sent forward, and among them the pasha's own white Arab steed, with housings of gold; so, instead of passing on up the heights and gazing down on Jerusalem with the silent devotion of a pilgrim to the Holy Land, Grant was compelled to stop and have coffee and cigars, and change all this dreamy excitement and anxious longing into a most matter-of-fact affair.

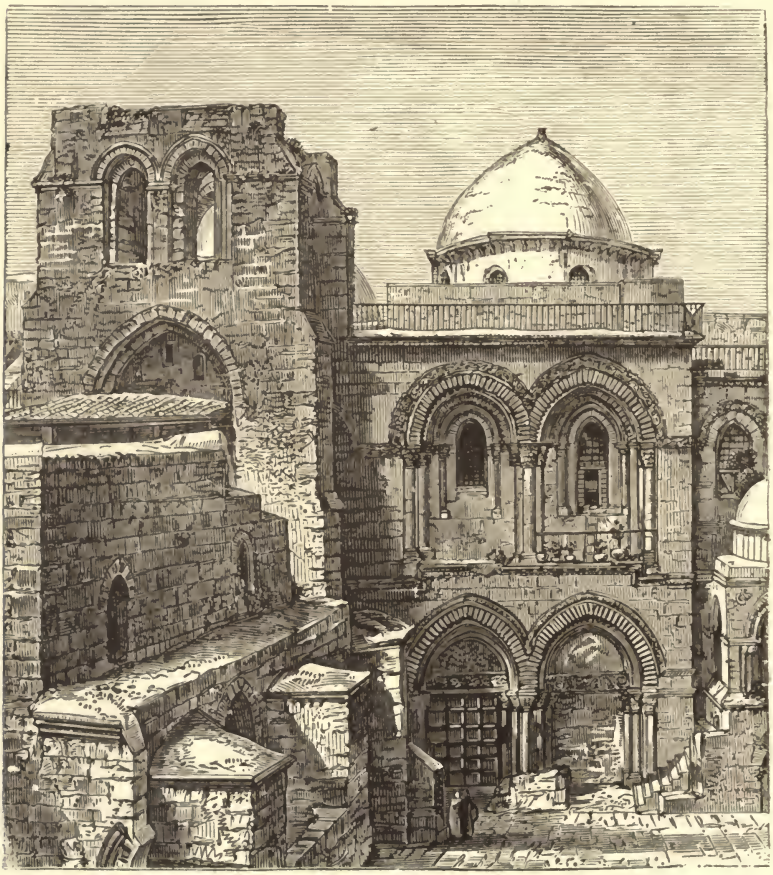
They rode about a mile through a suburb, the highway lined with people. "The General passes on, with bared head, for on both sides the assembled multitude do him honor. They see through the mist a mass of domes and towers, and the heart beats quickly, for they know they are the domes and towers of Jerusalem. There are ranks of soldiers drawn in line, the soldiers presenting arms, the band playing, the colors falling. They passed through a narrow gate, the gate that Tancred forced with his Crusaders, and under the walls of the Tower of David, and the flag that floats from the pole on the consulate tells them that their journey is at an end and that they are within the walls of Jerusalem."

But, not thus, with trumpets braying, and banners

floating, and the rabble shouting, would one with common feelings of devotion or common sensibilities wish for the first time to enter the Holy City, but silent and solemn, and with "shoes from off his feet." Barbaric music and infidel shouts are a poor compensation for the solemn memories and overwhelming emotions that should fill the heart and subdue the whole being at such a time. And so did Grant feel it. To him, who for the first time gazed on the towers and domes of that Zion of old and where in later days Jesus of Nazareth walked, all this was a most miserable farce. But this was not all, visits of ceremony must be paid before he could visit one sacred spot—the consuls came with complimentary speeches—the bishops and patriarchs came and blessed the General and his house, and, to crown all, the pasha offered him his band of fifty pieces, to remain with him and amuse him with their barbaric music. One would rather never see Jerusalem if he were to be surrounded with such display and in the midst of such tumult, and so Grant thought. He did not wish to offend the pasha, who meant only kindness by his offer, and he compromised the matter by accepting the offer of the band for an hour in the evening when he dined, and dispensed with their presence the rest of the time. Having intended to stay in Jerusalem but three days, all ceremonies interfered with his time and hence lessened his enjoyment. He, however, dined with the pasha, who treated him with great kindness. In the morning, he, with his wife and American friends, stole away and took the road up which Christ toiled—bearing His own cross—on His way to Calvary. Although tradition, by pointing out every step of the way and marking it with some relic, sadly shakes one's faith, yet he cannot doubt that it is the road His weary feet trod—that on that hardened way He sunk under His cross—up that hill He

MODERN BETHLEHEMITES.

toiled, followed by the shouting rabble, while His mother with other holy women stood afar off and wept, and there was the very spot on which the Lord of Glory died for man. On this spot stands the Church of the Holy Sep-



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

ulchre—the most interesting of all the holy places—covering, as is generally believed, both the place of crucifixion and the place of Christ's burial. The flippant young Syrian who led the way—the ragged beggars

crowding after, asking for alms—the monuments of superstition on either side, could not obscure all this. The pretended locality pointed out where He first sunk under the cross and where He addressed the women, and the spot where He fell the second time, and the very place where Veronica wiped the blood from His brow with the napkin, and the corner of the house where He paused in agony, and the dent in the rock made by His hand as He leaned

GETHSEMANE.

wearily against it, and the corner where Simon of Cyrene took the cross and bore it on, and the hovel of the beggar who asked for alms—these and other fabled spots that throw a suspicion over the whole, cannot change the face of nature and destroy faith in that. Mount Calvary still stands as it stood 1800 years ago; the same sky bends over it, and right there on that summit rung out the bitter cry, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" and there, too, fell in calm, low accents, "It

is finished!" All the fables invented to make the scene more real cannot change the Mount of Suffering.

All these little accessories supplied by superstition were passed unheeded by General Grant. But when in the Garden of Gethsemane, where his Lord and the Lord of all mankind prayed in agony till the blood fell in great drops to the ground, he was shown the olive-trees under which He knelt in prayer alone, he said he could

BETHANY.

believe it, for their appearance showed, from what he had seen of trees in California, they could easily be 1800 years old. The pictures and the fabled spots that disfigured and belittled the Via Dolorosa, and all the traditions that distroyed instead of strengthened faith, could not change these gnarled and twisted olive-trees that bore silent testimony to their age, and said by their hoary trunks in language more impressive than words, "we witnessed

the agony that the sins of the world wrung from the heart of the Son of God, till there burst in the midnight air, 'Father, if it be possible, *let this cup pass from me.*'" Oh, what a burlesque it was when the monk who accompanied them, gathered flowers from the tree of agony and presented them to Mrs. Grant, and twigs for the General, to be kept as mementos of that awful place. Every spot was holy ground, for the footsteps of the Son of God hallowed all the way and it needed not man's invention to increase its sanctity. If superstition would only leave Mount Olivet, the Garden of Gethsemane and Mount Calvary alone, in their naked simplicity, how sublime they would look. After they had visited these consecrated spots, says the writer accompanying Grant:

"We kept on over the hill, over a fearful road, to the village of Bethany. It was here that Jesus lived when He preached in Jerusalem. Here was Lazarus, His friend, whom He called from the tomb. Here lived Martha and Mary, whom Jesus loved—Martha who served Him at supper and Mary who chose the better part. We ride under the overhanging ruins of the dwelling in which Jesus found home, shelter, friendship, love; where He came for peace after the hard day's work in Jerusalem. We walk around Bethany—which is only a collection of ruins and hovels—passing over the graveyard where Lazarus was buried. We continue along the road that leads to Jerusalem again, not over the mountain, but the one sloping near its base. It was over this road that Jesus rode when He entered Jerusalem on an ass. We are told also that here it was that David passed in sorrow when pursued by the ungrateful Absalom. But our thoughts are not with David, and we pause at the head of the hill, where Jerusalem comes in view. It was here that Jesus wept over Jerusalem and prophesied its

destruction, and we can well imagine the beauty of the fair city as it nestled on the hillside—the temple dazzling all eyes with its glory, while its battlements and walls attested its strength and power. Then we kept on down the Valley of Jehoshaphat and over the brook and around the city to another entrance called the Damascus Gate. It was only from thence a short walk to our hotel. The walk had been a weary one, but no one felt weariness, for every memory it awakened was a memory of the noblest moments in our lives, and every step we had taken had been over hallowed ground."

There was one more spot that Grant felt he must visit before he left the Holy Land, and that was Nazareth, the home of the Saviour's childhood. As he set out on his journey, all the representatives of Jerusalem turned out to pay their respects and bid him good-bye. The little party gave their last look to the Holy City, as they turned their faces toward Shiloh, and traveled along the road once trod by prophets, and on through Nablous, where was Jacob's well, on which Jesus sat and spoke to the woman of Samaria of that water of which if a man drinks, he shall never thirst.

Scarcely halting here, he kept on through Nain, and through the same streets the funeral procession passed, carrying a bier on which lay the only son of his mother, and she a widow, and where it stopped at the bidding of the voice which even the winds and waves obeyed, and at whose word the dead arose a living man. Through Endor he passed so rapidly that it came and went almost like the ghost of Samuel, called up by the witch at the bidding of Saul, and at last, weary and jaded, looked down on Nazareth, sleeping amid the rich foliage of Palestine. The road leading down to it was so steep that most of the party dismounted and walked, leading

their horses. There humble Nazareth stood, just as it did when Jesus was a child, and there were the same streets His little feet trod, as he walked with His mother to the Synagogue. As one looks on the quiet houses and the people coming and going on their daily business, it seems impossible that the youthful Christ grew up amid these very scenes. It is difficult to imagine that here, in this humble, remote village, amid such a popula-

NAZARETH.

tion, the Prince of Peace, the mighty Redeemer, lived and played as a boy. All the objects, all the scenery and occupations of men are so common and familiar, that it is hard to associate them with such solemn, awful events as have made them immortal. Tradition here, as everywhere else, have created spots that have no existence except in tradition.

You are shown where the virgin lived, and a cave in

which Christ hid Himself once from his persecutors; but of these, Grant, like every intelligent traveler, made little account—it was enough that he was in Nazareth.

The delay here was short, for the travelers were bound for Damascus, and pushed on. Although, as they wound over the hills, they were no longer reminded at every step that they were treading on ground hallowed by the footsteps of the Son of God, yet they knew they were passing along a road that Saul traveled when he was arrested by the blinding light and voice from Heaven. At last they reached the heights that overlook Damascus, and what a glorious scene of beauty burst upon them. This city, so old that Abraham speaks of it, lies in a plain nearly eighty miles in circumference, the whole a perfect garden in its cultivation. A sparkling stream, the "Golden River," flows through it, while the houses of the city stand amid a wealth of foliage of date and palm-trees, and beautiful gardens. The picture it presents in the full spring-time, smiling there under the sun and sky of Palestine, is indescribably beautiful. It is said that the Mohammedan prophet, when he came in sight of it, was so enraptured, that he stopped, and said, that as man could enter only one paradise, *he* would turn back from this one to secure the other, and did.

Slowly the travelers wound down into this ancient city, through which still stretches, as it did 1800 years ago, the street "Straight," where the blind Saul put up, to whom Ananias was directed to go and restore his sight again. As Grant and his companions rode through the streets, the beauty of the city as seen from a distance departed, for the houses in the main were shabby-looking, though inside they were adorned with all that wealth can supply. There are very few objects of interest to be seen in this city, around which history gathers so much of greatness

and grandeur. There is the castle, about three-quarters of a mile in circumference, a hospital and, chief of all, the mosque of Omeiyades with its three minarets, beautiful specimens of Oriental architecture, representing the Pagan, Saracenic and Christian styles. Its marble floor is covered with Persian rugs, and beautiful marbles adorn its walls, while tradition says the head of John the Baptist, inclosed in a golden casket, is built into its foundations. Its chief attraction, however, is that it presents to the traveler a true Oriental mart, as it has existed for ages, unchanged. It is untraversed by railroads and modern improvements in the way of transportation, and great caravans come and go as they did a thousand years ago.

Fifteen hundred camels, guarded by a small army of soldiers, wind their way into the city at stated intervals from Bagdad, and similar numbers from other points. Cotton clothes, handkerchiefs, slippers, copper kettles, horse-shoe nails, tobacco pipes, spiceries, shawls and the rich fabrics of Surat are brought through Bagdad, and other articles from Tripoli, and cotton stuffs, leather, soap, etc., are received in exchange, so that this ancient inland city presents a busy scene. Unchanged by the changing world around it, it is purely an Oriental city of the past centuries.

Nearly a hundred and forty miles from Jerusalem, its nearly a quarter of a million of people live on as their ancestors have done from time immemorial, and are to-day the same people, with the same customs and habits that existed when Saul went there to persecute the Christians, and there is about as much friendship now between Moslems and Christians as there was then between Jews and Christians.

Grant made a short stay in the ancient city, which was not so removed from the outside world that his fame had

not reached them, for wild Arab chieftains came from a long distance to see the great warrior of, to them, an almost fabled land.

He now turned his footsteps toward Beyrout, where the "Vandalia" awaited his arrival. Embarking here, he directed his course to Constantinople. Fortunately, he arrived there after the war with Russia had closed and a treaty had been signed.

TURKEY.

IT was the 5th of March when he entered Stamboul. Received as usual, by our diplomatic representatives here, he was immediately waited upon by the Americans stopping in the city. Fortunately, the peculiar situation of the sultan at this time prevented him from making a military display such as had invariably been gotten up to welcome General Grant—much to the latter's delight, for they had become extremely irksome to him. Among the most pleasant of the visits to General Grant, was the one made by the British minister, Mr. Layard, the renowned explorer of Nineveh, who afterwards gave him a grand reception, which was attended by both native and foreign officials in full court-dress, and which made a brilliant assemblage.

The time of General Grant's visit was the most disagreeable month of the year, in Turkey, for it rains and snows by turns, while to complete the disagreeableness of the climate, a cold fog blows up from the Black Sea, against the penetrating power of which ordinary clothing furnishes no protection. Even those scavengers of the city, the ownerless dogs, seemed to feel the influence of the weather and skulked about with less ferocious aspects.

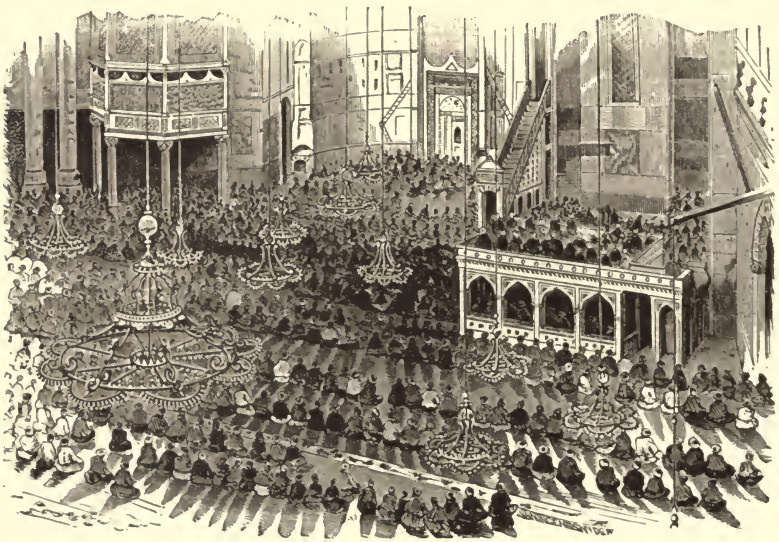
The history of this city is too well known to be repeated here. The number of public buildings to be seen

is not large. There are the palaces of the sultans, among them the palace of the last sultan, and numberless mosques, more or less imposing. The Mosque of St. Sophia, built originally as a Christian church, by Justinian, is the most remarkable one, costing, it is said, $3,000,000, which in our time and country, would be near $20,000,000. It is in the form of a cross, 269 feet in length by 143 feet in breadth, and surmounted by a flattened dome, rising 180 feet above the ground. There are, besides, several

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

cupolas and four minarets, added by the Turks, making in all a very imposing pile. Within, rise large columns from a floor of variegated marble, and magnificent bronze gates extend themselves. Near it is the beautiful Mosque of Achmet, with its six minarets. Grant, in wandering through these, saw scattered around silent worshipers seemingly devout and sincere as Christians in a Christian church. One of the objects that peculiarly attract foreigners, is the bazaars, where every imaginable article

from every portion of the globe can be found, and where all the life and activity of the city is concentrated, for the narrow streets seem deserted compared to the throngs that congregate here. Although it had not yet recovered from the gloom cast over it by the war, still the cafes and restaurants of the city, thronged by natives and foreigners, presented an animated appearance. The war was a great topic of conversation, and General Grant and the American war, with its armaments and guns, be-



INTERIOR OF MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

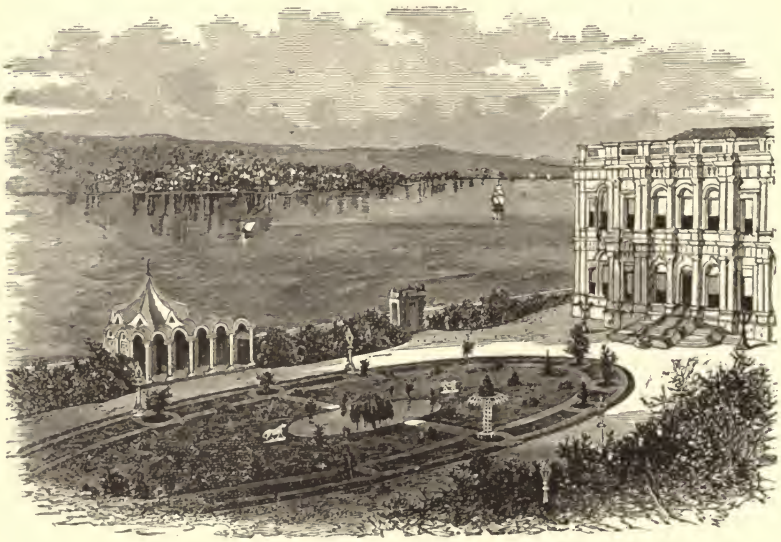
came a subject of discussion wherever he appeared. One of the chief features of Constantinople—viz.: the cemeteries—Grant did not visit, owing to the stormy weather. For the same reason, the Bosporus, with its light caiques and beautiful shores, possessed little attraction. Women waddling along, veiled up to their eyes, met him at every turn. The dogs, gaunt and hungry, roam at will, though each community is confined to its own ward, and if a daring cur ventures into

the domains of another, he is quickly hustled out like an unregistered voter. After sunset, stillness like midnight in any other city, settles on the streets.

General Grant made the tour of sight-seeing in rather a dreary manner, owing to the cold, damp and stormy weather. Many of the invitations extended to him he was compelled to decline, as he could give only a few days to the place. He took long walks through Pera, the European portion of the capital, situated on the opposite side of the port, the inhabitants of which consider themselves quite apart from the Turks, though composed of natives of almost every other civilized nation in Europe.

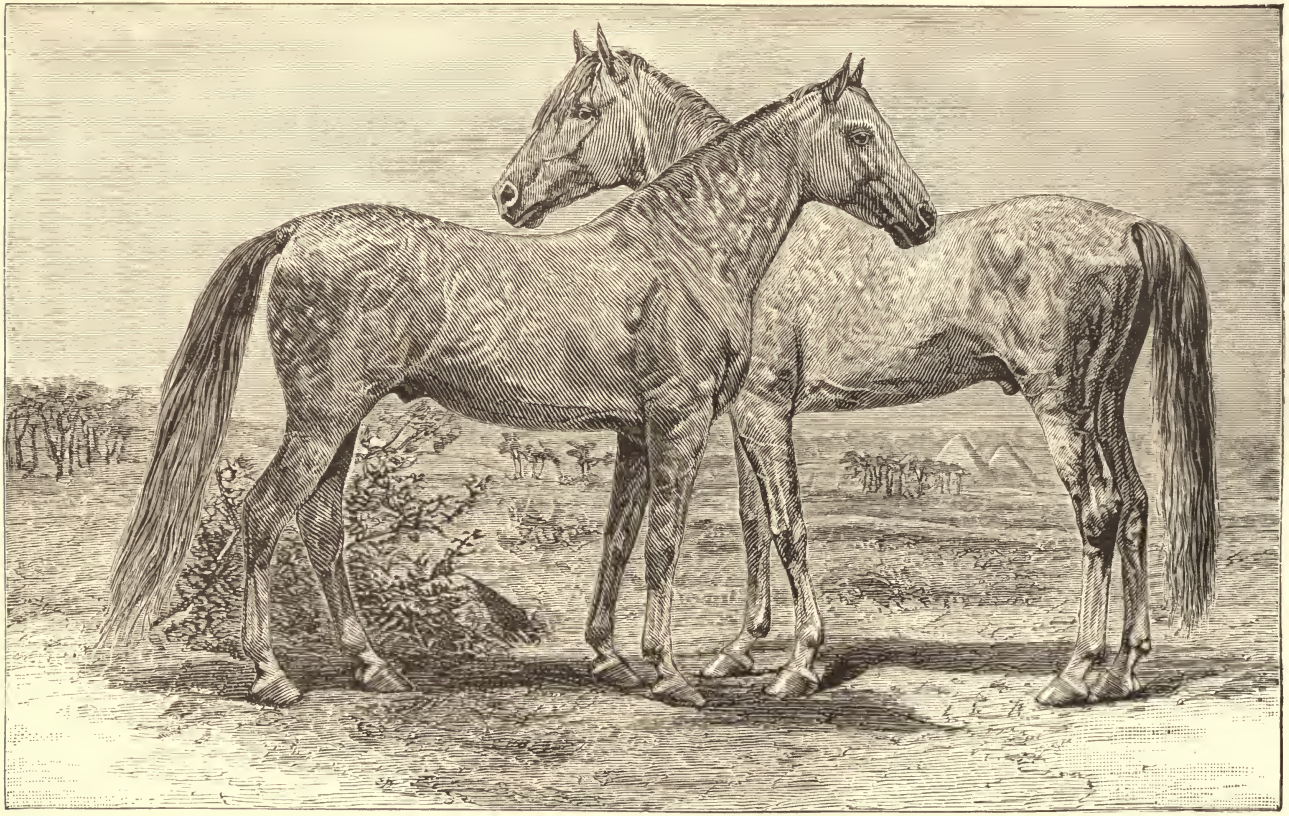
Although the confusion and anxieties attending the close of the war prevented the sultan from showing that attention that he otherwise would have done, he directed the master of ceremonies to present the General with an Arab horse from the imperial stables. Accordingly a number were led out, and one out of the 570 which composed the imperial stud, was chosen and set aside for him. A second was afterward selected, and the two transferred to the care of the American Legation, by whom they were dispatched to the United States. One is a dappled gray of fair size, and having all the traits characteristic of the Arabian blood—small, well-set, restless ears, wide, pink nostrils, and large, soft eyes, waving mane, and long tail reaching almost to the ground, and a skin of such delicacy that the stroke of a lady's whip is sufficient to draw blood. The other stallion has all these points. He is an iron gray, with a white star on his forehead and white hind feet. When the long forelock falls over his forehead the large black eyes have all the expression of a Bedouin woman's. Their gait is perfect, be it either the rapid walk, the long, swinging trot or the tireless, stretching gallop, while a rein of one

thread of silk is enough to guide their delicate mouth. Let one of these Arabs in the mad rush of a charge or a flight lose his rider, and that instant the docile steed will stop as though turned to stone. These horses are of the famous Saktan race, the purest Arabian blood, only found in and near Bagdad. The dapple gray is appropriately named Djeytan (the Panther) and the iron gray Missirli (The One from Cairo), which cognomen he derives from having been bought at Cairo, though foaled at Bagdad.



SULTAN'S NEW PALACE.

But it would take a much longer time than Grant had to spare to see all this wonderful city, which contains, with its beautiful suburbs and all, nearly eight hundred thousand inhabitants. One of these, Scutari, the great rendezvous of the caravans from Asia, built on several hills, with its mosques, minarets and palaces, and the sultan's new palace, deserves an article by itself. A sail round the "Golden Horn," as the port is called, is a delightful trip and the



GENERAL GRANT'S ARABIAN STALLIONS—THE GIFT OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

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view from the Seraglio worth seeing in any other season of the year, except in early spring. On this account Grant kept away from the water whose shores form one of the chief pictures in the many that surround Stamboul. A volume might be written on this wonderful city, founded by Constantine in the year 338, on the ruins of Byzentium, which he overthrew, and named by him. It has been besieged twenty-four times, and the inhabitants were thrown into the wildest consternation a few weeks before Grant's arrival, lest the Russian armies pressing toward it, should lay siege to it for the twenty-fifth time. Formerly, it was defended by strong walls and fortresses, but these, especially from the land side, are in a dilapidated condition, and could offer no long resistance to a formidable army with heavy siege guns. Its long siege and final overthrow by the Crusaders is one of the most stirring events in human history, and there is not a great city now standing on the earth around which clusters such stirring events and which has played such an important part in the history of the race.

MARBLE STAIR-CASE IN THE PALACE.

Grant, having finished his hasty visit, took his depar-

ture for Greece. Bidding adieu to the host of friends assembled to shake his hand for the last time and bid him God speed, he sailed out of the Golden Horn and through the far-famed Straits of Dardanelles, and steered for the Piræus, some six miles from Athens.

GREECE.

Arriving here, he took the railroad for this ancient seat of learning, passing the whole distance through vine-yards, olive-yards and fig plantations. Modernized, and with its ancient glory all gone, still

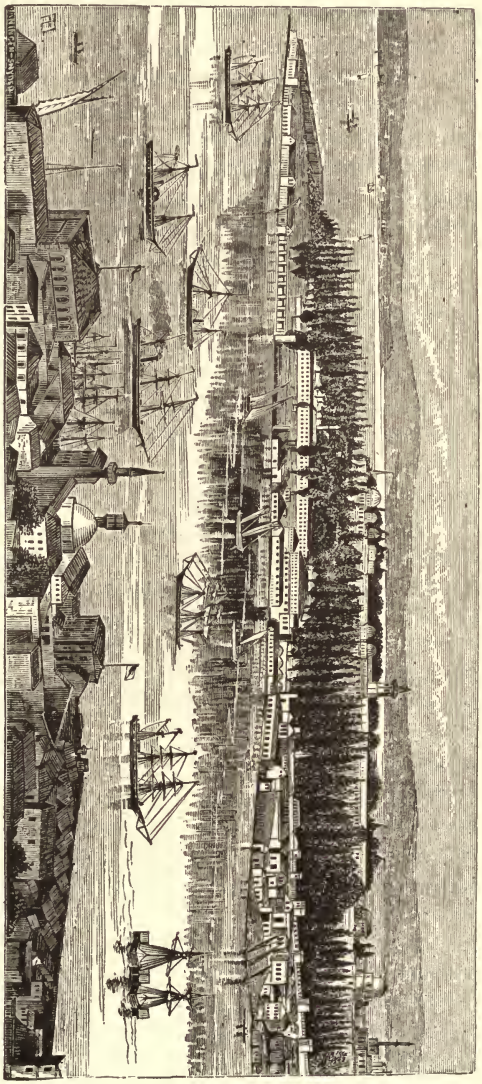
> "Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
> Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved."

General John Meredith Read, our Minister at Athens, and American travelers, were there to welcome him. The usual invitations to dinners and fetes succeeded, most of which he was compelled, for want of time, to decline. The king and queen gave him a grand reception, at which all the foreign representatives and distinguished men of the city were present. Never in the palaces of England or Paris did he see such graceful costumes or such beautiful women, for, though the ancient type of beauty, which has been fixed forever in marble by Grecian art, has changed, the classic lines remain which distinguish Grecian ladies from those of all other lands. Grant was the centre of this galaxy of beauty, and compliments were showered on him from every side.

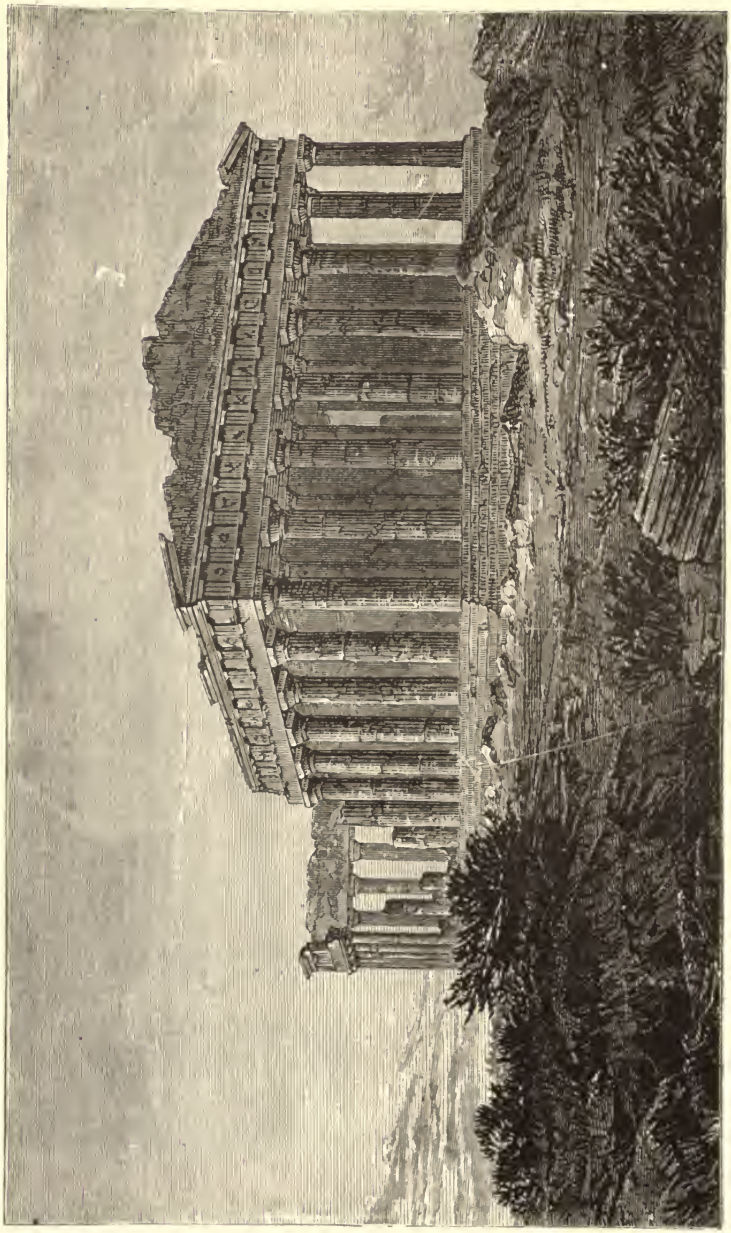
While the people of Athens retain much of their ancient beauty, they never for a moment forget their ancient glory. Even the modern streets that have been laid out bear the names of Minerva, Æolus and Hermes, which bring back the days of old.

Athens is situated in a most beautiful plain, with ridges

rising here and there, on one of which is built the Acropolis or citadel, surmounted by the world-renowned Parthenon, built of white marble, 220 feet in length and one hundred feet in breadth. This hill and its grand and almost perfect ruin, rose before Grant whichever way he turned, and had he had his own way, not many hours would have passed before his feet had pressed it. But he was requested to delay his visit until preparations could be made by the Government to illuminate it, as it is occasionally done to very distinguished national guests. It would have been much better to have waited till God illuminated the glorious ruin by the silvery light of the moon. But there were other places to visit—Mars' Hill, with



THE GOLDEN HORN.



THE PARTHENON.

the Areopagus on its summit, where Paul delivered his eloquent sermon to the wondering Athenians, who at last had heard "some new thing" worthy of their philosophic minds, and the Erectheum, ninety feet in length; the Propylæa; the Temple of Theseus, with its thirty-four Doric columns, standing as they stood a thousand years ago; the Prison of Socrates; the Temple and Theatre of Bacchus; Grotto of Apollo and Pan, and numberless other places, made classic by early history, art and mythology.

Just outside of the city rise sixteen Corinthian columns, sixty feet high, on a raised platform—the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus. There was enough to occupy every moment of Grant's time, and he made good use of it.

At length the evening for the grand illumination of the Parthenon came, and Grant, with a large escort, rode up the steep sides of the Acropolis. The once grand and beautiful Temple of Minerva stood before him, its magnificent ruins outlined against the darkening sky. Two hundred and seventeen feet long, ninety-eight broad and sixty-five feet high, with its columns, and colonnades, and statues, and gold, it was once the admiration, as its ruins now are the wonder of the world.

Grant sat in the gathering gloom and gazed long and intently upon it, while the ages rolled back and brought up the past with its glory, when those broken pavements resounded with the feet and voices of worshipers, and that whole hill-top was crowded with structures on which were lavished all that art and wealth could bestow. While he stood gazing, absorbed with the feelings that magnificent ruin always excites in the beholder, it suddenly blazed up with a thousand Bengal fires till broken wall and column seemed to waver to and fro in the daz-

zling light, as they were drawn in lines of fire against the dark background of the sky. The jutting walls and columns in the foreground were ablaze with light, and contrasted weirdly with the darkness of the deep recesses in the distance. Ruined architecture and broken cornices stood out in the darkness, revealing every crack which time had made and every fracture in the fluted columns, till the whole magnificent structure seemed an airy vision. Ever and anon new fires were kindled in some remote nook or corner, producing new effects. It was doubtless a magnificent spectacle as an exhibition of fireworks, but the Parthenon was no place for them. They would have been equally superb at a funeral and quite as appropriate. It was wholly in keeping with this pyrotechnic display, that out of the blazing structure should come the sound of laughter as those who helped to get up the show laughed and chatted together. It, however, furnished a fair representation of modern, frivolous Greece, in contrast with the earnest, thoughtful Greece of old.

The mighty past rises suddenly before one at every step in Athens, for you walk where Demosthenes, and Socrates, and Plato walked, and Pericles, and Lycurges, and Alcibiades lived, and Homer sang, and art in ruin is greater than modern art in its perfection.

Grant, after exhausting Athens proper, rode over the country to visit some of the famous battle-fields of Greece, to Thermopylæ, where Leonidas and his Spartan band set an example to patriotic heroes for all time, to where the mountains look on Marathon Bay and Marathon on the sea, and he could say:

"Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground,
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muses tales seem truly told—

Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone;
Age shakes Athen's towers but spares gray Marathon."

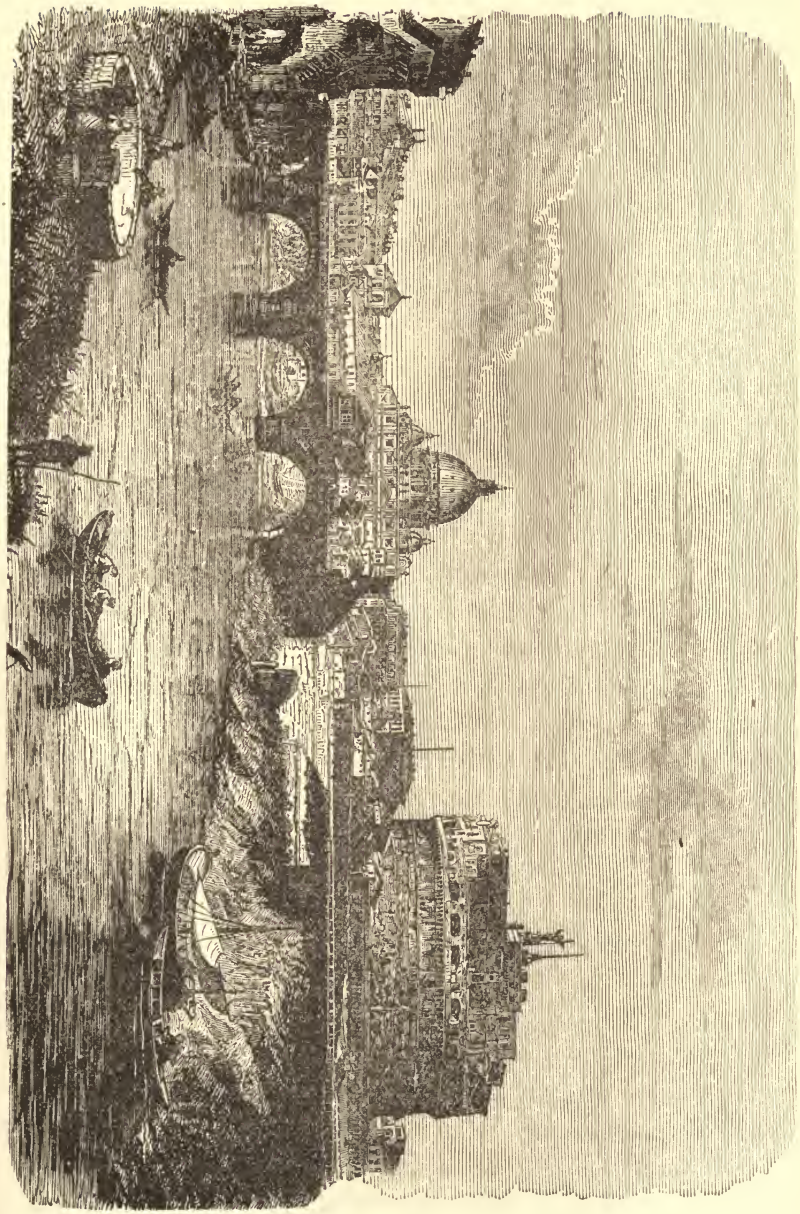
But this visit, so full of glorious memories and so replete with enjoyment to the eyes as well as to the heart and soul, at length drew to a close, and Grant, bidding his friends a warm adieu, joined once more his ship and turned his course toward Italy, to see what he had passed by on his former visits, and long before he reached Rome the mighty dome of St. Peter's, towering in the heavens, told him where lay the Imperial City.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN ROME—GRANT VISITS THE COLOSSEUM—VIEW FROM ITS TOP—THE ANCIENT CAPITAL—ST. PETER'S—SIGHT-SEEING—PRIVATE INVITATIONS—DINES WITH THE KING—RECEIVED BY THE POPE—THE ROAD TO FLORENCE—FLORENCE—UFFIZI PALACE—THE PITTI GALLERY—DUCAL PALACE—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE—A CONVENIENT CUSTOM—PISA—VENICE—ITS ORIGIN—ITS GONDOLAS—BRIDGES—PLEASANT SIGHTS—GONDOLA SAILING—THE ARSENAL—JOURNEY TO MILAN—THE CITY—ITS WONDERFUL CATHEDRAL—PAINTING OF THE LORD'S SUPPER—STARTS FOR PARIS—A GREAT CHANGE—THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION—STARTS FOR NORTHERN EUROPE—HOLLAND—THE HAGUE—A GRAND REVIEW—LUNCHES WITH THE KING'S UNCLE—ROTTERDAM—AMSTERDAM—A MAGNIFICENT DINNER BY THE LEADING MERCHANTS—THE GREAT SHIP CANAL—STARTS FOR BERLIN.

IMMEDIATELY on Grant's arrival, the aid-de-camp to the king called on him, and soon after Cardinal McCloskey, and every facility offered him by both church and state to see all that the city contained worth seeing. One enters Rome for the first time with strange feelings, for his feet press the dust of a dead empire—the grandest the world has ever seen. The modern houses that inclose the ancient ruins gives vividness to the picture, and makes the past more real.

One of the first objects that General Grant sought out was the Colosseum, one of the grandest ruins in the world, and once capable of seating 30,000 people. Its only dome is the sky, and the spectacle, when these seats, rising in circular rows one above another, were filled, must have been an imposing one. As you stand in the vast area, which, with the building, covers five acres, and look up on these ruined seats and remember that where you stand stood, and fought, and died gladiators, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," the imagination is



ROME.

overwhelmed at the strange and mighty past that rises before it. From the vast concourse Roman applause has thundered, and "*hic habet*" been shouted down to the spot your feet press as the blood spouted from the poor wretch's heart. Oh, what wild heart-breakings had that arena seen! From its ruined top old Rome lies all around you; the Basilica of Constantine, the Capitoline Hill, the Roman Forum, the Arch of Titus, the hill where stood the Palace of the Cæsars, and where long since

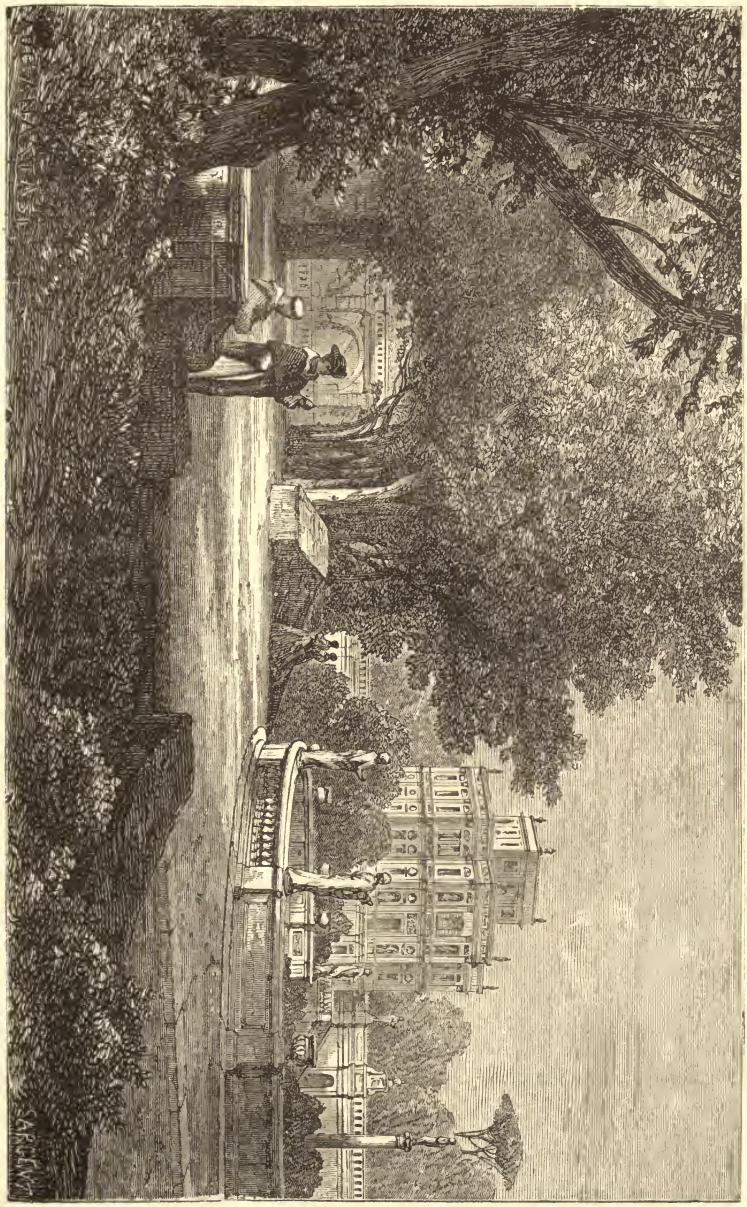
"The barbarian has stabled his steed,"

while far away stretches the Campagna, with its long lines of ancient aqueducts that supplied the imperial city with water.

Grant and his party drove over the old Rome that lies without the modern walls, reminded at every step of what Rome was in its glory. Tombs, and ancient baths, and fragments of temples, and broken columns are scattered around, attesting the grandeur of the imperial city, of which the present one is a mere fraction. Looking on such past greatness and power, the traveler recalls the words of the poet as he mused over the same desolation:

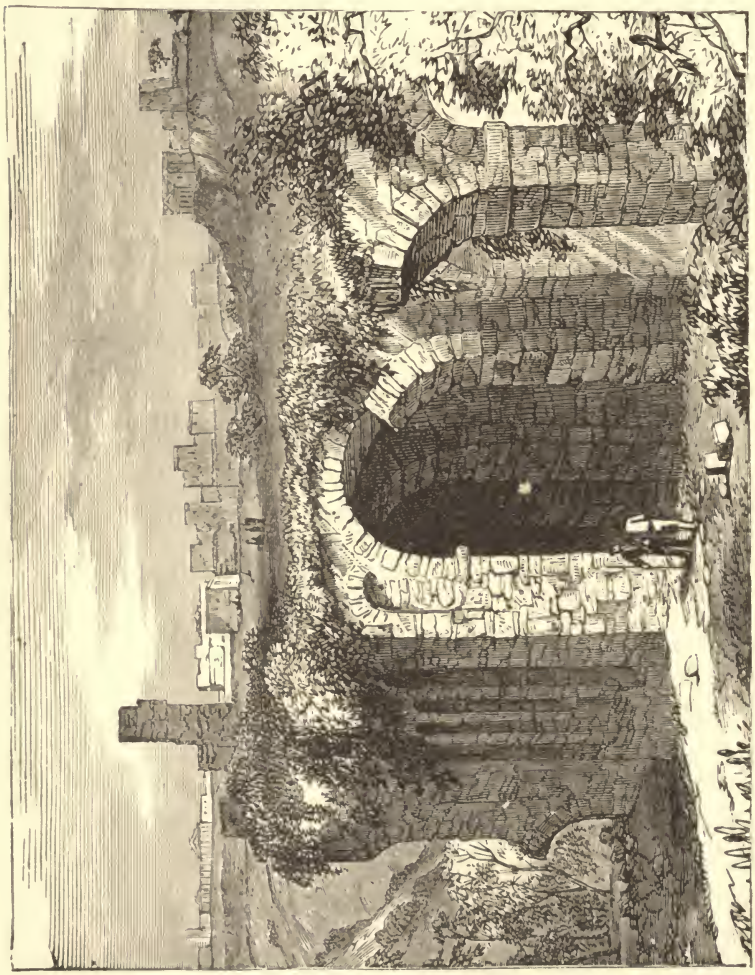
"Such is the moral of all human tales,
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past—
First freedom, then glory; when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last.
And history, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but one page."

Among the many beautiful villas, both in and around the city, that of the Villa Pamphilla Doria is one of the most extensive and beautiful, the grounds of which are over four miles in circumference. But nothing of old Rome interests the traveler more than the ancient capi-



PAMFILI DORIA VILLA.

tol. A noble flight of steps brings you to the top of the Capitoline Hill, the buildings on which were designed by Michael Angelo. They stand in the form of a paral-



PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

lelogram, with the main flight of steps at one end. At the bottom of the steps is the old Roman mile-stone, that marked the first mile of the Appian way. At the top are two statues of Castor and Pollux standing beside their

horses; in the centre of the parallelogram is the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, the only one that has been handed down from antiquity. It was once covered with gold. When it stood in front of the Lateran, it was an important object in the festivities that celebrated Rienzi's elevation to the rank of tribune. Amid the rejoicings of that memorable day wine was made to run out of one nostril and water out of the other.

At the farther end stands "the Palace of the Senators," while the two side palaces are filled with busts, statues and paintings, and among them the bronze wolf, "the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome," which, whether ever struck by lightning or not, has one leg partly melted off. Here, too, is the famous Dying Gladiator, one of the finest statues of antiquity.

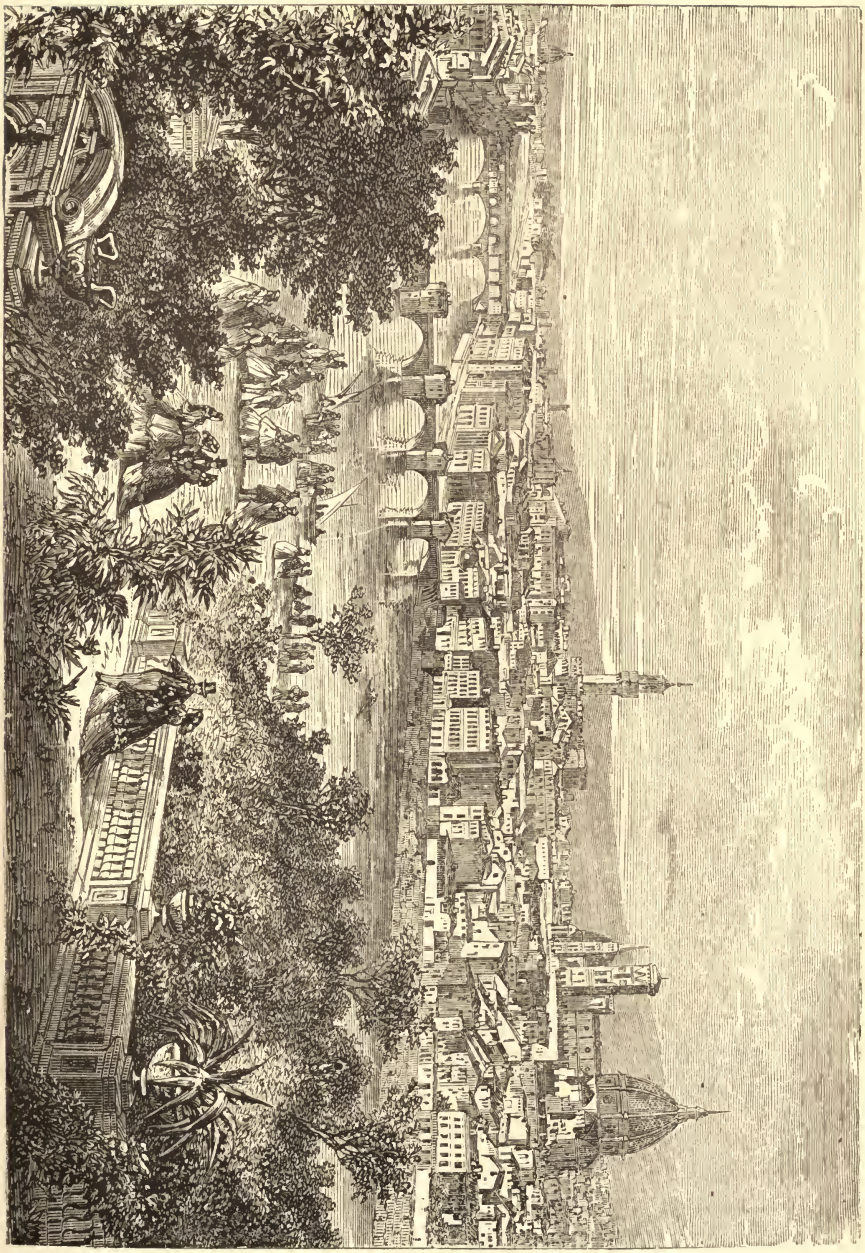
What a sudden change in the feelings it creates to step from this grand and suggestive monument of the past into the great structure of modern Rome, St. Peter's. As you go over the Tiber past the Castle of St. Angelo, you suddenly find yourself in front of the magnificent structure. In the centre of the noble area an ancient obelisk arises amid sparkling fountains, while a fourfold colonnade, surmounted by 192 statues, sweeps down in two great semicircles toward you. Ascending the magnificent flight of steps, Grant entered the main body of the church, and stood awe-struck, not only at the vast amplitude around him, but the stupendous columns and the wealth of statuary that lean out on every side, as if art had exhausted itself in adorning this great temple. The men and women look like insects creeping over the floor, and are almost lost in the vastness of the encircling space. As you approach the bronze canopy and gaze up into the solemn dome of mosaics circling away four hundred feet into the heavens, you exclaim: "It is enough." But all

description is powerless to give any adequate conception of this wonderful building. There is no need of giving dimensions, it is necessary only to say that you could pile twelve Trinity churches into it, and have considerable room left to walk about in. You could put two of them under the dome, and leave the nave and both side-aisles unoccupied.

GUIDO'S BEATRICE DeCENCI.

Rome is full of objects of curiosity and mementos of ancient glory, which Grant visited, among them the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Guido, Correggio and other great artists, which are gathered here. It was one continual round of sight-seeing, and Grant is a tireless sight-seer. There was no end to the invitations he received to visit private museums, nor were public honors wanting. King Humbert gave a magnificent dinner to him, at which the chief dignitaries of the city were present. The Pope also gave him an audience and treated him with the marked courtesy due to so distinguished a man.

The time which Grant devoted to Rome was too short to allow him to fully appreciate it. In such a hurried visit, the vast number of objects of interest are so crowded together that one can carry away distinct impressions of



FLORENCE.

but very few. A whole winter is short enough to see it properly. The road from here to Florence runs through a beautiful country, and fields festooned with grape vines and vineyards, and orange, and lemon, and olive groves come and go on the sight till at last the sweet Vale of Arno is reached, and the garden of Italy, with its world-renowned dome bursts on the view. There are but few buildings in the city to attract especially the traveler, and it is renowned almost entirely for the grand works of art that are collected here, and which must be seen, not described. Grant's first visit was to the Uffizi Palace, and the moment he struck the outer gallery he entered a world of art. But the gem of the palace is the Tribune, a circular room in which are gathered some of the finest efforts of human genius. Here stands the Venus de Medici, Titian's Venus, and in another gallery is Titian's Flora, and Raphael's Fornarino; but it is useless to name even the artists whose works, famous throughout the world, adorn its walls. The Pitti gallery in the Ducal Palace, which he next visited, contains, perhaps, as a whole, the finest collection of paintings in the world, and weeks could be spent here, each day revealing some new beauty and awakening a new delight. In the cabinet of antique bronzes is an eagle of the Twenty-fourth Roman Legion, that long ago, when Rome was in her glory, soared amid the din and smoke of battle.

Florence he found very different from Rome in the character of its people. The ruins of the latter city seem to have subdued the feelings, and but little of that light-heartedness which distinguishes the Italians is found there. Here there are no ruins, but instead flowers on every side, and works of art; and the inhabitants seem to catch the spirit of their cheerful surroundings and laugh and chat with the merriment of children.

VENUS DE MEDICI.

The custom here of putting a marble tablet over the door where some distinguished character has lived or died saves one a world of trouble, and as you pass along you see where Dante was born, Corinne lived, and Americus Vespucius made it his home. Of all these monuments of men that once lived here, none has greater attractions than Galileo's tower and the house in which the great astronomer lived. The Duomo Baptistry and Campanille are worth going a long way to see, but it is wearisome to describe them. From the wonderful cupola of the former, Michael Angelo took his design for the dome of St. Peter's. The prettiest view of Florence is from Fiesole, perched on a hill-top, from whence you look down on the gardens of Florence and the rich vale of the Arno, through which the river winds in sparkling, graceful curves. The Cascine is the "Central Park" of Florence and, like it, toward evening is thronged with carriages and filled with gay talkers.

The King of Italy having taken up his first residence here, it was supposed that he intended to make it the permanent capital of Italy, and vast improvements were commenced involving great expense, which has made it more like an American city in one respect than any other in Italy—in its public debt. Grant lost the imposing ceremonies of Holy week at Rome, which were close at hand, and stayed here only long enough to see the commencement of them at the Duoma.

From here it is a short run to Pisa, once the rival of Florence, now dilapidated and forlorn, and worth visiting only for the imposing group of buildings composed of the Duomo Baptistry, Campo Santo and leaning tower—the Campo Santo and sacred field being composed of dirt brought from the Holy Land. Grant received from the authorities and distinguished men of Florence the atten-

AN ITALIAN GARDEN.

tion bestowed on him everywhere, while the Americans, who are always found here in great numbers, crowded around him with delight. and when he left for Venice gathered around the depot, and as the train moved out sent up cheer after cheer. Nothing can be pleasanter than to travel through Italy in the spring of the year, for the country is like a continuous garden, in which peasants, male and female, are at work in picturesque costumes. The air is soft and balmy, the sky blue as sapphire and seems to bend in joy over all this beauty, and one feels it a luxury merely to live.

RIALTO BRIDGE.

When the Huns and Lombards overrun the Roman empire, some six hundred years after Christ, the inhabitants of Northern Italy took refuge on a vast collection of little islands, separated from the main-land by a narrow arm of the sea, and there founded Venice. How many of these islands there are it is hard to say, some making the number seventy-two and others ninety. They are connected by 450 bridges, the largest of which, is the famous Rialto, consisting of a single arch 187 feet long. Hence its streets are canals, and its coaches gondolas

and boats. It became a great maritime power, and accumulated vast wealth in the time of the Crusades. It is filled with magnificent churches and palaces, many of them fast sinking to ruin. It was the 23d of April when Grant crossed the great bridge connecting the city with the main, and entered it, where he was received in state by the authorities and welcomed heartily by all the Americans stopping there. After the formal reception and congratulatory speeches were over, which were becoming a dreadful bore, Grant drove to his hotel and passed the evening in looking out upon the water and boats gliding by filled with gay and merry passengers, mingled with whose laughter would ever and anon come snatches of song. The glancing lights, the gloomy, shadowy palaces and the starry sky overhead made a picturesque scene there on the Adriatic. There are many things worth seeing in Venice, but nothing so attractive and curious as Venice itself. There are many piazzas or places in Venice, but only one, St. Mark's, which deserves the name. This is surrounded by arcades and ornamented with two lofty columns. Here, too, stands the famous Church of St. Mark's, where tradition says the bones of Mark the Evangelist rest. The church is of the Byzantine style and ornamented inside with all the magnificence of Oriental taste and wealth. Grant and his party spent much of their time in the gondolas, sailing up and down the streets and under the countless bridges that span them at every turn, among which was the Bridge of Sighs, where one stands,

"With a prison and a palace on each hand."

They visited the Arsenal, built on an island and surrounded by high walls and towers, in which, in her days of maritime greatness, Venice had everything

PISA.

VENICE

necessary to fit out a fleet—docks, magazines, manufactories of cordage and sails, magazines, cannon foundries and forges. The city has a strange and eventful history, and though its commerce seems to be reviving, the days of its commercial greatness are gone forever. There are many objects of beauty in the city, but nothing is so pleasant as to glide along the water between the houses and palaces, and see the gay boat-loads and receive the greeting of passers-by, and Grant enjoyed it much the three days he remained here.

As usual, the Americans assembled to bid him good-bye, and wafted their good wishes after him, as he started for Milan, and passing through the country, now clothed in its richest green, next day arrived in the city, where he was received by the authorities with the usual formalities and complimentary speeches.

There was nothing in Milan to detain Grant long. The Marengo Gate is beautiful, but especially interesting from the battle once fought near by, which it is designed to commemorate, and so are the Place d'Armes and the promenade; but the chief attraction is the Cathedral, next to St. Peter's the most imposing religious edifice in the world. It is a Gothic structure, built of pure white marble, which, in the sunlight, shines with dazzling splendor. Its foundations were laid 500 years ago, and while its vast dimensions astonish the beholder, he is lost in admiration of the exquisite perfection of the work; 4,000 statues adorn the exterior alone, requiring an expenditure of labor and money almost incalculable. If the exterior amazes you, the elaborate interior, resting on fifty-two marble columns, charms you.

To get the full effect of this wonderful cathedral, one needs to go there at vespers, and standing under the lofty nave, amid that wilderness of white columns, watch the

29 FERRO PALACE.

evening sunbeams streaming through the windows of stained glass, and listen to the pealing organ as the solemn notes steal out under the lofty arches and die away in the distant shadows.

In Milan is the original, world-renowned painting of Leonardo da Vinci, representing the Lord's Supper. But it is fading away in the dampness of the atmosphere, and its original beauty is now best seen in the copies and engravings which are everywhere to be found.

Grant's stay in Milan was short, for he was in a hurry to reach Paris, as the World's Exhibition was to open in a few days. Everything was now to be changed, and he was to pass at a single bound from ancient civilization to modern—the Parthenon was to give place to the buildings for the exhibition of modern industry; statues and paintings of ravishing beauty to McCormick's reapers; the columns of Karnac to improved pumps, and the Bridge of Sighs to designs of railroad bridges, and ancient sepulchres to modern engines, and the silent world of the past to the din, and hurry, and clangor, and excitement of the present.

His journey to Paris was evidently heralded; for, at all the stations the officials were ready to offer him every civility and furnish him the best carriages, and he was whirled on to the French capital surrounded with every comfort a traveler could desire.

He arrived there on the 7th and was immediately waited on by Mr. McCormick, the American commissioner for the great exhibition, and asked to name a day when it would be convenient for him to visit it. He mentioned Saturday and on that day he, with a large party of friends, made the tour of the different departments, everywhere treated with marked distinction, and in the American department greeted with enthusiasm by his

MILAN.

countrymen, who were proud of their representative man. Paris was full of Americans who vied with each other to show him attention, and he was overwhelmed with invitations. Among other things, to show their admiration for him, they planned a magnificent 4th of July fete in the Bois de Boulogne, at which he should be the honored guest. But that was nearly six weeks ahead, and he could not spend all that intermediate time in Paris. A few days sufficed to see all he wished to see in the exhibition, while he did not care to revisit the great points of interest he saw a few months before. Much less did he desire to spend the time in a constant round of dinners and fetes. He longed once more to be in the open country and on the wing, for there was more rest in that than in the gay dissipation of Paris, and he started for the northern countries of Europe. He first went to Holland, the country of unbroken platitude. The green fields of spring and sight of peasants in picturesque costumes along the road and at work were a relief after the bustle, and turmoil, and excitement of the French capital. But the country is flat and interesting chiefly in that it lies below the sea at high tide. It is everywhere hemmed in by dykes, which should they ever give way would submerge farms, towns, cities and men alike, and prove a second deluge to the inhabitants. It is crossed by canals to carry off the superfluous water, which are also used as means of communication by neat little boats that are constantly traversing them. Of course, these dykes are closely watched for any incipient leak, for the least aperture, if allowed to remain unstopped for a short time, would, by the tremendous pressure from without, soon become a huge rent, through which the water would rush with such fury as to defy all resistance. Doubtless, a great calamity will happen here some day, but the inhabi-

tants, born and reared there generation after generation below the sea level, live as careless and merry as those at the foot of Vesuvius and Etna.

The engineering work by which these lakes and submerged lands were pumped dry, after the dykes were built, is something wonderful, as is the present effort to drain its great inland sea.

The people are thrifty and neat, and take pride in their cattle. The lands that have been reclaimed from the sea are very rich and fertile, yielding abundant pasturage. Apparently insignificant as Holland is in size, it has a history of which it may be proud.

Grant did not stop on the way, but speeding on over the monotonous level, at length reached the Hague, the residence of the court. Here, as everywhere else, formalities had to be gone through with and fetes given, to show in what estimation the distinguished guest was held. Among others, a grand review was got up—the last thing he could wish, for the inside of a single farm-house would have been a far more welcome spectacle. Prince Frederick, the king's uncle, has a superb country-seat a mile and a half from the city, to which he invited General Grant, and gave him an elaborate luncheon. The museum, in which are many pictures of the great masters, was the chief attraction to Grant here. That visited, there was not much to delay him. Invitations came pouring in from other cities, but he declined them, and having paid a visit of ceremony to the court, he left for Rotterdam, where he found that a great many Americans had taken up their residence. Here was found the true Dutchman exhibiting both the phlegm and enterprise of the Dutch nation.

This famous seaport is triangular in shape, the longest side being about a mile and a half, and is surrounded with water, and intersected by canals large enough to re-

ceive ships, so that it presents a complete intermingling of masts and houses, much as New York would, if at intervals ship-canals were cut from the East to the North Rivers, and filled with vessels. But to have these spanned with draw-bridges, constantly cutting off foot-passengers and vehicles, would not be borne as patiently by the Yankee as it is by the Dutchman.

The streets are quite picturesque, and where the old houses are painted all sorts of bright colors, have an odd look. Grant visited some of the churches, but lingered the longest in the museum, famous for its fine collection of paintings. The burgomaster gave him a grand dinner, in which the toasts and speeches abounded with good feeling toward the United States. Grant and the genuine Dutchman are alike in one thing which should create a bond of sympathy between them—both like to smoke much and talk little.

From here the journey to Amsterdam was a short one, though it showed what the result would be if the Zuyder Zee should once break through the barriers that shut it out from all those fair farms and peaceful villages. The ground on which the city stands is so low that most of the houses are built on piles—the noble building, the Stadt House, 282 feet along, standing on 13,659 piles. The borders of the city on the land side form a large semicircle. Within this are several smaller semicircles of canals, one within the other, each growing shorter as they open in the Amstel or Wye River. The leading merchants of the city gave the General a sumptuous dinner, with the ever-monotonous yet ever-repeated toasts and speeches, a fashion that will probably never grow old. He examined with great interest the ship canal that connects Amsterdam directly with the North Sea. Before this was built, vessels had to unload in order to enter the

harbor. It is fifty miles long and over one hundred and twenty-four feet broad at the surface. The high tides of the sea supply it with water, so that its only locks are tide-locks at each extremity. It is wide enough for two frigates to pass each other. A grand collation was given Grant on his visit, by one of the directors. A short trip was made to Haarlem, and to the church of St. Bavon, where one of the grandest organs in the world was played in his honor, and then he started for Berlin.

CHAPTER IX.

GRANT AT BERLIN—CALLS ON GORTSCHAKOFF—THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS—CALLS ON BISMARCK—THE INTERVIEW—A TALK ABOUT SHERIDAN—INTERCHANGE OF VIEWS ABOUT THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR—GRANT'S OPINION OF COMMUNISM PRINCIPLES AND THE WAY HE WOULD DEAL WITH ASSASSINS—DINNER OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER—REVIEW OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY IN A RAIN-STORM—GRANT'S OPINION OF THE BAYONET AS A WEAPON—LUNCH WITH PRINCE HOHENZOLLERN—DINNER WITH BISMARCK—INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

GENERAL GRANT had given a fortnight to Holland, more time than he probably would, had it not been for the attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Germany and the consequent uncertainty for a time whether the shock to his system would prove fatal. When all danger was passed, he at once started for Berlin, and reached it on the 26th of June. Mr. Taylor, our minister, escorted him to the city, having gone sixty miles to Stendahl to meet him. True to his plan of travel, he, as he always did, when he could break away from the ceremonies of a public reception, started off in the evening for a quiet stroll among the people, who saw in him only a common stranger. This course he pursued every day while he stayed—now leisurely walking along the great promenade Unterden-Linden, and now penetrating to the remotest streets, to observe the manners and customs, and learn the character of the common people, as they exhibited themselves in their every-day life. He called on General Gortschakoff, because he was so ill with the gout that he could not call on him.

The famous European Congress, on the affairs of Tur-

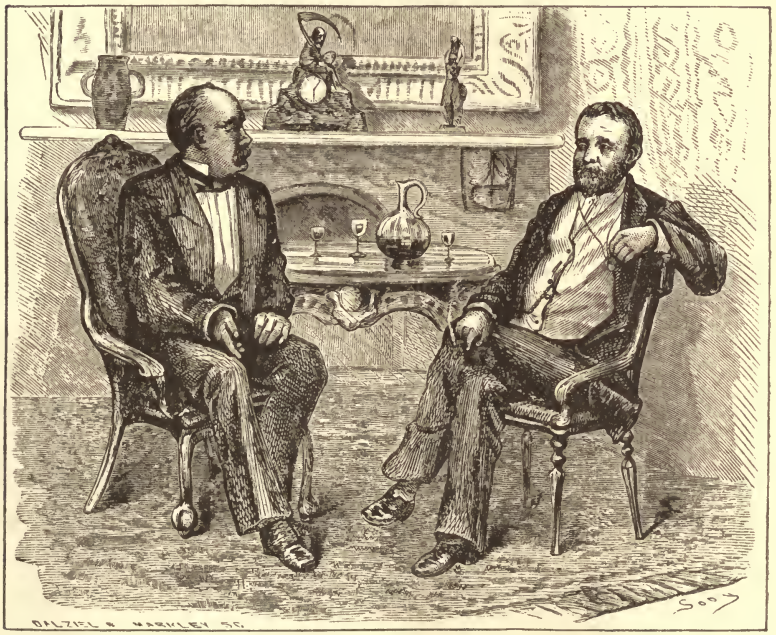
key, was in session here at this time, with many of the members of which he interchanged calls, as old acquaintances made in his travels in Europe. Among the first callers was Prince Bismarck, who, not finding him in, left his card, and called the second time with like ill-success.

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

Grant then sent a note, saying that he would call on the prince at any hour he would name. The latter appointed that afternoon at four o'clock.

A few minutes before the time, Grant slowly sauntered through the Frederick Place, and walked quietly into the

court-yard of the palace. The sentinel had been told of his expected arrival, and seeing the group of strangers, naturally inferred that he must be among them and presented arms. But a look of astonishment was on his face when he saw no carriage or liveried servants, only a plainly-dressed and ordinary-looking man, walking leisurely across the court-yard, smoking a cigar. Surely this cannot be the ex-President of the United States, and one of



INTERVIEW WITH PRINCE BISMARCK.

the most renowned generals of the age. It was a new revelation to him. Grant carelessly threw away the stump of his cigar as he answered the salute and advanced to the door. Suddenly two servants fling open the door and he passes into the spacious marble hall. The next moment the renowned prince, who is really emperor of Germany, comes forward in a free and easy manner, with both

hands extended to meet him. His hair is almost white, and there is a look of weariness on his lion-like face, which reveals in every line the sagacious, intrepid and right kingly man. As he seizes Grant by the hand he says in a frank, cordial tone, "Glad to welcome General Grant to Germany." The latter replied, that nothing in his German tour had given him so much pleasure as to meet him. Bismarck said he was surprised to see him so young a man, but on comparing their ages, it was found that he was but seven years younger than the prince. "This," remarked the latter, laughing, "shows the advantage of a military life, for here you have the frame of a young man, while I feel like an old man." Grant smiled and replied, that he had arrived at that period of life when no greater compliment could be paid him than to say he looked like a young man. By this time Bismarck had led him to a chair in his private study or library, that looked out on a beautiful park. One of the first questions of the prince was about General Sheridan, saying, "the General and I were fellow-campaigners in France, and we became great friends." Grant replied, that he had received letters from him recently, and that he was quite well.

"Sheridan," said the prince, "seemed to be a man of great ability." "Yes," answered Grant, "I regard Sheridan not only as one of the great soldiers of our war, but as one of the great soldiers of the world—as a man who is fit for the highest command No better general than Sheridan ever lived." "I observed," said Bismarck, "that he had a wonderful quick eye. On one occasion, I remember, the emperor and his staff took up a position to observe a battle. The emperor himself was never near enough to the front, was always impatient to be as near the fighting as possible. 'Well,' said Sheridan to me as we rode along, 'we shall never stay here, the enemy will in a short

time make this so untenable that we shall all be leaving in a hurry. Then while the men are advancing they will see us retreating.' Sure enough, in an hour or so the cannon-shot began to plunge this way and that way, and we saw we must leave. It was difficult to move the emperor, however; but we all had to go, and," said the prince, with a hearty laugh, "we went rapidly. Sheridan had seen it from the beginning. I wish I had so quick an eye."

The conversation then turned on the Congress in session in the city, when Bismarck remarked that he was sorry his necessary attendance on it prevented him from showing him around Berlin. He told him, also, that the emperor was sorry that he could not see him, as the doctors had peremptorily forbidden him to see any one. Grant expressed his regret that he could not have that honor, but regretted still more the cause of it, and hoped he would entirely recover. Bismarck remarked: "You know he is a very old man." "That," replied Grant, "adds to the horror one feels for the crime." Bismarck then spoke of the emperor, his kindliness of heart, and winning and generous disposition, expressing his wonder that any one should desire to take his life. Grant said it was the same with Lincoln—one of the kindest-hearted men that ever lived, yet killed by an assassin, and added that the influence which aimed at the emperor's life was an influence that would destroy all government, all order, all society, republics and empires.

"In America," he said, "some of our people are, as I see from the papers, anxious about it. There is only one way to deal with it, and that is by the severest methods. I don't see why a man who commits a crime like this, a crime that not only aims at an old man's life, a ruler's life, but shocks the world, should not meet with the severest

punishment. In fact," continued the General, "although at home there is a strong sentiment against the death penalty, and it is a sentiment which one naturally respects, I am not sure but it should be made more severe rather than less severe. Something is due to the

PRINCE VON OTTO BISMARCK.

offended as well as the offender, especially where the offended is slain."

"That," said the prince, "is entirely my view. My convictions are so strong that I resigned the government of Alsace because I was required to commute sentences of

capital nature. I could not do it in justice to my conscience. You see, this kind old gentleman, that emperor whom these very people have tried to kill, is so gentle that he will never confirm a death sentence. Can you think of anything so strange that a sovereign, whose tenderness of heart has practically abolished the death punishment, should be the victim of assassination, or attempted assassination? That is the fact. Well, I have never agreed with the emperor on this point, and in Alsace, when I found that as chancellor I had to approve all commutations of the death sentence I resigned. In Prussia that is the work of the minister of justice; in Alsace, it devolved upon me. I felt, as the French say, that something was due to justice, and if crimes like these are rampant they must be severely punished."

To which, Grant, in his usual quiet, undemonstrative way, replied: "All you can do with such people is to kill them." A sentiment to which, as Carlyle says, your "rose-water" philosophy gentlemen will object, but one to which every careful reader of history will say amen.

As was most natural, Bismarck assented to this, and then remarked that the emperor was especially sorry that he could not in person show General Grant a review, and that the crown prince would give him one. "But," said the prince, "the old gentleman is so much of a soldier and so fond of his army that nothing would give him more pleasure than to display it to so great a soldier as yourself."

Grant accepted the crown prince's invitation to a review for next morning, but with a smile continued: "The truth is, I am more of a farmer than a soldier. I take little or no interest in military affairs, and although I entered the army thirty-five years ago and have been in two wars, in Mexico as a young lieutenant, and later, I

never went into the army without regret and never retired without pleasure."

"You are so happily placed," said the prince, "in America that you need fear no wars. What always seemed so sad to me about your last great war was, that you were fighting your own people. That is always so terrible in wars, so very hard."

"But it had to be done," said the General.

"Yes," said the prince, "you had to save the Union just as we had to save Germany."

"Not only to save the Union, but destroy slavery," answered the General.

"I suppose, however, the Union was the real sentiment, the dominant sentiment," said the prince.

"In the beginning, yes," said the General; "but as soon as slavery fired upon the flag it was felt, we all felt, even those who did not object to slaves, that slavery must be destroyed. We felt that it was a stain to the Union that men should be bought and sold like cattle."

Our Minister, Bayard Taylor, gave a public dinner to Grant, at which the usual toasts and mutual compliments were given, and was altogether a pleasant affair. But the subsequent review of the Prussian army was not quite so agreeable. It had been arranged to take place at half-past seven in the morning. Unfortunately the day was ushered in with a pouring rain, and some one suggested that it should be postponed. But Grant, though so hoarse that he could scarcely speak, and totally unfit to be exposed to such weather, would not hear of it, as the troops were already in motion.

The place selected was the Tempelhof, a large open field outside of Berlin. When General Grant drove on the ground in a palace carriage he was met by the general commanding the Berlin troops, and a large staff.

A horse was in waiting for him, but he was suffering so much from a cold and chill, that he would not mount. The rain kept pouring down while the wind swept in fierce gusts over the field, driving it into the carriage of General Grant with such fury, that he was in a short time completely drenched. The brilliant pageant soon became dismally sombre, and all wished it was well over, but still cavalry, infantry and artillery moved on amid the storm, while the bursts of music made miserable harmony with the wild howl of the wind and the roar of the lashing rain. A sham fight with all the movements of a real battle, skirmish line, and flank attack was gone through with amid the wildest shouts and cheers.

Grant complimented the troops, but said he questioned very much whether in modern war the sabre or bayonet was of much use, for they added to the weight which the soldier had to carry, and so far impaired his efficiency. He thought that pistols in the hands of the soldiers would be far more effective than bayonets when they came to close quarters. Major Ingil, who accompanied him, said he could not agree with him, and cited instances in which the bayonet had decided the victory. Grant replied that was true, but the instances were so rare that they could not furnish a rule; and, for his part, he would take away the bayonet as so much useless weight, and let the soldiers use the butt-end of their muskets instead.

After the sham fight there was a grand review, and the dripping army, infantry, cavalry and artillery defiled before Grant, who stood with uncovered head, the rain beating pitilessly upon it. It was very beautiful and grand, no doubt, but the rain destroyed the effect, and both Grant and the soldiers were glad when each were permitted to seek shelter from it.

They then drove to the military hospital, and after-

wards to the quarters of a cavalry regiment, commanded by the Prince of Hohenzollern, where lunch was served, toasts drank and speeches made; but, as they had to be made through an interpreter, they lost much of their point and interest.

The lunch over, Grant returned to his hotel, at which Bismarck soon after called on him, when the former presented him to his wife. The prince speaking English well, a pleasant conversation followed, and at two o'clock he took his leave, saying that he must go to the Congress. The next day he invited General Grant and his wife to dinner, where they met many distinguished guests. After it was over all retired to an ante-chamber, overlooking a beautiful park, and while Mrs. Grant and the princess had a quiet *tete-a-tete*, Bismarck and Grant sat down by a window together and had a long conversation, Grant, in the meantime, puffing his cigar, while Bismarck betook himself to his pipe, saying that the doctors had forbidden him to smoke cigars.

The following sketch of this interview we quote entire from the pen of a correspondent:

"If I had any skill in drawing, I should like to sketch the scene between Grant and Bismarck. The chancellor —I came near saying the old chancellor, but I was thinking of his grave and wan face, and forgetting that he is a young man, as chancellors go—had lying stretched before him, one faithful friend, a black Danish dog of the hound species. This dog has made a place for himself in the affections of Berlin. He has full run of the palace, and took as much pains as the prince to make himself agreeable to his guests. He and the prince are inseparable companions, and there is a story that when Prince Gortschakoff came one day to see Bismarck, the dog made an anti-Russian demonstration against the Russian's legs.

All Berlin laughed over the story, which is too good to be denied. But on this occasion the Danish hound was in the most gracious mood.

"The General and the prince talked mainly upon the resources of the two countries. The contrast between the two faces was a study; for I take it, no two faces, of this generation, at least, have been more widely drawn. In expression, Bismarck has what might be called an intense face, a moving, restless eye, that might flame in an instant. His conversation is irregular, rapid and audacious, with gleams of humor, saying the oddest and frankest things, and enjoying anything that amuses him so much that frequently he will not, cannot finish the sentence for laughing. Grant, whose enjoyment of humor is keen, never passes beyond a smile. In conversation he talks his theme directly out with care, avoiding no detail, correcting himself if he slips in a detail, exceedingly accurate in statement, and who always talks well, because he never talks about what he does not know. You note, in comparing the two faces, how much more youth there is in that of Grant than of Bismarck. Grant's face was tired enough a year ago, when he came here fresh from that witches' dame of an Electoral Commission; it had that weary look which you see in Bismarck's, but it has gone, and of the two men, you would certainly deem Grant the junior by twenty years.

"Mr. Taylor, the American Minister, was evidently impressed with the historical value of the meeting of Grant and Bismark. He remembered a German custom that you can never cement a friendship without a glass of old-fashioned schnapps. There was a bottle of a famous schnapps cordial among other bottles. I am afraid to say how old it was, and the minister said, 'General, no patriotic German will believe that there can ever be

lasting friendship between Germany and the United States, unless yourself and the prince pledge eternal amity between all Germans and Americans, over a glass of this schnapps.' The prince laughed, and thanked the minister for the suggestion. The schnapps was poured out, the General and prince touched glasses, the vows were exchanged in hearty fashion, and the prince, rising, led Mrs Grant through the hall."

Perhaps there was no interview held by General Grant with a distinguished public personage, so free from all formality and restraint, as this. Mrs. Grant's intercourse with Bismarck's wife was equally unrestrained.

Although the Congress being in session and many distinguished personages were in the city, it did not seem to lessen the attention paid to the great American. Invitations were pressed upon him, many of which he was compelled to decline. The Americans in the city, like those in Paris, hoped to get up a grand Fourth of July celebration, at which the presence of Grant would be secured, and thus give it great eclat.

CHAPTER X.

GRANT AT HAMBURG—THE CITY—WAITED UPON BY THE SENATE—A TRIP ON THE ELBE—A QUIET FOURTH OF JULY DINNER—SPEECH OF GRANT—DINNER OF THE MERCHANT PRINCES—ATTENDS THE RACES—COPENHAGEN—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION AT GUTTENBERG—CHRISTIANIA—STRONG DRINK OF NORWAY AND SWEDEN—A PRIMITIVE JOURNEY INTO THE NORTHERN COUNTRY—A JOLLY RIDE—PEASANT LIFE—INVITED BY KING OSCAR TO THE ROYAL PALACE—STOCKHOLM—PEASANTS OF DALECARLIA.

BUT this was not to his taste, and he slipped down to Hamburg, on the Elbe, and passed the day there in a quiet, informal way. The distance from Berlin is about one hundred and seventy miles and the road passes through a rather uninteresting country. He reached Hamburg on the 2d of July, and the entrance into the busy, bustling, thriving town, with its omnibuses, and hacks, and trucks, was like one into an American city. There was no display here or formal ceremonies on his arrival, and he drove to the consul's house and had a quiet dinner. Then came the inevitable cigar and a stroll through the irregular but perfectly clean and orderly streets. Hamburg, it is well known, was one of the free cities of the old Hanseatic confederation, and is governed by four burgomasters and twenty-four councilors, and, though belonging to the German Empire, still enjoys many of its ancient municipal rights and privileges.

In the morning, a deputation from the senate waited on General Grant and taking him in a small steamer showed him the docks and basins, etc., of the harbor, and ran a short distance up and down the Elbe. Although the trip

was a pleasant one, much of its beauty was marred by the low-lying clouds and the down-pouring rain. In the evening, the senate gave him a dinner at the Zoological Gardens, where the usual complimentary toasts were given and speeches made.

The next day was the 4th of July, and early in the morning a Prussian band serenaded the General at his hotel. He afterward drove out to the country residence of the vice-consul, and spent the afternoon in strolling through the woods and talking with Americans who had come out there to meet him and have a quiet dinner with him at a country hotel near by. There was about thirty guests in all, and it was a thoroughly American dinner and enjoyed greatly by the General, who felt more at home than he had for a long time. The consul, Mr. Wilson, presided, and in giving the toast to Grant, spoke of him as having saved the country. The latter replied to it in the following happy manner:

"MR. CONSUL AND FRIENDS: I am much obliged to you for the kind manner in which you drink my health. I share with you in all the pleasure and gratitude which Americans so far from home should feel on this anniversary. But I must dissent from one remark of our consul, to the effect that I saved the country during the recent war. If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of any one man we should not have a country, and we should not be now celebrating our Fourth of July. There are many men who would have done far better than I did under the circumstances in which I found myself during the war. If I had never held command; if I had fallen; if all our generals had fallen, there were ten thousand behind us who would have done our work just as well, who would have followed the contest to the end and never surrendered the Union. Therefore, it is a

mistake and a reflection upon the people to attribute to me, or to any number of us who held high commands, the salvation of the Union. We did our work as well as we could, and so did hundreds of thousands of others. We deserve no credit for it, for we should have been unworthy of our country and of the American name if we had not made every sacrifice to save the Union. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. They came from their homes and fields, as they did in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country. To their devotion we owe the salvation of the Union. The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of the war as those who were in command. So long as our young men are animated by this spirit there will be no fear for the Union."

Some dancing followed, and then he drove to the railway station, greeted with fire-works in the woods along the route.

The next day, Baron Von Ohlendorf, one of the merchant princes of the city, gave him a luncheon, at which the Prussian Minister was present, and the leading wealthy merchants of Hamburg. Afterwards, much against Grant's wishes, he was taken in a pouring rain to see the races, but did not remain long, and returned to his hotel.

There are some old, quaint buildings in Hamburg, but nothing of particular interest to detain the traveler long. The chief attraction is its clean, bright streets, and its society, and mode of living, and general appearance, and thrift of the place—evidently, a pleasant place to live in.

The next day Grant and his party left for Copenhagen, noted for its fine squares, fine houses and handsome men and women. Canals are here, as in Amsterdam and

Hamburg, in the very heart of the city, in which vessels are moored. Situated on the Island of Zealand, it is surrounded by water. It is the capital of the smallest of the European kingdoms, yet has a history equal in importance to the largest.

The genius of Thorwaldsen pervades Copenhagen, and his works are seen in the churches, and in the museum named after him, in which are gathered 300 of his works. It has also large libraries, a splendid university, a fine arsenal, and an ethnographic museum, in which are gathered antiquities of all ages, even those showing the customs and manners of men living before history began. The Palace of Fredericksberg is an imposing building, standing in the middle of a grand park, a short distance from the city.

Grant, however, stayed here only long enough to get a bird's-eye view of the people, and bidding his friends a hearty adieu, took a steamer, and crossing the Callegat Sound, entered the port of Gottenburg amid the waving of flags from every ship and shallop in it. He had expected to post on to Christiania, but the reception of this once decayed but now thriving town of 40,000 souls was so enthusiastic, that he was persuaded to stay over the day and visit the various portions of the city and receive the honors that were waiting to be paid him.

The next morning he started for Christiania, the capital of Norway, and noticed with peculiar pleasure that the peasants along the way had decorated their rural homes with flags, in expectation of his coming. Ten thousand people were assembled on the quay to receive him, while flags waved, and cheer after cheer from these hardy sons of the North made the welkin ring. This was no formal ceremonious reception by king or municipal authorities, but the spontaneous greeting of the people. Grant was

taken by surprise by it, and even his imperturbable face worked with the emotions that filled his heart.

Christiania is beautifully situated on the water, and this day when the sky was clear, the air fresh, and white caps were dancing over the glittering Fjord, presented a charming appearance. The moment a man enters Norway, he enters a land of strong drink. It is a little singular, that the farther you go toward the equator, the milder the stimulating drinks that are used, and the nearer you approach the Arctic regions, the stronger they become. Here they drink before eating a fiery liquor called corn brandy, to whet their appetites, and after it is over, to digest their food, and enough of it to upset the strongest American head, but the effects of which this cold northern blood is able to resist. The people are frugal and honest, and altogether a sturdy race. Modern civilization and modern improvements have not wholly removed the traits of the old Norsemen, Goths and Huns, that once overrun and changed Southern Europe. They do not change their customs easily, and heat their houses to-day, as they did a long time ago, with porcelain stoves, fed by pine and birch wood. The history of Sweden and Norway are blended, and of great interest to the student, but far too extended to be entered on here.

Charles XII and Gustavus Vasa are immortal names in military history, while in daring explorations by sea these northern nations took the lead. But Grant had little time and inclination to trouble himself about the past of these old Norsemen, he wanted to look on the present. Of course there was more or less interest attached to the public building, library, university, etc., of Christiania, but these were soon exhausted, and a project entirely new, and which was to furnish one of the most pleasant episodes in Grant's tour around the world, was

here set on foot—nothing more or less than an inland trip northward toward the land of the reindeer and the Laps. Here there were no railroads or royal conveyances, not even stage coaches. Up through the peasant land, the rural districts, and over the rough and hilly roads, the mode of traveling was primitive, and if General Grant and his party wanted to get out of conventional life and see the Norseman in his mountain home, and picturesque valleys, and pastoral independent life, he must betake himself to it, because on the route he proposed to take there were but two modes of conveyance, or rather we should say, so far as comfort was concerned, but one. This was essentially an American sulky—that is, a clumsy, heavy one, with the seat sunk farther down between the wheels than ours, a little frame behind attached to the axle-tree for the baggage, that must not be more than a good-sized hand trunk, on which a boy or girl having charge of this one horse or pony could set, and take care of it, sulky, team, and driver and all. There is another mode of conveyance—something like an English "seat-cart," which some of the travelers preferred—for several Americans had joined the party—that is, preferred for the first few miles only, and hence does not need a description. A pony, not a horse, is attached to these sulkies and the passenger drives. One can imagine with such rattle-traps for conveyances, what a comical spectacle Grant and his party presented as they started on their northern inland tour. State ceremonies, royal carriages, deafening salutes, dazzling equipages, stately dinners, formal speeches and bands of music were exchanged for a free, wild rattle-to-bang drive through the country of Norway. It does not require any stretch of the imagination to conceive the jolly appearance of this crowd of one-horse, or rather one-pony

vehicles, scurrying over the hills and through the picturesque valleys of Norway. It was a merry, jolly ride, in which there was racing and laughter, and jesting without end. General Grant, in a low two-wheeled vehicle, drawn by a small pony, with a little boy clinging like grim death to the seat, behind him, and rattling at the rate of five miles an hour over the stony roads, and up and down the steep hills of Norway, was somewhat of a contrast to the tame, dignified personage in Windsor Palace or Bismarck's carriage, yet to him a most pleasant one. It was thoroughly an American party, and altogether formed a sort of helter-skelter caravan, as they scurried through the country.

Here and there the party was known, as the news of their journey had preceded them, and peasant girls were dressed out in their gayest costumes, bringing mountain strawberries and wild flowers to sell. In others, the men and women, unconscious of the presence of distinguished strangers, were busy at work in the fields—men and women alike, with their scythes and rakes, gathering in the fragrant hay. Rugged mountains, with here and there an opening between, revealing the sparkling waves of the North Sea, came and went, their bare, solemn tops contrasting strangely with the waving fields at their base, while over all bent the clear Northern summer sky, and all around was the fresh and invigorating air. Past the rude dwellings of the peasants, past quiet hamlets and rustic churches, with their simple graveyards, the party sped on, enjoying every mile and every hour of this new, fresh life.

To Grant, wearied with formal receptions, ceremonies, dinners and monotonous reviews, it was like an escapade from school. He would like to have gone on in this exhilarating atmosphere, with this fresh life about him,

to the land of the Laps and the reindeer, but he had, with military precision, mapped out his journey and fixed the time for his arrival in St. Petersburg, and so was compelled to turn about and direct his course back to Christiania.

Norway is a great resort for English sportsmen, especially for those who like salmon-fishing, and Grant encountered many of these, who invited him to join them, but he declined, knowing as little about fishing as he did about music.

King Oscar invited him to the royal palace, and those formal visits of ceremony which had come to be as regular as a bill of fare at a restaurant, were gone through with, and then he started by rail for Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. All along the route it was known that General Grant was on board, and hence everywhere there were displays of flags, and in some of the villages triumphal arches, bearing on them, "Welcome to General Grant," while the country people thronged the depots to get a glimpse of the great American chieftain.

It was night, even in these long days of this northern latitude, before the train reached the capital, for they do not run here with lightning-like speed as they do in America and England. But the road being superbly laid and the cars admirably fitted up for comfort, this could be dispensed with, especially as it gave the General a better opportunity to see the country through which they passed. The city, handsome in itself, appears still more beautiful from its situation on three islands, or, perhaps, more accurately stated, with its suburbs on *seven*, which rise irregularly from the water. Built like Venice, on the water, it is connected by a great number of bridges. Looking down on it from the higher grounds, land and water are blent and tall ships are seen sailing among

church spires and houses, while, in the distance, mountain summits roll along the sky, furnishing a grand background to the whole. A busy population throng the streets, and one is struck with the number of beautiful women and their graceful walk. Stockholm has its palaces, museums, libraries, etc., which interest more or less the traveler. In the National Museum are many relics that stir the heart with the memories they awaken, and among them the blood-stained clothes of the great Gustavus Adolphus, which he wore on the fatal field of Lutzen, and the hat of Charles XII, which he wore at Frederickshall when, as he was leaning against a parapet, a cannon-ball crashed through his head. They found him dead in the same position in which he was standing when the ball struck him—his hand on his sword. The royal palace, with its lower portion of polished granite, and its upper of brick, stuccoed, is a superb structure and is considered second to none in Europe, unless it is Versailles. One of the sights peculiar to Stockholm is the women from Dalecarlia, who come down from their mountain homes to earn money for a future dowry, when they shall return to their native villages to be married. Like the peasantry in the Neapolitan kingdom, they delight in costumes of various bright colors—a scarlet petticoat, green or blue jacket, red stockings, and some coquettish head-dress. In Italy, however, they present a more picturesque appearance than here, as they work in the green fields between the rows of grain, while in Stockholm they do the common work of men in the streets, even mixing mortar, turning themselves into hod-carriers tending the masons on the houses. The king extended to Grant royal hospitalities, and everything was done to make his short stay in the capital pleasant. He, however, soon exhausted its special objects of interest

and took boat for St. Petersburg, 400 miles distant across the Baltic. As the boat entered Cronstadt, the forts that frown about it thundered forth a salute, while the vessels

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

of war hung out their flags. The reception on shore was short, and then Grant and his party embarked on board a steamboat and steamed up the Neva to St. Petersburg,

one of the grandest cities of Europe. On their arrival, they were met by our minister, Mr. Stoughton, and soon after Prince Gortschakoff and other officers of the court called on him and welcomed him in the name of the emperor, and fixed an audience with the latter for the next day.

At the appointed hour Grant drove to the palace, and was received by the emperor with great cordiality, who conversed some time with his guest, and seemed particularly interested in our Indians, both as to their treatment by the Government, and their probable destiny. The interview being ended, the emperor accompanied General Grant to the door, and spoke of the friendly relations that had always existed between Russia and America, adding, "and as long as I live nothing shall be spared to continue this friendship." Grant replied in suitable terms, saying, that although the two Governments were unlike, the American people were in sympathy with Russia, and he trusted always would be.

The Grand Duke Alexis called on him, notwithstanding the slight the newspapers pretended the President put on him when in this country, and inquired about the manner of Custer's death, whom he knew and admired. The longest interview was with Prince Gortschakoff, the two chatting and smoking together like old acquaintances, discussing European and American politics by turns, the General giving him much new information about the latter. It is a little singular, that the greatest despotism on earth, and the greatest republic, should be on more cordial terms of friendship with each other than with those countries most like them in their political systems. Gortschakoff is now over eighty years old, a time of life when an American disappears from public affairs, and yet his mind is keen and active as that of Bismarck's himself.

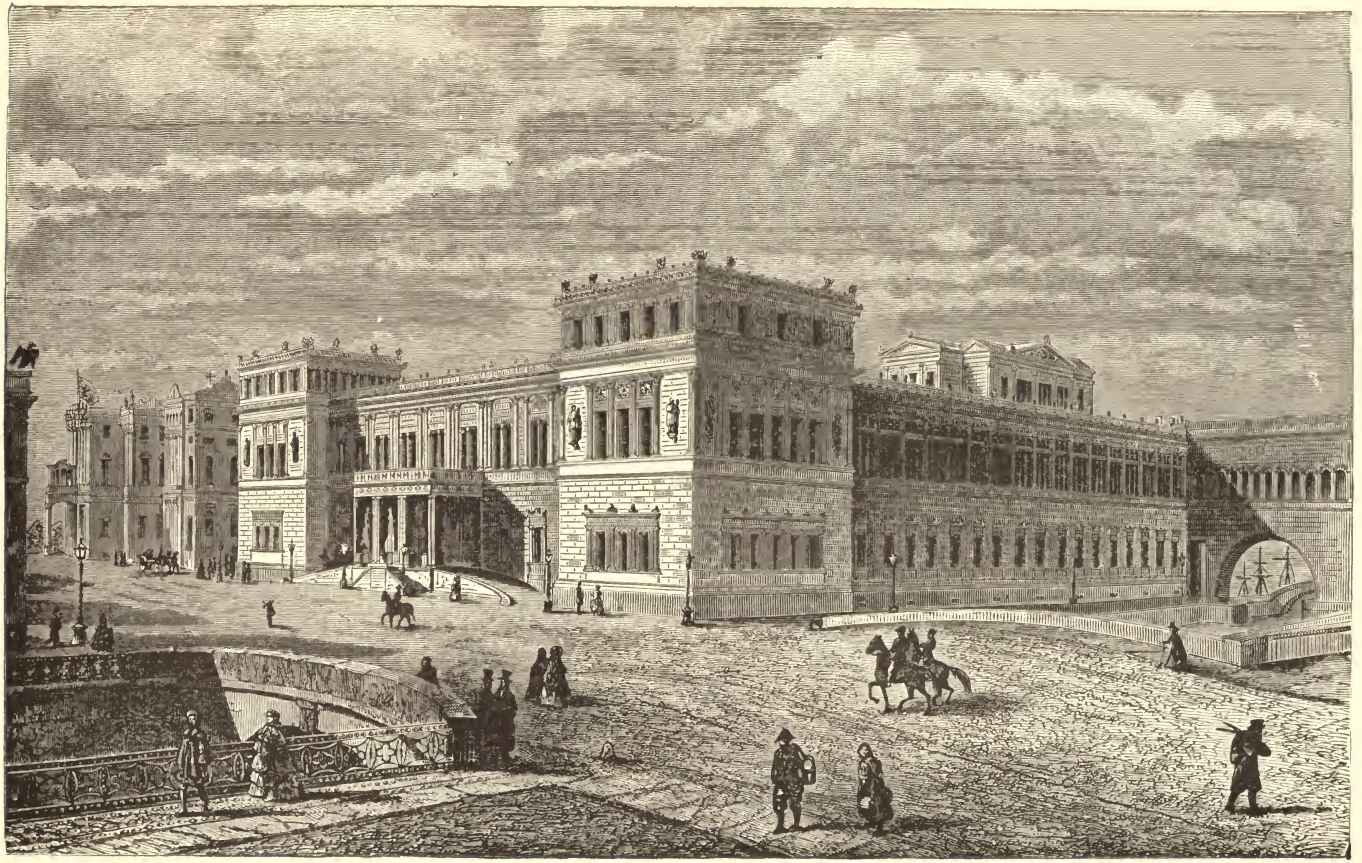
St. Petersburg, as we said, is a magnificent city, with the

THE IMPERIAL PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

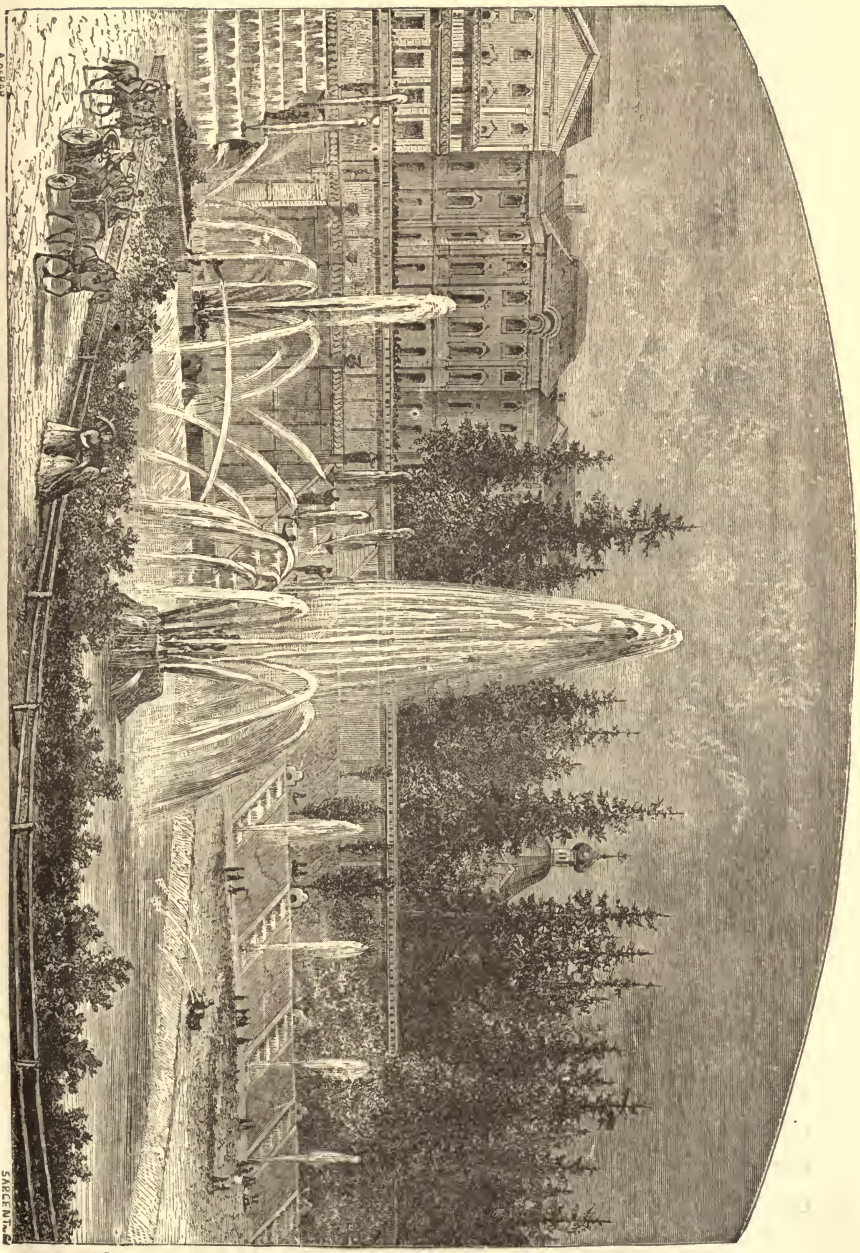
Neva running through it and supplying it with pure water. Both banks are lined with palaces, and churches, and towers glittering with gold, and beautiful gardens. The imperial gardens are on its banks, from which you have an extended view of the stream winding through this gorgeous frame-work. It is vain to attempt to describe the beauty and grandeur that meets one as he walks the spacious streets. The most splendid churches are St. Isaac's and our Lady of Kazan—the latter, which is dedicated to the great Russian saint, is a massive structure, its nave and cupola resting on fifty-six granite columns, with bronze capitals. The floor is of different kinds of marble, the steps to the choir of porphyry, with a silver balustrade. There is not space to speak of the towers of the admiralty, and of the fortress covered with plates of pure gold. The Winter Palace of the emperor is an imposing pile of buildings, with its suites of halls filled with marbles, precious stones, pictures and works of art. Some idea of this most magnificent palace in the world may be formed when it is remembered that in the winter it is occupied by 6,000 people belonging to the emperor's household. Adjoining it, and connected by galleries, is the Hermitage, built by Catherine as a place to retire from public business, and where in the coldest weather reigns perpetual spring. We will not attempt to describe "the marble palace," nor that of Prince Labanoff, nor Alexander's obelisks and the equestrian statue of Peter the Great which adorn its open squares, nor the public institutions, theatres, etc. The drosky, the cab of St. Petersburg, is one of the distinguishing features of the city, and is seen at every turn, those of the officers going at Jehu speed along the streets.

The emperor placed his yacht at Grant's disposal, and he made a trip in it to Peterhof, some fifteen miles out of

the city, which bears the same relation to St. Petersburg that Versailles does to Paris. But the description of palaces becomes as monotonous and wearisome as seeing them. They differ very little from each other, except in the amount of wealth lavished upon them—useless as residences—mere monuments of kingly extravagance, built out of the money rung by taxes from the toiling millions. When one remembers how much deprivation and want these costly piles have produced, and goes from their gilded halls to the pinched, hard-working masses, he does not wonder at Communism or Nihilism, and feels that some day the oppressed and suffering millions will make a bonfire of them. A visit was made to the Russian man-of-war, "Peter the Great," and Grant was received with a salute of twenty-one guns, while the band struck up national airs. He then kept on down the beautiful Neva to Cronstadt and sailed through the Russian fleet. Each vessel, as he approached, run up the Stars and Stripes—the sailors manned the yards till the rigging was black with men, sending cheer after cheer over the water. It was a spirited, animated scene. This magnificent city with its palaces and churches, is built on a swamp; its very foundations, like those of Cairo, being brought from a distance. Of course, it is flat and the spacious streets run on a dead level. Nevskoi Prospekt is Broadway and Fifth Avenue combined—elegant shops and palatial residences succeeding each other, while the sidewalks are thronged with fashionable ladies and gentlemen. General Grant enjoyed his drives through the capital more than his visits to palaces. But the English quay is the fashionable part of St. Petersburg, and here the houses resemble palaces. It is a very religious city, if one can judge by the number of churches and the worshipers that throng them, and though the



ART GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG.



CHATEAU DE PETERHOFF.

national religion is Greek, there are vast numbers of Jews, Mohammedans and Christians in it. St. Petersburg, however, to be seen in all its glory, should be visited in winter when the Neva is frozen over and sledges with costly robes fill the streets. Having seen the finest churches, and visited its chief public buildings, and enjoyed the hospitality of the city, Grant bade his many friends adieu and started for Moscow, lying some four hundred miles distant almost in a straight line.

The railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow

RUSSIAN POST-HOUSE.

was built by two American engineers, named Winans and Wilson. They laid it out at first as they would one in this country, so as to take in the principal places on the way, for the double purpose of benefiting the people and increasing the traffic. But, when the plan was shown the emperor, he drew a straight line between the two cities, and said: "Lay out the road on that line," and they did so. Cuts, and chasms, and hills were of no account to the imperial will.

This single anecdote illustrates strikingly the difference

between a republic and a despotism. In the former, a road is built to accommodate the people, in the latter to please the monarch. The road is well built and admirably equipped, but it runs through a desolate, forbidding country, where the larch and the birch-trees alternating, are the most conspicuous objects on the vast plains. The rate of speed is fixed at thirty miles an hour, so that the running time from St. Petersburg to Moscow is but little over thirteen hours; yet it was ordered that, including stoppages, twenty hours should be allowed for the train that carried General Grant, thus allowing some seven hours to rest and eat.

RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

What would the Americans say, if five hours were allowed for stoppages between Albany and Buffalo; and, yet, who will assert that the Russian mode of traveling is not more sensible than ours. There the train waits for the passengers to take a quiet breakfast and dinner without hurry or anxiety, and they are made thoroughly comfortable. Here a man stows away his food a good deal as a farmer loads his hay-cart in a thunder-storm, and thus injures his health, and loses the pleasure of a quiet dinner and the comfort of good digestion.

The country presented a striking contrast to one stretching between two great cities in this country, and resembled a prairie more than anything else. The condition of the ignorant, stolid peasantry seems but little improved by their emancipation from serfdom. The women do most of the work in the fields, keeping up a low chant as they toil at the scanty crop, and present a sorry contrast to the magnificent palaces of the capital.

The stations are about the only comfortable-looking

VIEW OF THE KREMLIN.

buildings on the road till you get near Moscow, where the country becomes thickly populated, and cottages, and gardens, and pleasure-grounds enliven the landscape. A crowd at the depot awaited the train, and greeted its arrival with cheers, while officials pressed forward to pay their respects to the distinguished traveler.

This ancient capital is built on a spacious plan, gardens and grounds separating the houses, which resemble cottages, from out of which in the centre of the city rises the towers of the world-renowned Kremlin. As one looks

at this pleasant, well-built city, the mind involuntarily turns back to the memorable year of 1812, when Napoleon entered it with 150,000 men, and took up his abode in this stately pile, only to be soon driven out by the all-devouring flames, and recalls the sublimity and terror of that great sacrifice by which the people arrested the conqueror and turned his victory into the most disastrous defeat the world has ever witnessed.

As he stood, on that terrible night three miles off, in a building whose walls and windows were so hot from the wild conflagration that he could not bear his hands on them, he saw his army and his empire fading from view. Here he was to winter, and then march on the Russian capital, but now, advance was impossible, with winter so near, and retreat only was left, but what a retreat! What a picture it was that this mighty genius was looking at that night, through the hot windows on the conflagration that was in the end to wrap and engulf his fortunes. Still the awful destiny which this sublime act of self-sacrifice involved, could not make the victor forget the grandeur of the scene, and he says: "*It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, and sky, and clouds of flame, mountains of red, rolling flame, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into oceans of flame below. Oh! it was the most grand, the most sublime, the most terrific sight the world ever beheld.*"

The mighty army of 600,000 men that had crossed the Nieman, a few months before, disappeared like the mist of the morning, and the star of Napoleon's destiny, that no cloud could dim, sunk to gleam but once more before it disappeared forever. Amid the devastating flame that laid Moscow in ashes, the Kremlin stood unmoved. The attempt to blow it up, when it was seen the fire had

spared it, proved abortive, and it stands to-day, nearly all there is remaining of Moscow's ancient greatness, though in nine years after the city's destruction all signs of her misfortune had disappeared. This citadel embraces about two miles in circumference, and within its wall are palaces, cathedrals and churches, the arsenal and treasury, monasteries, museums and buildings of various kinds, the attempt to describe which, only bewilders one. But the crowning glory is the Tower of Ivan Veliki, 250 feet high, with its forty bells of various sizes that fill, when set going, the surrounding country with their clang.

The largest weighs sixty tons, but vast as are its dimensions, it is a mere steamboat bell, compared to the one standing at the foot of the tower, on which it once swung, and with its iron tongue spoke with a voice that made the massive structure tremble. Its supports having been burned away by a fire, it fell to the earth and was cracked, so that its thunderous tone will be no more heard. It remained buried in the earth where it fell a hundred years, and then was raised and placed on a granite pedestal, the monarch of all bells that ever were cast. It is over twenty-five feet high and sixty-seven feet in circumference, and weighs 400,000 pounds, and is now used as a chapel. What it must have cost, one can imagine when it is stated that the mere material alone of which it is made is worth nearly $2,900,000.

From the top of the Kremlin 160 cupolas and towers can be counted. In the arch of the St. Nicholas gate is a picture of St. Nicholas, which is said to possess miraculous power. Princes and peasants alike take off their hats as they pass under it, and so must you.

On the principal street of the city, and along it, are the finest buildings and shops, and the palaces of the nobility. The promenades and drives are fine. The carriage most

used is a four-wheeled wagon, without springs, to which a horse is hitched in shafts, with one horse on each side of him. Over the middle one is a high yoke, to which bells are attached. The horse in the shafts trots, making the bells jingle, while the outside ones gallop.

The Chinese town, as it is called, is a vast expanse of shops, the owners of which usually seem more interested in a game of draughts than in selling goods.

The four days that Grant had given to Moscow passed pleasantly. A drive to the emperor's villa, at Sparrow Hill, from which you see the city spread out like a panorama, and strolling through the markets, and visiting churches, and watching the daily flow of life through the streets, filled up all the short time he had to spare. He now started for Warsaw, the capital of Poland that was. The distance is 600 miles, but the road goes through an uninteresting country, save that it presented, with its hamlets, and houses, and people, a new phase of life.

Hardly halting here, he kept on to Vienna, where he arrived at night, on the 18th of August, and found all the members of the embassy and many American citizens waiting at the station to receive him.

The next day, Count Andrassy, the First Minister of the Council, with many leading men, met him by appointment at the American Legation. In the evening he dined with the count, and on the 20th had an audience with the king, at the Palace of Schoenbrunn, and on the following day, with his wife, dined with him and the empress. The next day the American minister gave a diplomatic dinner, which was attended by all the ministers of foreign nations, and was followed in the evening by a grand ball.

Vienna is a fresh, bright city, with magnificent streets, lined with as splendid stores as those of Paris. The

Stephenplatz was visited, where are the Church of St. Stephen's and the Archbishop's Palace. The bell of the Cathedral was cast from 180 cannon, taken from the Turks, and weighs 40,000 pounds. Half way up the tower a watchman always stands with a telescope in his hand, to give the alarm of fire. From the top a superb view of the city is had. Palaces and churches, museums of natural history, and imperial royal picture gallery and arsenal, by turns received Grant's attention. The picture gallery is very extensive, and contains many paintings by the great masters.

The environs of the city furnish also many attractions, among others Baden, fourteen miles distant, famous for its baths, which Grant visited. So many invitations were showered on him here that he overstayed the time which he had allotted to his visit, and for once he ordered a halt in his military march through Europe. It was short, however, and he was soon off for Munich, called the Athens of Germany. It is a quaint-looking city, priding itself chiefly on its magnificent street, called the Ludwig Strasse, and its famous beer, of which, in Bavaria, there are 10,000 manufacturers, in a population of less than 5,000,000. Ten thousand breweries in New York would be considered a rather large allowance by the temperance people of the State, yet you may here travel for days and not see a tipsy man.

Munich contains many monuments, chief of which is the bronze statue of Bavaria, sixty feet high, and standing on a granite pedestal thirty feet high. Its public library, next to that of Paris, is the largest in the world, containing 800,000 volumes and 33,000 manuscripts, besides 300,000 engravings. Munich is a fine city, and, with the exception of Florence and Madrid, contains the finest collection of works of art in the world.

Bound for Switzerland, Grant stopped only long enough to get a general impression of it, and kept on to Augsburg, and thence to Ulm, where Mack, in 1805, surrendered the entire army to Napoleon. Halleck compared Grant's Vicksburg campaign to this one of Napoleon's against Ulm, but we see only small resemblance. It was more like that great commander's first Italian campaign.

At last they reached Schaffhausen, where Grant had been before, and so made no stay, but crossing this portion of Switzerland, entered France near Besancon, noted for its watches. At the close of the third day he reached Lyons, known chiefly for its silk manufactories. Long columns of black smoke rising from tall chimneys told them before they reached it, of St. Etienne, the Sheffield of France, and was the first great French manufacturing town Grant had ever visited. A short halt was made at the Vichy Springs, and then the party sped on through various towns, making a short stop at Perigueux, where monuments are erected to Fenelon and Montaigne. There was not much, however, to interest the traveler on this route, until they reached the wine country, on their way to Bordeaux. Rich cultivated fields, green hill-tops crowned with vineyards, happy-looking homes, gay parties dancing on the village green in their light costumes, on some fete, came and went in bright succession, making the journey one of the most pleasant and agreeable he had yet taken. Like the peasants of Naples, the country people delight in costumes in which caps, and

WINE-PRESS.

bodices, and skirts are all of different colors, and present a gay appearance as they contrast with the green foliage of the vineyards, amid which they chatter and laugh as though they had never heard of care. It takes about fifteen men and women together, to tend two and a half acres of vineyard, and bring the grapes to the press and prepare the wine. The pressing is very like that of an old-fashioned cider-press in our country. Everywhere wine was urged on our travelers, always accompanied with the declaration that it was harmless as water, and if Grant had sampled all that he was asked to, he would have been a second Bacchus, before he reached Bordeaux. This city is situated on the Garonne, which is here 2,600 feet broad, and sixty feet deep, and lined with quays, three miles long. It is famous for its wines, of which, England and Russia take the greater part of the best quality; Paris and Holland the second and third, and the United States, the third and fourth and fifth qualities, though the latter gets some of the best. Grant visited the vast wine-cellars and brandy store-houses, with much interest. There are some fine churches in Bordeaux, and the Exchange, Archiepiscopal Palace and theatres are good specimens of modern style of architecture. The inhabitants are very proud of their principal street, the Chapeaux Rouge. The hospitalities of the city were enjoyed by General Grant, but he could not prolong his stay, for a letter reached him here from King Alfonso of Spain, inviting him to make him a visit.

CHAPTER XI.

GRANT STARTS FOR SPAIN—BIARRITZ—SAN SEBASTIAN—TOLOSA—JOURNEY TO VITTORIA—INTERVIEW WITH CASTELAR—VITTORIA—INTERVIEW WITH THE KING—A FRANK CONVERSATION—APPROACH TO MADRID—THE ROYAL PALACE—THE ESCURIAL—GRANT WITNESSES THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE ALFONSO—PORTUGAL—THE ROYAL FAMILY—THE KING'S FATHER'S SECOND WIFE A BOSTONIAN LADY—INTERVIEW WITH THE KING—VISITS DON FERNANDO'S PALACE AT CINTRA—THE KING AN AUTHOR—OFFERS GRANT THE GRAND CROSS OF THE TOWER, AND SWORD OF CORDOVA—ITS GREAT CATHEDRAL—SEVILLE—ITS GAY PEOPLE—THEIR LOOSE MORALS—THE ALCAZAR—GOVERNMENT TOBACCO FACTORY—A CONTRAST—THE EXCHANGE—THE CATHEDRAL—SHERRY WINE—CADIZ—ITS BEAUTIFUL WOMEN—GIBRALTAR—LORD NAPIER'S HOSPITALITY—REVIEW OF TROOPS—GIBRALTAR AS THE KEY TO THE MEDITERRANEAN—VISITS PAU—ASKED TO TAKE PART IN A FOX-HUNT—A PUBLIC DINNER—RETURNS TO ENGLAND—VISITS IRELAND—RECEPTION AT DUBLIN—GIVEN THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY—A GRAND BANQUET—GRANT'S SPEECH—INSOLENCE OF CORK—VISITS DERBY—ENTHUSIASM OF THE PEOPLE—VISITS BELFAST—HIS RECEPTION—SEES BUT ONE SIDE OF IRELAND.

HE started immediately, stopping on his way at Biarritz, beautifully situated on the Bay of Biscay. It is famous chiefly for having been chosen by the late French emperor as a seaside residence, and where he built him a house. It was a favorite resort of Eugenie in her girlish days, and the place was selected to please her. The quaint costumes of the people and their peculiar habits interested Grant more than anything else in his short stop.

As the train, next day, drew up to the station at Irun, just over the borders, draped with flags, a general of the king met Grant and welcomed him in the name of His Majesty, saying that he was directed by him to place a special carriage at his disposal. It was accepted with thanks, and the train kept on to San Sebastian, whose

walls have again and again been reddened with human blood during the Napoleonic wars. Here Grant was presented to the town officials, and then sped on toward Tolosa. As he approached the station, a squad of soldiers presented arms, and then the train kept on, winding in and out among the hills. At length it left the defiles through which it had crept its way, and skirting the side of a great hill, with the peaks of the Pyrenees in full view, passed the summit, and dashing down the farther side, exchanged the wild scenery of the mountains for smiling villages and cultivated fields that stretch on to Vittoria.

At a station near the city Grant was waited upon by several officers of high rank, sent to conduct him to the king, who was several miles in advance, at Vittoria. Alfonso solved the vexed question respecting the rank and character in which Grant should be received, by directing that he should be received as a captain-general of the Spanish army. The latter, hearing that ex-President Castelar was on the platform, about to start for San Sebastian, sent word that he would like to know him. Castelar came at once, and a short, but interesting conversation followed. The former thanked him for his friendship for the United States and his noble sympathy with the North during the rebellion, and said there was no man in Spain he was more desirous of seeing. His short presidency of Spain was a stormy one, but by his firm hand and masterly eloquence, maintained the integrity of the Spanish Government, though he had not the sympathy of a European nation, and was confronted by both Carlism and Communists north and south. With a promise to see each other again at Madrid, the two ex-presidents parted, and the trains sped onward.

As the party entered Vittoria, a rain was falling, but the town having been turned into a camp, the whole

space in front of the hotel at which Grant put up was filled with booths and alive with dealers, mostly women in quaint basque costumes. All the officials were ready to receive him, who informed him that the king would see him next morning. Accordingly, the next morning he entered the modest little palace, where His Majesty resided when in the place, and was escorted into an ante-room filled with officers of high grade, and then passed into a library, where the king awaited him.

As he advanced to greet him, Grant saw before him a fair-faced youth, only twenty years of age, with a downy mustache and a frank, open, almost boyish way with him. Yet withal, there was a certain dignity in his manner as he led Grant to a seat, and said how glad he was to see him, and that he felt honored that he should come to Vittoria, as otherwise he would have missed his visit. He had read all about him he said, both as a great General and President, and admired him greatly and had been very curious to see him. Grant expressed his thanks, complimented him in turn, and spoke of the sympathy the death of his wife created in America. The king said he had seen this in the American newspapers, and had been deeply touched by it. His marriage, he said, had been one of love entirely, for he and the queen had been engaged ever since he was fifteen years old. They had been very happy together, and she had helped him bear the burdens of his kingly office, which were extremely irksome to him. Grant replied that the eight years of his Presidency had been the most harassing and weary ones of his whole life. The young king said, while his wife lived, he found in her a solace to all his cares, but now as she was gone, his only comfort and relief was to be actively engaged the whole time in labor. The interview was characterized by the utmost frankness on the

part of the young king, who seemed glad to find one to whom he could open his whole heart. The fair-browed youth of twenty and the gray veteran of fifty-six, presented a striking contrast, yet a pleasing picture, as they sat side by side in that home-like library.

From Vittoria Grant went direct to Madrid, the approach to which is forbidding and gloomy. Being situated on a high, barren plain destitute of trees, its suburbs have a dreary, desolate look. Among its objects of interest is the royal palace, an immense pile of buildings, 470 feet square, and 100 feet high, and occupying, with its gardens, nearly eighty acres. Its ceilings are magnificently frescoed, and the throne-room is gorgeous. Adjoining it, is the royal coach-house, containing 125 carriages of every size, pattern and color, from Queen Joan's carved carriage, 350 years old, to the trotting wagon of New York. On the southern side is the armory, the most interesting one in the world. But the only real great attraction is the royal picture gallery, 500 feet long. The catalogue alone, of all the great paintings gathered here, amazes one, while it would take weeks to see them properly. Many of its public buildings and palaces are very fine, but its public promenade will not compare with Central Park. Mr. Lowell, our minister, gave General Grant the usual public dinner.

He visited the "eighth wonder of the world," the Escurial Palace, which takes about an hour and a half to reach, over a rough, stony road. It was built by Philip II, for a convent, but was occupied by him as a palace till his death. It cannot be described, one can only say it is 700 feet long and 564 broad, and built of solid granite, and took twenty years to finish it. It stands on an eminence 2,700 feet above the level of the sea, commanding a wide prospect. The chapel is plain, solemn and sombre, 325

feet long, 270 feet wide and 330 high. The royal tomb is gorgeous deyond description. You descend to it by marble steps, while the walls beside you and the ceiling above you are jasper. The walls surrounding the tomb, which is thirty-eight feet high, are of jasper, porphyry and precious marbles. The four rooms which used to be occupied by Queen Isabella, in summer, though small, cost a million and a half of dollars. After wandering through it and mounting to the top for the wonderful view it commands, Grant returned to Madrid.

A day or two after occurred the most noticeable incident of his visit—the attempted assassination of the king while a royal procession was passing through the city. Grant was standing, at the time, at the window of his hotel, looking across the great plaza, watching the progress of the cavalcade, when he saw the smoke of a pistol in the crowd and the confusion that followed as soon as it was learned that the king had been fired at. He had already booked himself for Lisbon by the night train which left at seven o'clock, and hence could not in person present his congratulations to the king on his narrow escape, and express that sympathy which he felt. But to the minister of state, Senor Silvera, who, notwithstanding the excitement attending the attempt to assassinate the king, with true Castillian courtesy accompanied him to the railway station, he expressed his regrets that he could not call in person on the king, but requested him to convey to him his sincere congratulations that he had escaped the assassin's bullet. He then entered the train and sped off for Portugal.

The king, Don Luis, is forty years old, and is second cousin to the Prince of Wales, while the queen is the youngest sister of the king of Italy. His father's second wife was a Bostonian lady, and though her marriage with

the royal family was not recognized, she is treated with great honor. She was a singer and came to sing in Lisbon, where Don Fernando fell in love with her and married her. She is called the Countess d'Edla, and is much respected by all. She escorted Grant through the halls of the palace and seemed exceedingly gratified that she could pay such attention to one of her own countrymen.

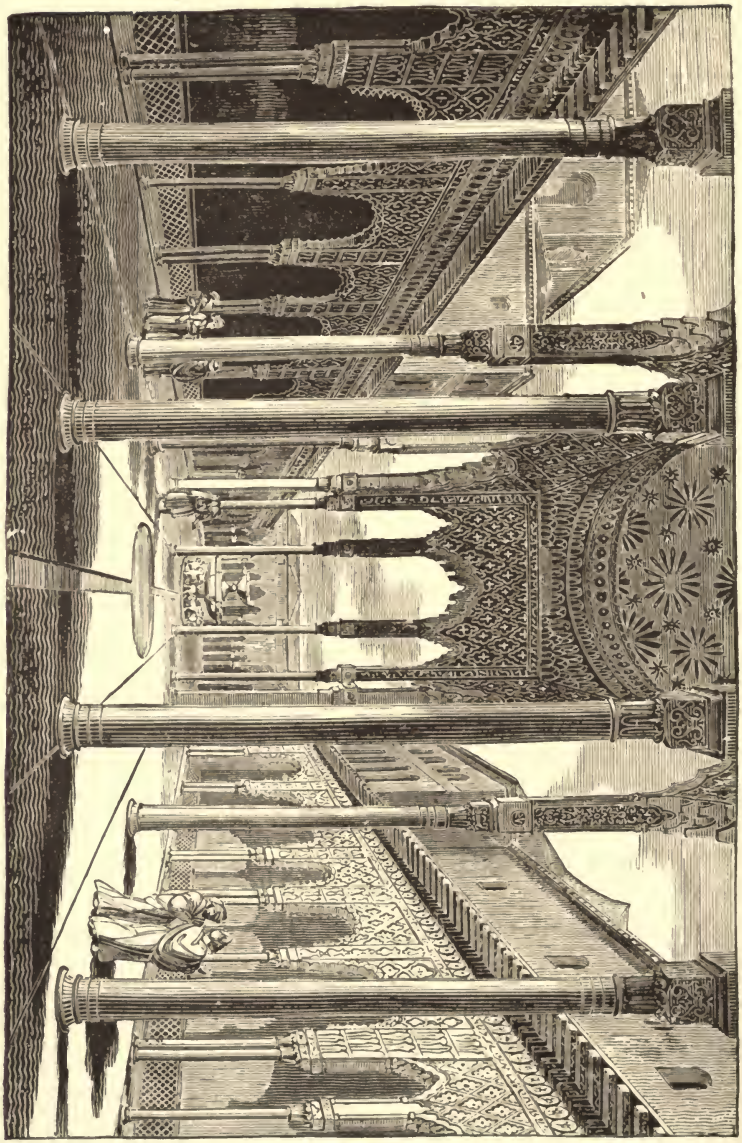
The king, on learning that General Grant had arrived in Lisbon, came to the city to meet him, and at once gave him and his wife an audience at the palace. The king, after greeting the General in the splendid audience chamber, led him into an inner apartment, away from the ministers and courtiers who were in attendance on the ceremony. They had a long conversation relative to Portugal and the United States, the resources of the two countries and the means to promote the commercial relations between them. The next evening there was a dinner at the palace in honor of the General, the ministers and the leading men of the court being in attendance. The king conversed with the General about other themes, and wanted him to go with him and shoot. It seems the king is a famous shot. But the General's arrangements left him no time to accept this courtesy.

Lisbon is not a very attractive place, though it has a superb situation. It stands on several low hills, almost every one of which is crowned with a convent or church that looks like a palace, while the cathedral, of Moorish architecture, is well worth a visit. It has some fine squares and streets, though, as a rule, the latter are narrow, crooked and dirty.

Don Fernando talked to Grant about California and the Pacific coast, and said he should like to visit it, and finally gave him a warm invitation to visit his palace at

Cintra, some fifteen miles from Lisbon. He gladly accepted it, for it is one of the sights especially worth seeing in Portugal, while the drive to it is delightful. The interior of the palace is not unlike that of many others, but the outside effect, and the view from the top are wonderful. It is built on the summit of a rocky, isolated hill, 3,000 feet high. From its base, the descent to the village is gradual, and passes all the way through exquisite gardens. On the other side you look from the dizzy height, almost sheer down to trees and rocks piled at the bottom in chaotic confusion. Beyond, the chasm slopes up green, rich fields, while beyond lie the Torres Vedras, and still farther is the blue sea, stretching away till it melts in the distant horizon. The Tagus winds at your feet toward the ocean, through forests and hills, while palaces, and fields, and gardens dot the landscape. Having feasted on this glorious landscape, Grant and his party mounted their donkeys, and rode through the woods and gardens, to Montserrat, where the Englishman, Beckford, built a magnificent chateau, but which is now owned by a wealthy English merchant named Cook. The grounds are unequaled, and the view from the chateau almost as fine as that from Cintra.

The old Alhambra of the Moors also claimed a visit. All day long Grant and his party wandered amid the beauty of the place, strolled through the village, and finally, tired and hungry, sat down to dinner at a hotel. As the evening sun sunk behind the western sea, they resumed their carriages, and drove back to Lisbon to attend a reception at the king's. The king, it seems, is quite a literary man, having translated "Hamlet," the "Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III," into Portuguese, and was then engaged on "Othello." If he succeeds in rendering effectively the plays of this great English dramatist into



COURT OF LIONS—ALHAMBRA PALACE.

his own language, he will do what no Frenchman has been able to do. He presented Grant with his "Hamlet," and offered to present him also the grand cross of the

"Tower and Sword," to show his appreciation of the honor he had conferred on him by this visit. The latter thanked him, but declined it, on the ground of there being a law against officials receiving decorations, and though he was not one now, having been President, he had rather not receive it, but said he appreciated the compliment, and would always remember it with gratitude.

One of the principal sights of Lisbon is the great aqueduct, that crosses the valley north-east of the city, bringing water like the old Roman aqueduct, some twenty miles distant into it.

Grant next started for Cordova, which he reached after a long and tedious ride, late in the evening in a pouring rain, and took up his quarters in an indifferent Spanish inn. But no time was to be lost for sight-seeing, and after a rest he went to the theatre, and then took a stroll through the streets, to witness the people in their every-day dress. It is beautifully situated on the Guadalquivir, but it is now a dark and gloomy town, with narrow, dirty streets, and having no important public buildings or squares, and little to detain the traveler.

It is famous as being the old Moorish capital, when it contained 200 mosques, and palaces without end. It still has its magnificent cathedral, built when the Arabs ruled Spain, and which is 540 feet long and 387 broad, and divided by 450 pillars into 17 aisles lengthwise and 27 transverse ones. It is eighty miles from here to Seville, the capital of Andalusia, famed for its beautiful women. The distance is made in five hours, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

Seville might be called the Naples of Spain, both for its lovely climate and the gayety of its people. The sun shines here every day in the year, and its air is soft and voluptuous as its women.

"The feast, the revel here abounds,
And young-eyed lewdness walks her midnight rounds."

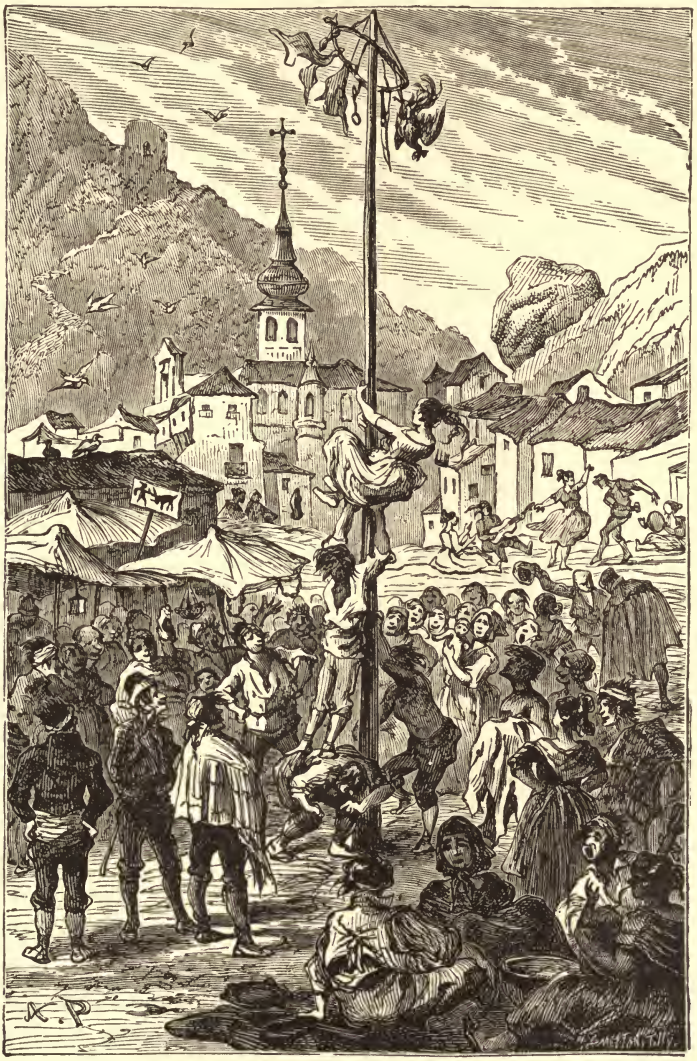
It is a disgrace for a married woman to have no lover but her husband. It is noted, also, for its delicious oranges. Bull-fights are one of the chief amusements of the people. The women of Andalusia have always been celebrated alike for their large, dark, passionate eyes, their voluptuous forms and loose morals. When it was the capital of Spain, a more gay and dissolute city was not to be found on the continent. But Seville is in the past. Still it abounds with evidences of its former greatness and is a place of importance, containing over one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The most remarkable building in it is the Alcazar, a palace once the residence of the Moorish and Catholic kings of Spain. Twenty-four arches lead into a court ninety feet long and seventy wide, paved with marble. In olden times, a hundred of the most beautiful virgins of Seville were brought into this court every year to become the wives of the monarch for a short time, and then be married off to his officers of state. These old Moorish palaces are not so interesting from the wealth that has been lavished on them or their beauty, except so far as they exhibit the rich old Moorish architecture and ornamentation, but from the associations connected with them. Here, for instance, are the apartments of Charles V—here, the room in which Don Pedro murdered Abu Said for the splendid jewels in his possession, one of which he gave to the Black Prince, and is now one of the richest jewels in the English crown—in another, Don Pedro's brother was stabbed to death. But the room in which the children of Moorish kings played, and the apartments of queens, and splendid halls, possess but little interest compared with the private chapel of Ferdinand and Isa-

bella, where the latter received Columbus. Here stood the great explorer, with map in hand, and begged to be allowed to find a new world, and here that world's representative now stood, while his imagination traveled back over the centuries to that interview on which such mighty destinies hung. But what a change comes over one as he leaves this old palace, and in a few steps finds himself in the great government tobacco factory—it is like dropping from the clouds to the ground. The building is spacious, but has no Moorish architecture or romantic associations. It is 660 feet long and 525 wide. Although 100 beautiful virgins do not enter its spacious rooms as they used to enter the old Moorish palace near by, you will find congregated there 5,000 young girls, all in one room, working at tobacco, many of them beautiful enough to sit to a Murillo, and keeping up a clatter as constant and loud as the machinery of a cotton-mill and making more scandal with their tongues than cigars and cigarettes with their nimble fingers. Near this is the Exchange, a beautiful building, but interesting chiefly because it contains all the archives of Spanish South America and correspondence of Cortez and Pizarro, together with their portraits.

The Cathedral is one of the finest in Spain, 582 feet long and 420 wide, standing on a raised platform, with a court 150 feet wide. Here are fine paintings, among them several masterpieces of Murillo. It contains thirty-seven chapels, on which is lavished untold wealth. One could spend days here looking at the superb paintings alone. The favorite promenade is along the banks of the Guadalquivir, and with its charming walks and drives, and horticultural and botanical gardens, is a charming spot, made still more charming by the delicious climate.

It is ninety-four miles from here to Cadiz by way of

Xeres, where sherry wine is made to the enormous amount of 400,000 pipes a year—the vineyards bearing



RURAL FESTIVITIES.

the grapes that produce it, embracing 800,000 acres. The road to Cadiz lies along the banks of the Guadalquivir,

and passes vineyards, and towns, and beautiful Andalusian peasants, the whole way, and finally crosses the narrow isthmus which connects the city with the mainland. It is almost an island with the sea washing it on all sides, except where the narrow tongue of land suspends it to the shore. It is believed to be the oldest city in Europe, being founded 1,100 years before Christ. But it is the verdict of all travelers that there are few sights to be seen in Cadiz after you have seen its beautiful women.

> "Prometheus like, from heaven she stole
> The fire that through those silken lashes
> In darkest glances seems to roll,
> From eyes that cannot hide their flashes.
> And as along her bosom steal
> In lengthened flow her raven tresses,
> You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
> And curled to give her neck caresses."

From Cadiz Grant went to Gibraltar, where the first thing that greeted his eye was the American flag, flying from one of our men-of-war in the harbor—a flag so dear to him. At first it could not be easily distinguished, amid the crowd of vessels, but as soon as it was, he ordered the "Vandalia" to steam around it to greet it as an old friend. The yards were manned, and rousing American cheers were sent over the water. Captain Robeson then came on board and took him on shore, where the American consul and two officers of Lord Napier's staff were waiting to welcome him in the name of the general commanding.

A high sea was running at the time, and the spray of the waves dashed over them as they pulled toward the wharf. A guard of honor upon it presented arms as Grant landed, who drove at once to the house of the American consul. Lord Napier had sent before an

invitation for him to dinner on the evening of his arrival, and so at seven o'clock, he went to the palace of the governor, and was most hospitably and courteously received. Lord Napier had expressed a great desire to see Grant, and already they had a sort of acquaintance, for the former, who commanded and brought to such a successful issue the campaign against Abyssinia, had sent him King Theodore's Bible. His short stay was filled up with a series of dinners—to-day he was at one given at the governor's palace, to-morrow at the mess of the royal artillery, and the next day at the consul's. Besides, Lord Napier gave him a private dinner in his honor, in fact, he spent most of his time while in Gibraltar in his company, either in a review of the troops, or galloping along the beach and over the hills. In the review of the troops, Grant rode to the field in the company of Lord Napier, while his wife, with the ladies of the consul's family, took up their stations at the reviewing post. The bands played American airs as a special honor to Grant, and the troops behaved uncommonly well, in honor, Lord Napier declared, of General Grant. The latter in reply said: "I have seen most of the troops of Europe; they all seemed good; I liked the Germans very much, and the Spaniards only wanted good officers, so far as I could see, to bring them up to the highest standard; but these have something about them—I suppose it is their Saxon blood—which none of the rest possess; they have the swing of conquest."

There is really nothing to see in Gibraltar but the rocky fortress, and when one has rode through the long galleries cut out of the solid rock, and examined the casemated batteries, he has seen everything. The tenacity with which England holds on to this fortress on Spanish territory, which is so irritating to the Spanish govern-

ment, is one of the most striking illustrations of "*red tapeism*" in Europe. An idea once lodged in a European head, cannot be eradicated "without a surgical operation." Gibraltar is the gateway to the Mediterranean, says England, and must be held at all hazards, for the sake of our East India possessions, and this assertion which being a fact once, she insists on being a fact still, when it is the most transparent delusion that ever took possession of a sensible government. Suppose England possessed the fortifications at Ceuta, in Africa opposite, of what earthly use could both be in defending the entrance to the Mediterranean in these days of steam navigation. The straits here are thirteen miles wide, and a hundred steamers, moving independent of winds or currents, could take the centre, and be six miles and a half from each fortress, and pass and repass them without having the paint on their hulls disturbed by the batteries.

Grant now turned his footsteps back toward England. He had intended to visit Pau, a great watering-place in France, just over the boundaries of Spain, at the foot of the Pyrenees, in his southward journey, but he could not do so and be at Vittoria in time to meet King Alfonso, and so he deferred it till his return. It is simply a watering-place, noted for its delicious air, and is frequented mostly by English and Americans. He dropped in upon it quite unexpectedly, and spent a few pleasant days there, most of the time walking on the grand promenade in front of the hotel, alone or with his wife, from which he had a superb view of the Pyrenees, rising grand and solemn high into the heavens, and rolling its blue and lofty summits like billows along the southern horizon.

Mr. Douglas, an American, gave him a magnificent dinner, at the close of which he toasted General Grant as

"Unconditional Surrender" Grant. The latter, in reply, said as he never succeeded in making speeches, he should not try now, but would justify the epithet of Mr. Douglas, by making an unconditional surrender, which sally was received with laughter and cheers.

An English earl was here, who kept two packs of fox-hounds, and a hunt was got up in Grant's honor, and he invited to take part in it. But he declined, saying: "I would not care to jump all those ditches and fences, but I suppose if I was in the hunt I could not resist the temptation. When I was younger I used to go out of my way for the purpose of finding a bit of a wall or fence, merely for the pleasure of jumping it. I do not know how it would be now, crossing the country. I suppose I would go with the rest." He was interested in the intelligence shown by the horses, who, before leaping a fence, would look over and see what was beyond. It was a sensible decision, for he was not sure of his mount, and if his horse had come down at a five-barred gate, although he might have escaped without a broken neck, a bloody nose and a black-and-blue eye at the next grand reception would not have added to the dignity of the ex-President. He now kept on to Paris, where he stayed only long enough to dine with President McMahon, and then crossed over to England.

Leaving his wife with her daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, at Southampton, he made a short run over to Ireland, to redeem his promise given to the committee which met him at Queenstown, on his first arrival in Europe. Going by the mail route, *via* Holyhead and Kingstown, he reached Dublin on January 3d, and went to his hotel. On arriving at the mayor's official residence, he was cheered by a large crowd that had gathered to greet the illustrious ex-President. The lord mayor, in presenting

the freedom of the city, referred to the cordiality always existing between America and Ireland, and hoped that in America General Grant would do everything he could to help a people who sympathize with every American movement. The parchment, on which was engrossed the freedom of the city, was inclosed in an ancient carved bog-oak casket.

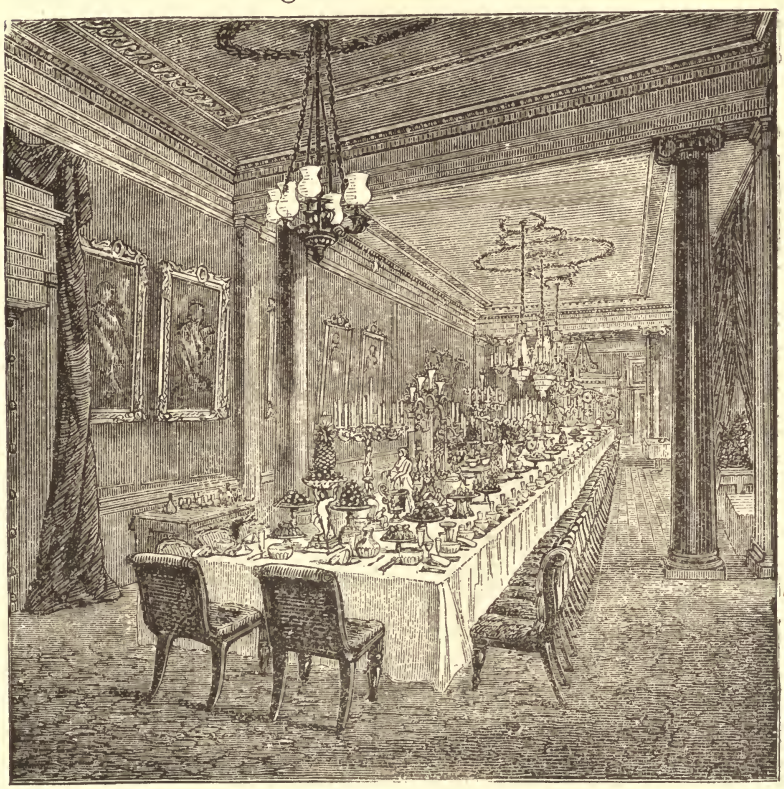
Grant in a short speech expressed his appreciation of

GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN.

the honor conferred on him in being made a citizen of Ireland. He then visited the Royal Irish Academy, in Kildare Street, in company with Lord Mayor Barrington. Here, after some time spent in inspecting the treasures of ancient Irish art in gold, silver and bronze, Saint Patrick's bell, and sacred cross, and O'Donnell's casque, the party went to the building that was the old Parliament House. It is now the Bank of Ireland. Trinity College was then visited. The party was received by the Provost and

Fellows and escorted through the library, chapel and halls of this venerable and majestic pile.

General Grant drove to the viceregal lodge of the Duke of Marlborough, Phœnix Park, early in the after-



BANQUETING-ROOM.

noon, where he had *dejeuner* with the viceroy. He afterward visited the Zoological Gardens, then returned to his hotel, where he rested a couple of hours.

In the evening a grand banquet was given at the Mansion House. The company rose and gave the Irish welcome when the General's name was proposed. The latter made in response the longest speech of his life, speaking in a clear voice and being listened to with rapt attention.

He referred to himself as now a fellow-citizen of Dublin, and intimated, amid much laughter and cheering, that he might return to Dublin one day and run against Barrington for Mayor and Butt for Parliament. He warned those gentlemen that he was generally a troublesome candidate. Then, passing to serious matters, said:

"We have heard some words spoken about our country—my country—before I was naturalized in another. [Laughter.] We have a very great country, a prosperous country, with room for a great many people. We have been suffering for some years from very great oppression. The world has felt it. [Hear, hear.] There is no question about the fact that when you have forty-five millions of consumers such as we are, and when they are made to feel poverty then the whole world must feel it. [Applause.] You have had here great prosperity because of our great extravagance and our great misfortunes. We had a war which drew into it almost every man who could bear arms. When that great conflict was going on we were spending one thousand million dollars a year more than we were producing, and Europe got every dollar of it. It made for you a false prosperity. You were getting our bonds and promises to pay. You were cashing them yourselves. That made great prosperity and made producers beyond the real necessities of the world at peace. But we finally got through that great conflict, and with an inflated currency which was far below the specie you use here. It made our people still more extravagant. Our speculations were going on, and we still continued to spend three or four hundred millions of money per year more than we were producing.

"We paid it back to you for your labor and manufactures, and it made you apparently and really prosperous.

We, on the other hand, were getting really poor, but, being honest, however, we came to the day of solid, honest payment. We came down to the necessity of selling more than we bought. Now we have turned the corner. We have had our days of depression; yours is just coming on. I hope it is nearly over. [Hear, hear.] Our prosperity is commencing, and as we become prosperous, you will, too—[applause]—because we become increased consumers of your products as well as our own.

CUSTOM-HOUSE, DUBLIN.

I think it safe to say that the United States, with a few years more such prosperity, will consume as much more as they did. Two distinguished men have alluded to this subject—one was the President of the United States, and he said that the prosperity of the United States would be felt to the bounds of the civilized world. [Applause.] The other was Lord Beaconsfield, the most far-seeing man, the one who seems to me to see as far into the

future as any man I know—[applause]—and he says the same as President Hayes."

In the meantime, the city of Cork had made itself the laughing-stock of the world. Mr. Richmond, the United States consul there, addressed a letter to the Council announcing that General Grant would probably arrive in Cork within a few days. Mr. Tracy, a Nationalist, proposed at the Council meeting that the letter should simply be marked "read," and that no action should be taken. There was much silly debate afterwards, and it was resolved not to receive Grant with any honors, on account of his anti-Catholic feelings. All the world might honor Grant, but little Cork was too grand and conscientious to do so. Well, Cork made itself immortal, and Grant did not see this second wonder of the world.

On Monday morning, January 6th, he started for Derry. A storm of snow, and sleet, and rain set in, making the day dreary; yet, at all the stations crowds were assembled, who cheered him, and, Irish like, pressed into the carriage to shake hands with him.

He reached Derry at two o'clock, and was received cordially by the mayor. At three o'clock, in a pouring rain, he drove in state to the Town Hall, making his way with difficulty through the crowd that blocked his passage. The mayor and Common Council received him in their robes, and read an address, to which he responded briefly. In the evening he attended a banquet given in his honor.

The next morning he started for Belfast in another cold storm. On the way he was greeted at all the stations with unbounded enthusiasm, the people everywhere seeming determined to make up for the unprovoked insult given him by Cork.

The train reached Belfast station at half-past two o'clock, where the reception accorded him was imposing

and extraordinary. The linen and other mills had stopped work, and the workmen stood out in the rain in thousands. The platform of the station was covered with scarlet carpet. The mayor and members of the City Council welcomed him as he descended from the car amid tremendous cheers. Crowds ran after the carriages containing the city authorities and their illustrious guest, and afterward surrounded the hotel where the General was being entertained in true Irish hospitality. The public buildings were draped with American and English colors, and in a few instances with Orange flags. Luncheon was served at four o'clock, and the crowd with undaunted valor remained outside amid a heavy snow-storm and cheered at intervals. The feature of the luncheon was the presence of the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese, who was given the post of honor. The luncheon-party numbered 170—the mayor said he could have had 5,000. The Belfast speakers made cordial allusions to many people in America, and were anxious to have Grant declare himself in favor of free trade, but he, in his reply, made no allusions to the subject, to the disappointment of many of those present.

Though Grant had seen the chief cities of Ireland, he had not seen what constitutes its great attraction—its picturesque lakes and the wild scenery of its rugged sea-coast. Nor had he seen the poverty, and want, and sufferings of the people, caused by the long, cruel, tyrannical oppression of the English Government. He heard the cheers of the workingmen, but not their groans, and little dreamed, while feasting at the banquets given him, of the starvation and want that existed in the bog huts of the peasantry. The sufferings of Ireland, growing out of the English and Irish connection, have never yet been fully recorded, and their history once truthfully written

would be the saddest in the world. To one at all familiar with it, the festivities in honor of Grant seem like wedding bells ringing over a grave. The millions of impoverished Irishmen crowding and overcrowding our shores to escape starvation at home attest the injustice and oppression that have turned one of the most beautiful and fertile islands on the globe into the abode of want, and poverty, and woe.

CHAPTER XII.

GRANT STARTS FOR INDIA—CROSSING THE DESERT BY RAILROAD—SUEZ ON THE RED SEA—ADEN—ON THE INDIAN OCEAN—THE VOYAGE—RECEPTION IN BOMBAY—DESCRIPTION OF THE PEOPLE—SERVANTS—THE PARSEES—BURNING THE DEAD—HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS—PUBLIC DINNERS—A VISIT TO THE PARSEE SCHOOL—GRANT VIEWS BOMBAY—CAVE OF THE ELEPHANTS—RECEPTION OF THE PARSEES—JOURNEY TO AGRA BHURTPOOR—THE MAHRAJAH—GRANT LODGED IN AN OLD PALACE—JUMPING MEN—AGRA—PEARL MOSQUE—THE TAJ—THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDING IN THE WORLD—ITS APPEARANCE BY MOONLIGHT—A FAREWELL DINNER—DEPARTURE FOR DELHI—RECEIVED BY TROOPS UNDER ARMS—DESCRIPTION OF DELHI—A RIDE THROUGH IT—THE TOMB OF HAMEYUN—DELHI IN THE MUTINY—HEROIC DEEDS—THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT—PALACE OF THE GRAND MOGUL—HIS THRONE—THE PEACOCK THRONE.

GRANT, after his return from Ireland, in January, having learned that the American man-of-war "Richmond," which was to carry him to India, had not left the United States, he determined not to wait for it, for he was told that it was not safe to be in India after the first of April, and if he wished to see it at all, he must be off at once. He therefore engaged passage in a French steamer bound from Marseilles to Alexandria.

The party had changed somewhat, and now consisted of General Grant and his wife, Colonel Frederick D. Grant, Mr. Borie and Dr. Keating, of Philadelphia, together with Mr. Young, the correspondent of the *Herald*. They set sail the 24th of January, at noon. Stopping for a few hours in Naples, they proceeded over their old route on their way to Egypt the year before, and on the seventh day dropped anchor just outside of the harbor of Alexandria. The next morning they hurried to the train, and were soon speeding across the desert toward the Red Sea, a short time since crossed

only by caravans of camels. Now the shrieking locomotive drags the heavy train over it, while the tall masts of ships are photographed against the burning sky as they slowly sail across the sandy plains in the great Suez Canal. A crowd of donkeys and dirty Arab boys were waiting at the station, and our travelers as soon as they alighted were besieged as one is at a steamboat landing in New York, with offers to carry baggage. It is a long and tedious walk through a sandy lane to the hotel in Suez. To their great disappointment, the steamer that was to take them to India had not got through the canal, and might be blocked up in it for forty-eight hours. In despair for something to do to kill time, they mounted donkeys and perambulated the town all the morning. Noon came, and still no ship, and they were at loss what to do next, when to their great relief, her tall masts loomed over the desert, and soon she glided into port. The baggage was now hurried on board, and by eight o'clock the great engine began to throb, and they knew that they were off for India. Wearisome days and hot nights followed. For a long time the land kept in sight, the low burning coast of Egypt on the one side, and the lofty summits of Mount Sinai on the other, seeming, as they rose so still and solemn in the blue sky, a fitting place for the footstool of God as He descended amid thunderings and lightnings to talk with man.

Why the sea is called the *Red* Sea, no one could decide, but they found it to be a hot one, midwinter though it was, and it grew hotter every day. The wind blowing from the scorching sands, heats not only the air, but the water, so that it becomes a serious impediment to the condensation of steam. Our travelers, each with his peculiar head-dress on, to protect him from the sun, presented a picturesque and yet odd appearance, as they sat

scattered around in the coolest places they could find—some reading, some dozing, and others conversing. Mr. Borie was disgusted, and told the *Herald* correspondent to write him down a donkey for coming to such a place at his time of life. A part of the time Grant was reading up India and mapping out his course of travel.

On Sunday the Episcopal service was read, which varied the monotony, and at last they passed the Island of Perim, and soon after reached Aden, the barren, fortified rock which commands the entrance to the sea, as Gibraltar does that of the Mediterranean.

If it was hot before, it was blistering here in this extinct crater, in which the volcano, when it subsided, apparently left all its heat behind. They barely touched here, but stayed long enough to hear of the resignation of Marshal McMahon, and other events, which put them in communication again with the outer world, and gave them new themes to talk about.

As the steamer pushed off into the Indian Ocean, she left the hot air of the desert behind her, and though the light breezes gave little help to her progress, they made life more endurable.

The sea was a dead calm on the morning of the 13th of February, when the travelers from the deck of the "Venetia," looking eastward, and shading their eyes with their hands, saw the towers and minarets of Bombay. Grant had supposed that at last he was reaching a port without being announced. The public ovations had at first wearied him, then palled on him, until at last they seemed like an evil shadow, ever following him and interfering with and breaking up his plans and defeating the very object for which he traveled, and he congratulated himself that his arrival in India, since his departure had been so sudden, would not be known, and for once he would

be left to enjoy himself like an ordinary traveler. But he was doomed to disappointment, for the ships in the harbor were dressed with flags, and at the wharf was a large crowd—soldiers, natives, Europeans. As they passed the English flag-ship a boat came alongside with an officer representing Admiral Corbett, welcoming the General to India. In a few minutes came another boat bearing Captain Frith, the military aid to Sir Richard Temple, Governor of the Presidency of Bombay. Captain Frith bore a letter from the governor welcoming the General to Bombay, and offering him the use of the Government House at Malabar Point. Captain Frith expressed the regret of Sir Richard that he could not be in Bombay to meet General Grant, but duties connected with the Afghan war kept him in Sind. The consul, Mr. Farnham, also came with a delegation of American residents and welcomed the General and party.

As he ascended the steps, he was met by Brigadier-General Aitcheson, commanding the forces, and other officers and dignitaries. The volunteers presented arms, the band played our national air, and the General, amid loud cheers from the Europeans present, walked slowly with uncovered head to the state carriage. Accompanied by Captain Frith, who represented the governor, and attended by an escort of native cavalry, the General and party made off to Malabar Point.

Grant had now entered on an entirely new life, and was to see man under an entirely new aspect. If Constantinople seemed strange, and Egypt stranger still, he was to find India strangest of all. The streets of Bombay swarm with life, but the people are not like any race seen before. They are not white, nor black, nor red, but are of a dark-brown color, the effect of which is the greater, as they are generally clad in the garments which

nature gives them. The laboring class go half naked, or more than half. It is only the house-servants that wear anything that can be called a costume. The coolies, or common laborers, have only a strip of cloth around their loins, which they wear for decency, for in this climate they scarcely need any garment for warmth. One thing which is never omitted is the turban, or in its place a thick blanket, to shield the head from the direct rays of the sun. But there is nothing to hide the swarthy breast or limbs. Those of a better condition, who do put on clothing, show the Oriental fondness for gorgeous apparel by having the richest silk turbans and flowing robes. The women find a way to show their feminine vanity, being tricked out in many colors, dark red, crimson and scarlet, with yellow, and orange, and green, and blue—the mingling of which produces a strange effect as one rides through the bazaars and crowded streets, which gleam with all the colors of the rainbow. The effect of this tawdry finery is heightened by the gewgaws which depend from different parts of their persons. Earrings are not sufficiently conspicuous for a Hindoo damsel, who has a ring of gold and pearl hung in her nose; which is considered a great addition to female beauty. Heavy bracelets of silver also adorn her wrists and ankles. Almost every woman who shows herself in the street, though of the lowest condition, and barefoot, still gratifies her pride by huge silver anklets clasping her naked feet.

But these Asiatic faces, strange as they are, would not be unattractive but for artificial disfigurements—if men did not chew the betel nut, which turns the lips to a brilliant red, and did not have their foreheads striped with coarse pigments, which are the badges of their different castes!

Imagine a whole city crowded with dark-skinned men

and women thus dressed—or not dressed—half naked on the one hand, or bedizened like harlequins on the other, walking about, or perchance riding in little carriages *drawn by oxen*—a small breed that trot off almost as fast as the donkeys in Cairo—and one gets a faint idea of the picturesqueness of the streets in Bombay.

PARSEE OF BOMBAY.

But there is one thing that simply astonishes one, and that is the number of servants that are waiting to attend to your wants. You cannot move without meeting one with his salaam. They start up from every quarter, pounce

on you at every corner, meet you in every passage-way, till you are dismayed at the amount of Oriental attentions that you receive. This universal obsequiousness is not confined to distinguished officials or great men, but is shown to all travelers. Hence, to General Grant this servile attention was simply overwhelming.

As he went over to the post, one morning, to mail some letters, like any other American, a small procession accompanied him on his return. A scarlet servant ran ahead to announce him, while a whole bevy followed after. This is a perpetual annoyance, because it interferes so much with a man's freedom of action. It makes him feel as if he was under some sort of police surveillance. Still, life passed away very pleasantly with Grant and his party in their sumptuous apartments in the Government House on Malabar Point, with the sea stretching away in the blue distance. Everything in Bombay was new and strange. The Parsee, with his high hat, and his children gay in green and scarlet costumes, and the turbaned Hindoo, seem like another race of men to the plain, practical American.

Here alone, in all India, is found the fire-worshiping Parsee. Morning and evening they turn to the rising and setting sun, and lifting their hats from their heads, raise their hands as if in prayer. A revolting application of their principles is seen in their mode of disposing of the dead. They cannot burn them, as do the Hindoos, lest the touch of death should pollute the flames; nor can they bury them in the earth, nor in the sea, for earth, and water, and air are all alike sacred. They, therefore, expose the bodies of their dead to be devoured by birds of the air. Outside of Bombay, on Malabar Hill, are three or four circular towers—called The Towers of Silence,

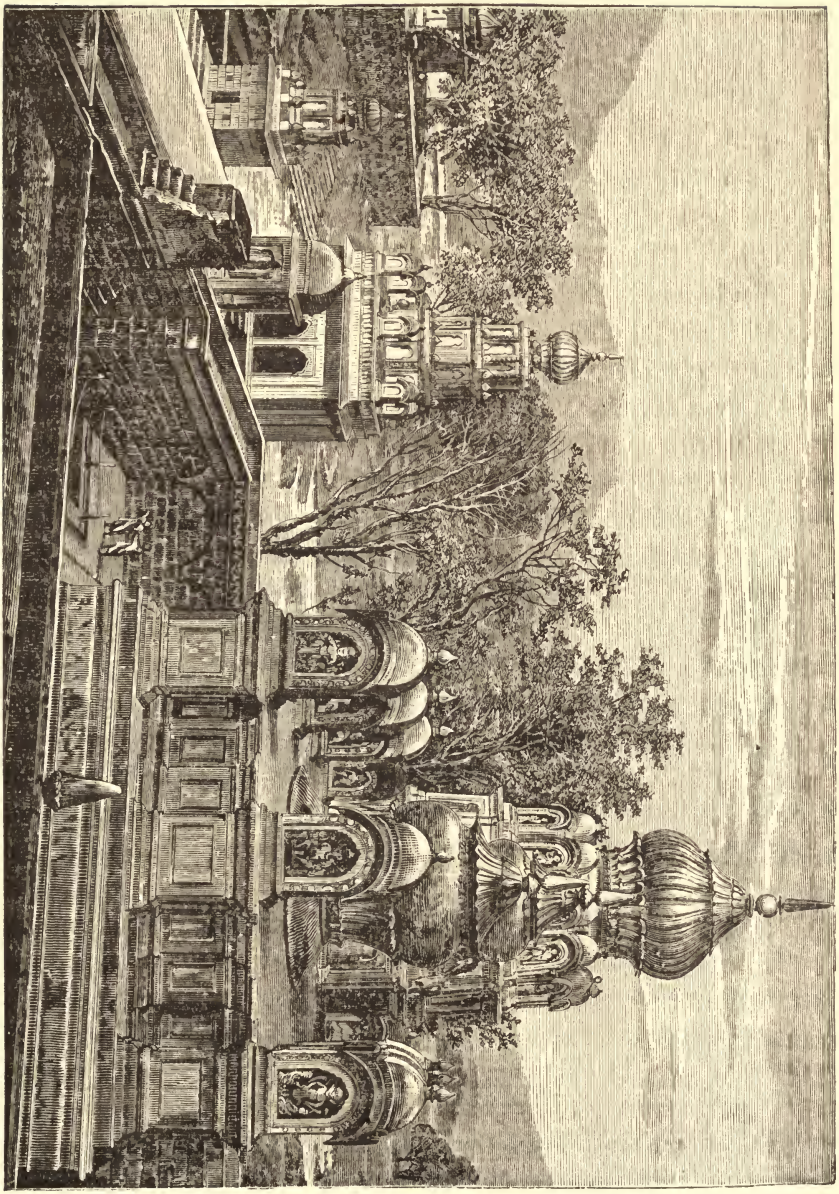
which are inclosed by a high wall, to keep observers at a distance. When a Parsee dies, his body is conveyed to the gates, and there received by the priests, by whom it is exposed on gratings constructed for the purpose.

Near at hand, perched in groves of palms, are the vultures. As soon as a funeral procession approaches, they scent their prey, and begin to circle in the air; and no sooner is a body uncovered, and left by the attendants, than a cloud of black wings settles down upon it, and a hundred horned beaks are tearing at the flesh. Such are their numbers and voracity, that in a few minutes, every particle is stripped from the bones, which are then slid down an inclined plane into a deep pit, where they mingle with common clay.

Compared with this, the Hindoo mode of disposing of the dead, by burning, seems almost like Christian burial.

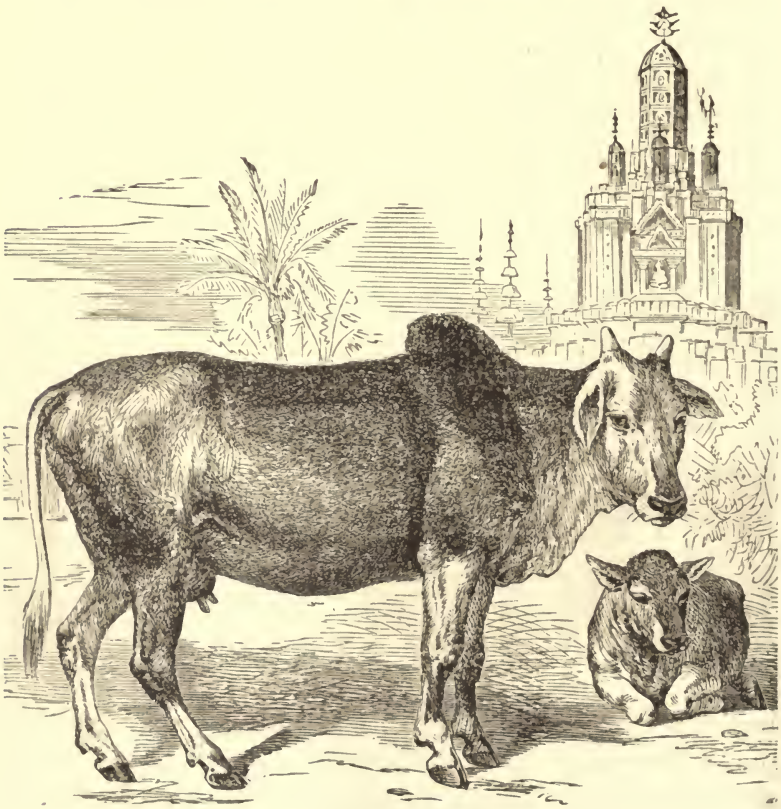
It is a part of the Hindoo religion to be clean. Hence, almost every temple has a bath within it. Indeed, in passing along the streets, people, unembarrassed by your presence, are seen washing themselves, some almost naked.

The religious ideas of the Hindoos show themselves in other ways, which at least challenge our respect for their consistency. In their eyes all life is sacred, the life of beast and bird, nay, of reptile and insect, as well as of man. To carry out this idea they have established a hospital for animals, which is one of the institutions of Bombay. It is on a very extensive scale, and presents a spectacle such as can be seen nowhere else in the world. Here, in an inclosure covering many acres, in sheds, or stables, or in the open grounds, as may best promote their recovery, are gathered the lame, the halt, and the blind, not of the human species, but of the animal world—cattle and horses, sheep and goats, dogs and cats, rabbits



HINDOO TEMPLE.

and monkeys, and beasts and birds of every description. Even poor little monkeys forget to be merry, and look very solemn as they sit on their perch. The cows, sacred as they are, are not beyond the power of disease, and have a most woe-begone look. Long rows of stables are filled



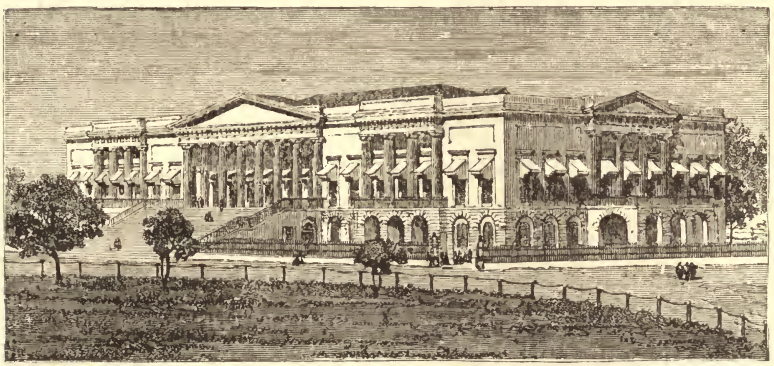
SACRED COW OF INDIA.

with broken-down horses, spavined and ring-boned, with ribs sticking out of their sides, or huge sores on their flanks, dripping with blood. In one pen you will see a number of kittens, that mew and cry for their mothers. The Hindoos send out carts at night and pick them up wherever they have been cast into the street. Rabbits, whom

no man would own, have here a snug warren made for them, and creep in and out with a feeling of safety and comfort. In a large inclosure will be found some hundred dogs, more wretched-looking than the dogs of Constantinople—"whelps and curs of low degree."

The spectacle thus presented, is half touching and half ludicrous. One cannot but respect the Hindoo's regard for life, as a thing not to be lightly and wantonly destroyed. And yet they carry it to an extent that is absurd. They will not take the life of animals for food, nor even of creatures that are annoying or dangerous to themselves. *

General Grant here, as everywhere else, was so cum-



TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

bered by ceremonies, and his time so much occupied with public dinners and receptions, that he could not see half as much of Bombay as he wished. One might live a year in this country with his time taken up in this way, and know but little about it. Take, for instance, the following employment of two days: Friday evening he attended the ball of the Volunteer corps, which, of course, was a brilliant affair. Next morning he visited a rich

* Dr. Field.

Parsee merchant, and was received with great cordiality, he and his party being decorated by the host with wreaths of jessamine flowers. In the afternoon he drove to the Byculia Club, where he lunched, and then looked at the races. In the evening, he went to a state dinner at the Government House, where there were forty-eight guests. He was toasted, and made a speech, in which he said that he was carrying out a wish he had long entertained, of visiting India. He was grateful for the kind manner in which he had been received, and expressed the wish that he might, in America, have the pleasure in the future of returning the hospitality. After dinner the guests strolled out on the veranda, smoking and chatting, and looking off on the ocean beating with a heavy monotonous roar at their feet.

The next day, he visited the Parsee school, and Mrs. Grant the missions. At four, he went on board the British flag-ship, to make a visit of ceremony to Admiral Corbett. On his return, he visited the University, and in the evening attended another state dinner. This was succeeded by a levee of the leading native merchants and citizens of the city, which was to wind up his visit to Bombay, one of the greatest commercial emporiums of the East. The island on which it is built is eight miles long, and covered with country seats, and teems with a population of more than half a million.

The week Grant passed in Bombay was almost like one passed at home, for he was surrounded with English-speaking people and had free access to a club where English and American newspapers were to be found. The windows of the Government House in which he lived overlooked a race-course, where swift horses were constantly being exercised, while the teeming wharves made the city look like a European port.

One day, an Englishman remarked: "It is odd that Bombay and General Grant should be face to face, for the General ruined Bombay." Then came the story of the cotton mania which raged during the American war. The cessation of the cotton supply of the United States threw England back upon India and Egypt. The year before our war, Bombay exported about $26,000,000 worth of cotton. During the war the average yearly export was over $100,000,000. Here was a gain to Bombay, in four years, of $350,000,000, and this sudden addition to the wealth of the city engendered every form of speculation. Six hundred per cent. was a fair return for one's investments in those days. If Lee and Grant had fought a twenty years' campaign this might have continued. But, in the spring of 1865, a telegram came announcing that Lee had surrendered, and Bombay collapsed. The companies went to the wall. A firm of Parsee merchants failed for $15,000,000, and before the end of the year there was not one company remaining of the hundred which had arisen during the war. And all coming from a telegram which, on the afternoon of April 9th, 1865, General Grant, sitting on a stone by the wayside of Appomattox, wrote in pencil in his memorandum book—"The army of Northern Virginia surrendered to me this afternoon."

One of the last sights of Bombay that Grant visited was the caves of the elephants. The island on which they are found is seven miles from the city, and takes its name from the gigantic statue of an elephant that once stood on its shores. Landing, you find yourself at the foot of a rocky hill, which, mounted by several hundred steps, brings you to the entrance of a gigantic cave or cavern, cut into the hill-side, with a lofty ceiling, pillared like a temple. The main hall, as it might be

called, runs back a hundred and thirty feet into the solid rock.

At the end of the great hall are the objects of worship in three colossal images of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva. This is the Hindoo Trinity, and the constant recurrence of these figures in their mythology shows how the idea of a Trinity pervaded other ancient religions besides our own. It is a question for scholars, whence came the original conception of this three-fold personality in the Divine Being. The age of this place of worship is not known.

A farewell dinner was given at the Government House, and was a brilliant affair, but so much like all others of a similar character, that we need not describe it, nor the formal reception of the Parsees, who, with Hindoo and native officers in full uniform, were, one after another, introduced to Grant. The next day, Tuesday, he bade farewell to hospitable Bombay, and took the train for Agra.

To break up this long journey, a stop over for a day was made at Bhurtpoor, to visit the ruins of Futtehpoor, at Sikra.

As the train sped northward, now crossing broad plains, and now slowly ascending the Ghaut Mountains, every variety of scenery presented itself. In these long stretches, of course, hundreds of villages were passed, but these do not attract the eye nor form a feature in the landscape, for the low mud hovels of which they are composed hardly rise above the level of the plain. There is no church-spire to be seen rising, as from a New England village, nor even the dome or minaret of a mosque, for you are not yet in the Mohammedan part of India.

One feature there is which relieves the monotony—the railway stations are the prettiest out of England. Simply, but tastefully built, they are covered with vines and

CAVE OF ELEPHANTA.

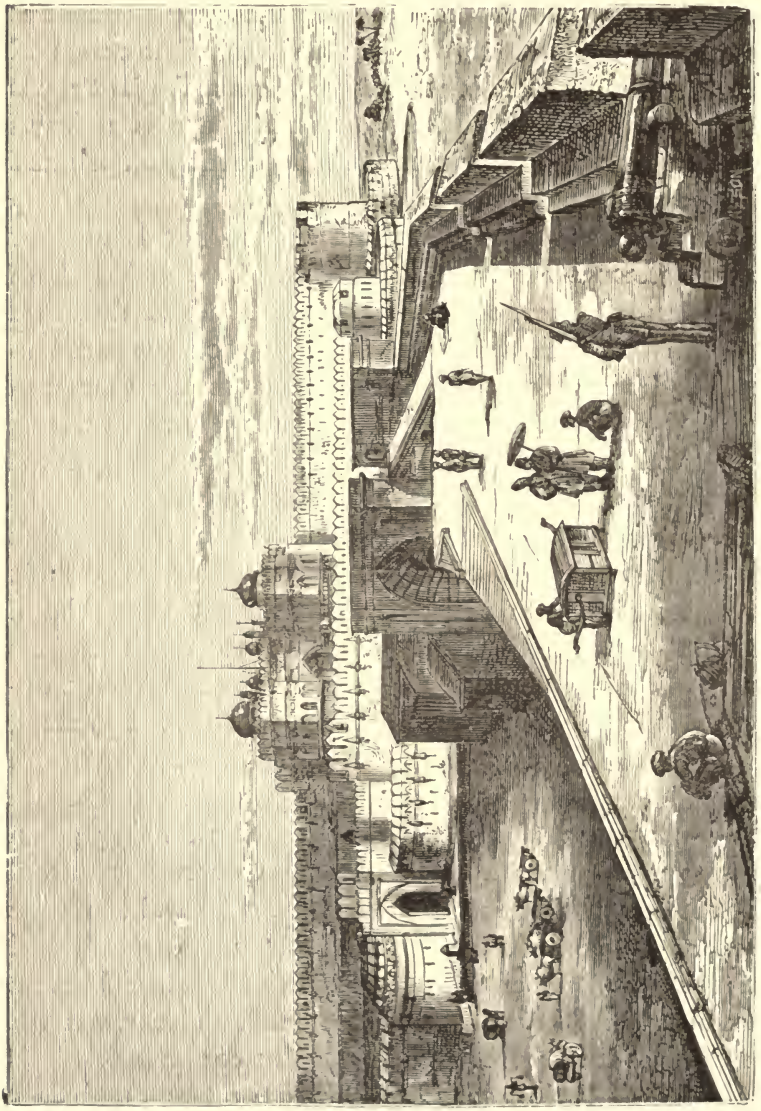
flowers, which with irrigation easily grow in this climate in the open air at all seasons of the year. The railway administration has offered prizes for the embellishment of stations, so that the natives, who are fond of flowers, and who are thus tempted by the hope of reward, plant roses and trail vines everywhere, so that the eye is relieved from the glare of the barren plain by resting on a mass of flowers and verdure.

The ride was long and tedious, but at last Bhurtpoor rose to view, a most welcome sight. The mahrajah of this petty province, of less than two hundred thousand square miles, with a population of 749,000, prepared to receive Grant with as much distinction as the Queen of England or the King of Siam. As the latter arrived, dusty, and hot, and tired, at the station, he was greeted with the sound of trumpets and roll of drums.

The mahrajah, a young man of about thirty years of age, met him with a brilliant retinue. His regal look, stern, haughty face and graceful bearing, gave him a striking appearance. Not deigning to smile in his haughty courtesy, he led the way to his forbidding, uncomfortable palace, where breakfast was served in state, and the usual extravagant ceremonies that characterize Oriental hospitality were gone through with. The whole place is a mass of ruins; the palace itself being given over to picnic parties and visitors. General Grant and his wife occupied the ruin known as the Birtral House, a two-story ruin, built entirely of stone, and carefully and elaborately ornamented. It might have once been a harem or anything else, so far as tradition goes, nor did it matter so far as present comfort was concerned.

Provisions had been sent forward for them, and they passed the night in this lugubrious place, cheered by the cries of jackals and hyenas.

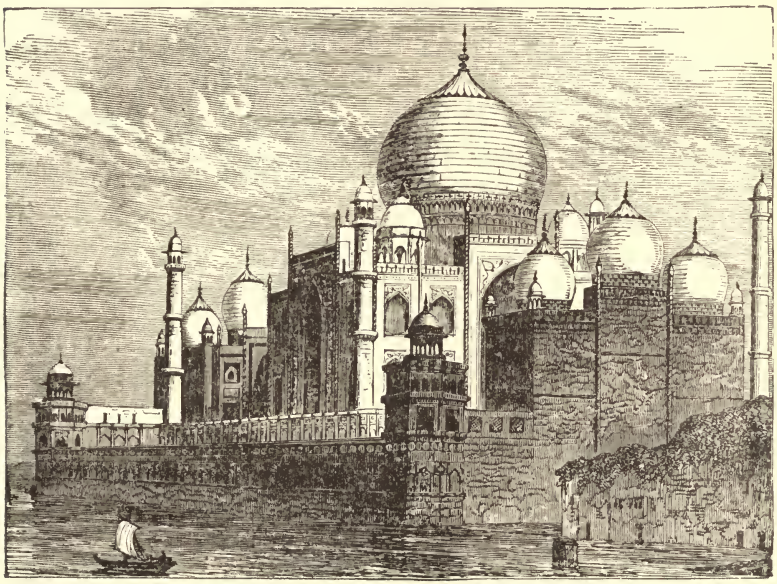
The next morning they set out to view the ruins, which embraced an area of seven miles in circumference. A



AGRA

description of them would be unintelligible to the reader, for they were a riddle to the travelers. One mosque, a

noble, imposing ruin, its principal gateway, it is said, being the finest in India, well repaid a visit. But the guides could give no information respecting its history. They were solicitous to show them a tank, into which men jumped from a wall eighty feet high, and it was proposed that they should go and see the men jump. But Grant refused, saying he did not wish to see any such dangerous experiments. The rest, however, went. Leaping into the air, the men manage to keep erect, and come down feet foremost, in safety.



THE MARBLE PALACE.

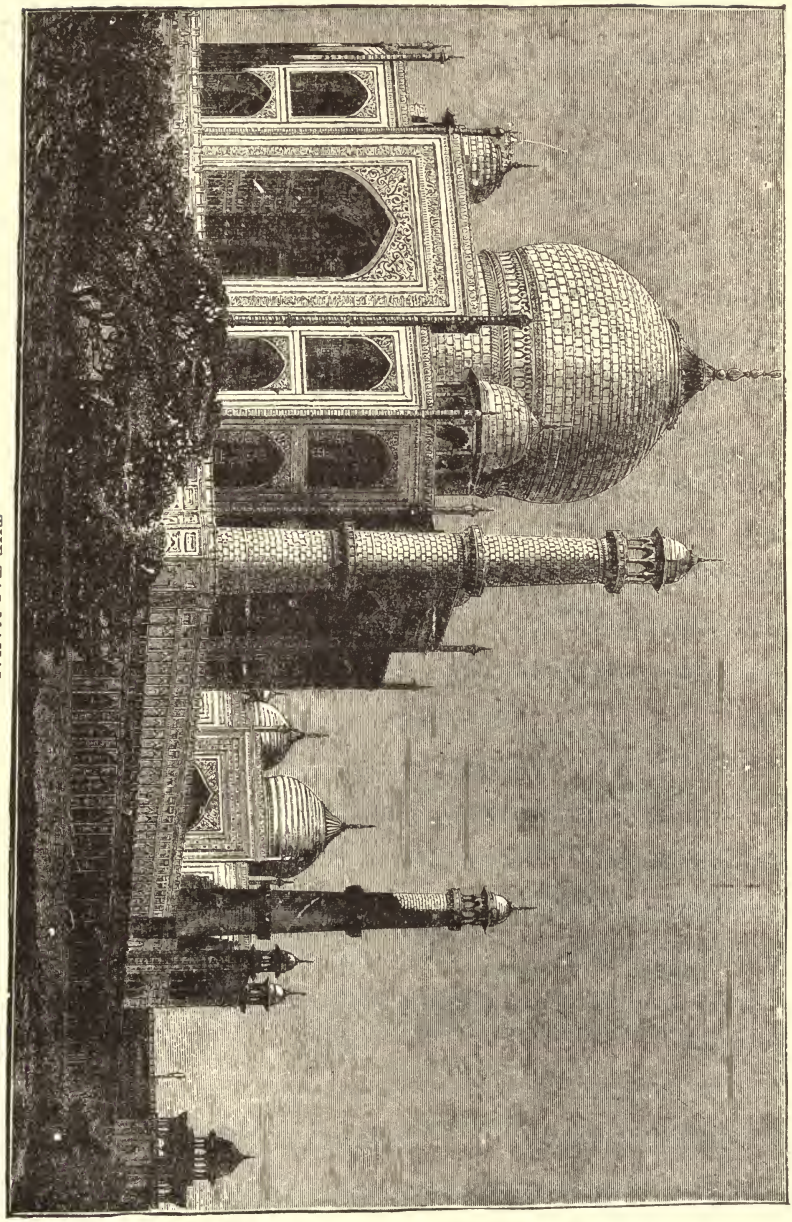
The next day, Grant and his party took the train for Agra, the heart of the once great Mogul empire, where he was received in an imposing manner. The glory of Agra dates from the reign of Akbar the Great, but it departed with the king of Delhi, the last royal descendant, who, being compromised in the great mutiny,

ended his life as a state prisoner. It is impossible to fully describe the various structures that once made it so famous. There stands the palace, built of pure white marble, the walls and domes glittering in the sun, and on going through it, you pass over tessellated pavements into apartments rich in mosaics and precious stones, and look through windows half closed by screens of marble so exquisitely carved, as to look like lace-work.

The pearl mosque is equally beautiful, of which Bishop Heber said: "This spotless sanctuary, showing such a pure spirit of adoration, made me, a Christian, feel humbled, when I considered that no architect of our religion had ever been able to produce anything equal to this temple of Allah."

But the Taj, said to be the most beautiful building in the world, was the great object of interest in Agra. It was late on Sunday afternoon, when, having for an escort the English Judge Keene, they drove over to it. It was built as a tomb by the Emperor Shah Jehar, the grandson of Akbar, for his wife, whom he loved with an idolatrous affection. He had promised her, on her death-bed, to erect to her memory such a mausoleum as the world had never before seen. He kept his word, and if the costliness and beauty of the tomb is a true indication of the strength of his love, it was like that of Jonathan for David, "passing the love of woman." It cost, it is stated, exclusive of labor, $15,000,000. To-day, with paid labor, it would cost $50,000,000. In this country it could not have been built for probably twice this sum. It is impossible to describe it—like St. Peter's it must seen to be appreciated.

It stands on the banks of the Jumna, a mile below the fort at Agra. As you approach it, it is not exposed abruptly to view, but is surrounded by a garden. You



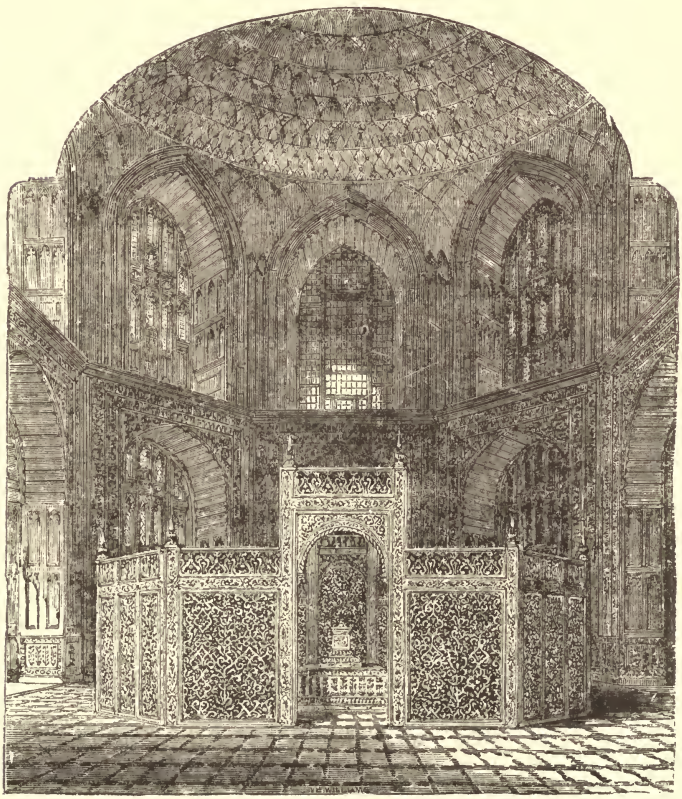
THE TAJ MAHAL.

enter under a lofty gateway, and before you is an avenue of cypresses a third of a mile long, whose dark foliage is a setting for a form of dazzling whiteness at the end. That is the Taj. It stands, not on the level of your eye, but on a double terrace; the first, of red sandstone, twenty feet high, and a thousand feet broad; at the extremities of which stand two mosques, of the same dark stone, facing each other. Midway between rises the second terrace of marble, fifteen feet high, and three hundred feet square, on the corners of which stand four marble minarets. In the centre of all, thus "reared in air," stands the Taj. It is built of marble—no other material than this of pure and stainless white were fit for a purpose so sacred. It is a hundred and fifty feet square (or rather it is eight-sided, since the corners are truncated), and surmounted by a dome, which rises nearly two hundred feet above the pavement below.

It is built, from foundation-stone to its lofty top, of the purest marble, which, from its whiteness, looks as if but just quarried. But that which distinguishes it from all other buildings, and gives it a rare and ideal beauty, is the union of majesty and grace. This is the peculiar effect of Saracenic architecture. The slender columns, the springing arches, the swelling domes, the tall minarets, all combine to give an impression of airy lightness, which is not destroyed even when the foundations are laid with massive solidity. But it is in the finish of their structures that they excelled all the world. Bishop Heber said truly: "They built like Titans and finished like jewelers." Within, beneath this pure white lofty dome, in marble tombs that are almost transparent, set with precious stones and covered with a tracery of vines and flowers, sleep the Mogul emperor and his wife.

A visit to it, as to the Colosseum at Rome, by moonlight

is deemed necessary to comprehend its true beauty, and as Grant and his party at night made a second visit, standing in silence with the moonbeams flooding it, it seemed like the creation of a dream, so white, soft and ethereal did it lift itself there on the banks of the Jumna—"a night-blooming cereus rising slowly in the moonlight."



INTERIOR OF THE TAJ—THE TOMBS.

Under the centre of the dome, which is fifty-eight feet in diameter, and eighty feet in height, stands the two tombs, inclosed by a screen of trellis-work of white marble—a *chef-d'œuvre* of elegance in Indian art. These,

however, as is usual in Indian sepulchres, are not the true tombs; the bodies being placed in a vault level with the surface of the ground beneath plainer tombstones placed exactly underneath those in the hall above. The light to this hall is admitted only through double screens of white marble trellis-work of the most exquisite design, and no words can express the chastened beauty of this chamber, seen in the soft gloom of the subdued light, which reaches it through the distant and half-closed openings that surround it.

The visit to Agra concluded in a dinner given by the Agra Club, at which the mahrajah, a young prince sixteen years of age, who, under the tutelage of the British Government, has learned to speak English fluently, presided. The province over which he rules contains a population of a half a million, and yields about the same number of dollars in revenue. The usual toasts at dinner were given and the usual speeches made. Afterward, the General and prince played a game of billiards, in which the former was beaten. A company of native players then gathered on the veranda and told stories for Grant's amusement, and gave charades and comedies much after the fashion of Judy and Punch. The adieus were at last spoken and Grant and his party prepared to start for Delhi.

The next morning, before the dawn of day, while the stars were still burning in the clear sky, they drove to the railroad station. As they drew near it, the word of military command rang sharply out, the bands struck up a martial air, colors drooped and the rattle of arms was heard as they came to a present, while the cannon thundered out their salute. All their friends in Agra were there awaiting them, and cheered them as the train rolled out of the station. They reached Delhi weary and fagged out, desiring rest and quiet; but here, as everywhere

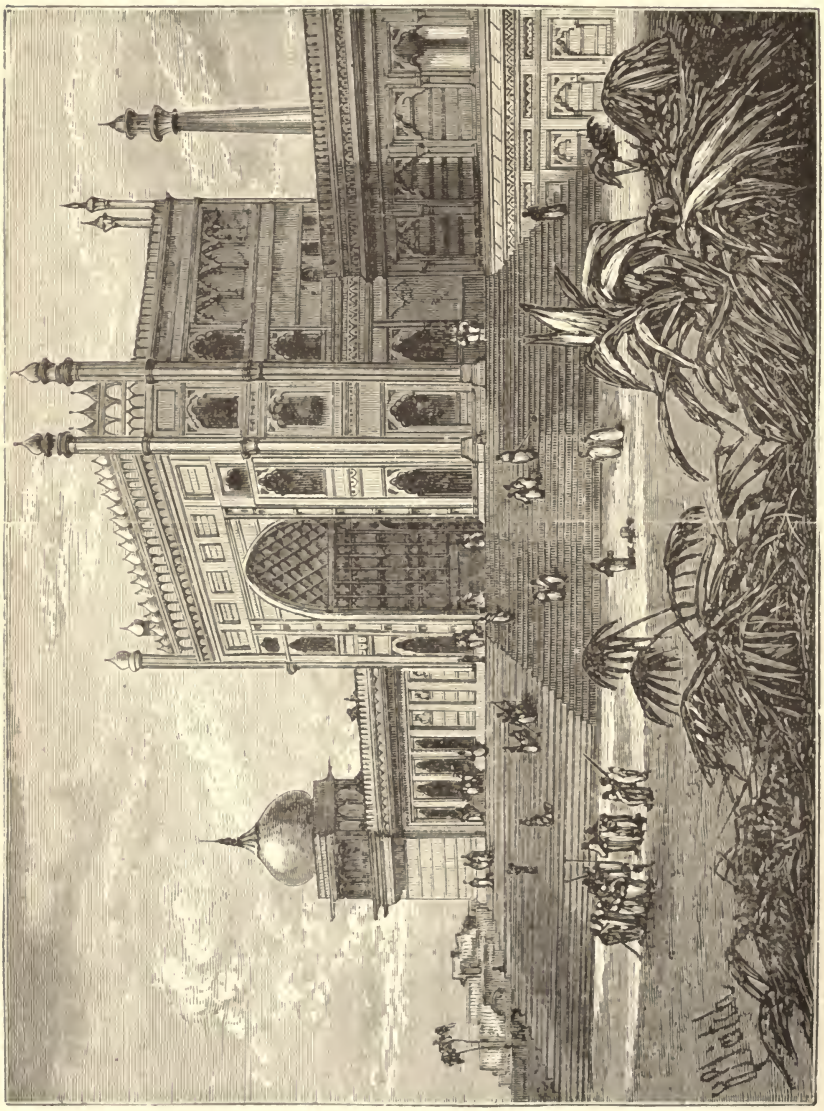
else, there was the formal reception by the troops. The General and his wife then drove to Ludlow Castle, the residence of Colonel Young, the commanding officer, while the rest of the party took up their quarters near the railway station.

Delhi is a beautiful city in its general appearance, and the houses of the wealthy and of Englishmen are spaciously built, to get air, but those of many of the natives are huddled close together in small houses, and rude caves and huts of mud and stones. Thus beautiful roads, gardens and pleasure-grounds contrast with squalor, poverty and ignorance. Says a friend who visited it just prior to Grant:

"Delhi is the Rome of the old Mogul empire. Agra was the capital in the time of Akbar, but Delhi is an older city. It had a history before the Moguls. It is said to have been destroyed and rebuilt seven times, and thus is overspread with the ashes of many civilizations. Its very ruins attest its ancient greatness. The plain around Delhi is like the Campagna around Rome—covered with the remains of palaces and mosques, towers and tombs, which give credit to the historical statement that the city was once thirty miles in circuit, and had 2,000,000 inhabitants.

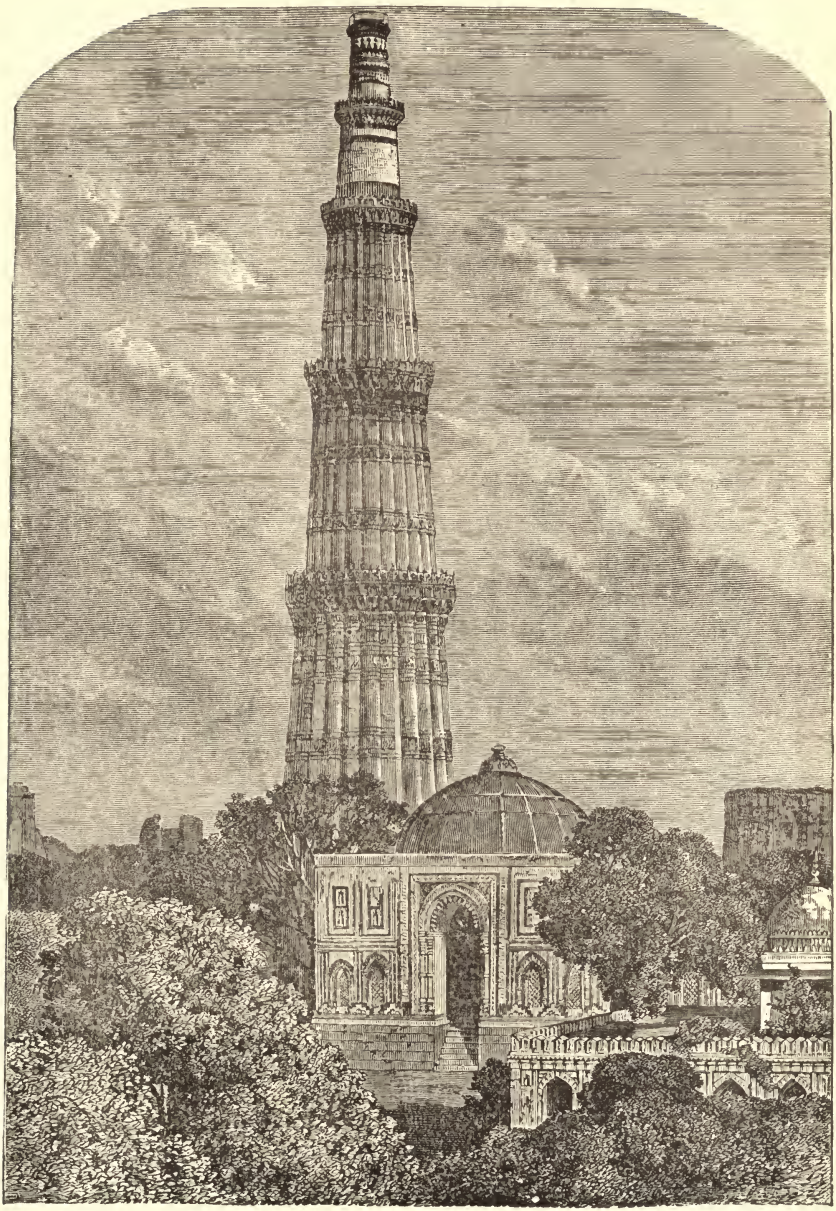
"Though not a tenth of old Delhi in size, it has to-day over one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants. It is surrounded by walls seven miles in extent. You enter under lofty arched gateways, and find yourselves in the midst of a picturesque population, representing all the races of Southern and Central Asia. The city is much gayer than Agra. Its shops are rich in Indian jewelry, which is manufactured here, and in Cashmere shawls and other Oriental fabrics; and in walking through the Chandney Chook, the Broadway of Delhi, one might

imagine himself in the bazaars of Cairo or Constantinople.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO DELHI.

"The fort is very like that of Agra, being built of the same red sandstone, but much larger, and incloses a



KOOTUB MINOR.

palace which Bishop Heber thought superior to the Kremlin. In the hall of audience, which still remains, stood the famous Peacock Throne, which is estimated to have been worth $30,000,000. Here the Great Mogul lived in a magnificence till then unknown even in Oriental courts."

After a ride through it with Grant, the writer says:

"There are few cities in the world which have had a more varied and more splendid career than Delhi. After you pass from the English section a ride through Delhi is sad. You go through miles of ruins—the ruins of many wars and dynasties, from what was destroyed by the Turk in the twelfth century to what was destroyed by the Englishman in the nineteenth. The suburbs of Jerusalem are sad enough, but there you have only the memories, the words of prophecy, and the history of destruction. Time has covered or dispersed the ruins. But Time has not been able to do so with the ruins of Delhi. From the Cashmere Gate, for a ride of eleven miles, your road is through monumental ruins. Among these stands the Kootub Minar, claimed to be the highest pillar in the world, built of red sandstone, fluted and divided into five stages or stories, the base of each ornamented with a projecting gallery and balustrade. Tombs, temples, mausoleums, mosques in all directions. The horizon is studded with minarets and domes, all abandoned and many in ruins."

Everywhere are the evidences of a great civilization in former times, "Ruins, miles of ruins, on which the vultures only perch." The sand covers a greater part of the ruins of Egypt, but here they lie upon the surface, columns piled upon columns—mosque and palaces blended together in one great wreck. Here where now dwell scarcely a quarter of a million of people, 2,000,000 once lived and toiled. As you walk the streets

strange sights meet you at every step; ox-carts go lumbering by, taking the place of omnibuses in modern cities, the driver sitting on the tongue of the vehicle, and urging the great unwieldy animals into a gallop by twisting their tails; burden-bearers stagger along under weights that would crush an American porter; women carrying water in stone jugs on their heads, as in the time of Abraham, meet and pass you without turning to look at you, while monkeys run up the walls and stare and chatter at you. The tomb of Hamayun, vast in its ruins, incloses eighteen tombs, in which were laid himself and five of the royal line, together with eleven friends and state officers. But a greater event than the burial of a king gives interest to the place—it is the tomb of a dynasty brought to a close in the great mutiny of 1857. At Meirut, thirty miles off, the Sepoys rose upon their officers and massacred them, and all the Europeans and women in the fort, and then rushed upon Delhi to rouse the inhabitants to join them. Yells and shouts rent the air, and soon the streets ran with blood. One brave officer shut himself up in the garrison, and when the mutineers, yelling with rage, poured around it, and were about to burst open the gates, fired the magazine, and blew himself and a thousand natives into the air. The few troops finding themselves cut off from the fort and powerless

INDIAN PORTER.

against the thousands crowding the streets and rending the air with threats of vengeance, fled through the Cashmere Gate. At a safe distance they rallied, and gathering what reinforcements they could, intrenched themselves and held out through the summer, and in September, with 7,000 men, determined to storm the city held by 60,000 native troops.

Planting their guns on the ridge, a mile or two distant, they threw shells into the town, and as their fire took effect, they advanced their lines nearer and nearer. But they did not advance unopposed. Many of the Sepoys were practiced artillerists and answered back with fatal aim. Still, though the English ranks were thinned, they kept pushing on; they came nearer and nearer, and the roar of their guns was louder and louder. Approaching the walls at one point, they wished to blow up the Cashmere Gate. It was a desperate undertaking. But when was English courage known to fail? A dozen men were detailed for the attempt. Four natives carried bags of powder on their shoulders, but as they drew within rifle range, English soldiers stepped up to take their places, for they would not expose their native allies to a danger which they were ready to encounter themselves. The very daring of the movement for an instant bewildered the enemy. The Sepoys within saw these men coming up to the gate, but thinking perhaps that they were deserters, did not fire upon them, and it was not till they darted back again that they saw the design. Then came the moment of danger, when the mine was to be fired. A sergeant advanced quickly, but fell mortally wounded; a second sprang to the post, but was shot dead; the third succeeded, but fell wounded; the fourth rushed forward, and seeing the train lighted, sprang into the moat, the bullets whizzed over him, and the

next instant a tremendous explosion threw the heavy wall into the air.

Delhi was won, and the king fled for safety to this tomb, and was captured, though surrounded by thousands of his troops, by Captain Hodson, with fifty native cavalry.

But Delhi is now a quiet and loyal city. Here, forty regiments, native and English, were mustered to receive the Prince of Wales. There was the superb Sikh cavalry and the heavy artillery drawn by elephants which, as they dragged the heavy pieces up before the prince, trumpeted him a salute.

INDIAN SOLDIER.

One of the sights well worth the traveler's visit is the palace of the Grand Mogul, where he dwelt in the time of his power and glory. Grant was taken there and found it was now used as a fort for the defense of the city, shorn of all its ancient glory.

They were shown, also, the throne of this great monarch. They mounted by a narrow stair-way, their guide constantly warning them against stumbling. But when they reached it, they found nothing left of its former magnificence—a marble platform, nothing more, remained to tell what it once was. This was so high, that a man cannot reach it with his hands. From it, however, a vast open plain could be seen, on which an army might maneuver, and the sport of fighting elephants be witnessed by the king. During the brief time

that Grant occupied it, he saw beneath him instead of all this Oriental display, only groups of English soldiers, lounging about, who saluted him and stared at him and the officers in attendance. From this hall of general audience, he went to that of special audience. The former was once beautifully inlaid with mosaics, but after its capture, these were torn away by a British officer who had the fragments made up into fancy articles, which he sold to purchasers, realizing from the vandal act some $2,500. This hall of special audience was famous for containing the "Peacock Throne," but nothing except its site remains. It is said to have cost $30,000,000.

Mr. Beresford, in his book on Delhi, says it was called the Peacock Throne "from its having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails expanded, and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls and other precious stones of appropriate colors, as to represent life. The throne itself was six feet long by four feet broad. It stood on six massive feet, which, with the body, were of solid gold inlaid with rubies, emeralds and diamonds. It was supported by a canopy of gold, upheld by twelve pillars, all richly emblazoned with costly gems and a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy. On the other side of the throne stood umbrellas, one of the Oriental emblems of royalty. They were formed of crimson velvet richly embroidered and fringed with pearls. The handles were eight feet high, of solid gold and studded with diamonds." The ceiling of this hall was of solid silver. But the Persians, Mahrattas and English have plundered it by turns, till nothing remains.

CHAPTER XIII.

VISIT TO JEYPOOR—SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY—VISITS THE TIGERS—THE ROYAL STABLES—THE PALACE—AUDIENCE OF THE MAHRAJAH—A NAUTCH DANCE—A GAME OF BILLIARDS WITH THE MAHRAJAH—AN ORIENTAL LEAVE-TAKING—COL. GRANT HAS A BOAR HUNT—LUCKNOW—CAWNPOOR—A HORRIBLE MASSACRE—A GHASTLY SPECTACLE—A FEARFUL OATH OF VENGEANCE—HAVELOCK RELIEVES THE GARRISON AT LUCKNOW—A TOUCHING SCENE—ALLAHABAD, THE CITY OF GOD—PILGRIMS BATHING—BENARES, THE HOLY CITY—A STRANGE STROLL THROUGH IT—FUNERAL PYRES—HINDOOISM—THE THREE CAPITALS OF INDIA—RECEPTION AT CALCUTTA—A PICNIC ON THE HOOGLY—THE SCAVENGERS OF CALCUTTA—ORIGINAL MODE OF SPRINKLING STREETS—BURMAH—RECEPTION AT RANGOON—THE GREAT PAGODA—CHARACTER OF THE KING—HINDOO CASTE—BUDDHISM—ELEPHANTS LOADING AND UNLOADING VESSELS—RANGOON.

JEYPOOR lay on Grant's route to Delhi, but he did not stop to visit it, and now returned to see its sights. There is a school of arts and industry here, which interested him much, as in traveling he is constantly asking after the industrial resources of the country. Old palaces and past glories attract him less than a new plow, or any new implement of industry that shows the influence of modern civilization and ideas on these worn-out countries. This school, however, is devoted mostly to the education of the natives into greater perfection in the manufacture of enameled jewelry, for which Jeypoor is specially celebrated. He went to the collection of tigers, and saw a half dozen brutes, each of whom had a history. Two or three were man-eaters. One enormous creature had killed twenty-five men before he was taken, and he lay in his cage quite comfortable and sleek. Another was in a high temper, and roared and jumped

and beat the bars of his cage. On returning to the residency they found a group of servants from the palace on the veranda, each carrying a tray laden with sweetmeats and nuts, oranges and other fruits. This was an offering from the prince, and it was necessary that the General should touch some of the fruit and taste it and say how much he was indebted to His Highness for the remembrance. Then the servants marched back to the palace. The mahrajah sent word that he would receive General Grant at five. The mahrajah is a pious prince, a devotee and almost an ascetic. He gives seven hours a day to devotions, and partakes only of one meal a day. When he is through with his prayers he plays billiards. He is the husband of ten wives. His tenth wife was married to him a few weeks ago, which he took not because he wanted her, for he thought he had enough, but—as even single marriages are made in Christian monarchies—from political considerations alone.

They drove to the palace at four o'clock, and were shown the royal stables. There were some fine horses and exhibitions of horsemanship which astonished even the General. They were shown the astronomical buildings of Jai Singh II, which were on a large scale and accurately graded. They climbed to the top of the palace and had a fine view of Jeypoor. The palace itself embraces one-sixth of the city, and there are 10,000 people within its walls—beggars, soldiers, priests, politicians, all manner of human beings—who live on the royal bounty. The town looked picturesque and cool in the shadows of the descending sun. They visited the quarters devoted to the household. All was dead. Every part of the palace swarmed with life except this. Word had been sent to the household that profane eyes would soon be gazing from the towers, and the ladies

went into seclusion. They strolled from building to building—through reception-rooms, working-rooms, billiard-rooms, high-walled, far apart—with stone walls and gardens all around; space, air and sunshine. His Highness had arisen this morning earlier than usual, to have his prayers finished in time to meet the General. At five, precisely, Grant and his party entered the court-yard leading to the reception hall. The mahrajah came slowly down the steps with a serious, preoccupied air, not as an old man, but as one who was too weary with a day's labors to make any effort, and shook hands with the General and Mrs. Grant. He accompanied the General to a seat of honor and sat down at his side. On the side of the General sat the members of his party; on the side of the mahrajah the members of his cabinet. Dr. Handley acted as interpreter. The prince said Jeypoor was honored in seeing the face of the great American ruler, whose fame had reached Hindostan. The General said he had enjoyed his visit, that he was pleased and surprised with the prosperity of the people, and that he should have felt he had lost a great deal if he had come to India and not have seen Jeypoor. The mahrajah expressed regret that the General made so short a stay. The General answered that he came to India late and was rather pressed for time, from the fact that he wished to see the viceroy before he left Calcutta, and to that end had promised to be in Calcutta on March 10th.

His Highness then made a gesture and a troop of dancing girls came into the court-yard. One of the features of a visit to Jeypoor is what is called the Nautch. The Nautch is a sacred affair, danced by Hindoo girls of a low caste, in the presence of the idols in the palace temple. A group of girls came trooping in, under the leadership of an old fellow with a long beard and a hard

expression of face, who might have been the original of Dickens' Fagin. The girls wore heavy garments embroidered, the skirts composed of many folds, covered with gold braid. They had ornaments on their heads and jewels in the side of the nose. They had plain faces and carried out the theory of caste, if there be anything in such a theory, in the contrast between their features and the delicate, sharply cut lines of the higher class Brahmins and the other castes who surrounded the prince. The girls formed in two lines, a third line was composed of four musicians, who performed a low, growling kind of music on unearthly instruments. The dance had no value in it, either as an expression of harmony, grace or motion. What it may have been as an act of devotion according to the Hindoo faith it is impossible to say. One of the girls would advance a step or two and then turn around. Another would go through the same. This went down the double line, the instruments keeping up their constant din. The Nautch dance is meaningless. It is not even improper. It is attended by no excitement,

NAUTCH GIRL.

INDIAN MUSICIANS.

no manifestations of religious feeling. A group of coarse, ill-formed women stood in the lines, walked and twisted about, breaking now and then into a chorus, which added to the din of the instruments. This was the famous Nautch dance, to be seen in Jeypoor with amazement, and to remember as one of the sights in India. Either as an amusement or a religious ceremony it had no value.

The mahrajah and his court looked on as gloomy as ravens, while the General wore that resigned expression—resignation tinted with despair—familiar to those of his Washington friends who had seen him listen to an address from the Women's Rights Association or receive a delegation of Sioux chiefs. Still the whole scene was striking, and strange, and purely Oriental. Near the solemn-looking prince stood his equally solemn-looking falconer with the falcon perched on his wrist, and on the other side the prime minister in long, flowing, embroidered robes, tall and lank, with the keen expression of a Jew on his face. Next to him sat the prime minister, a chief of the Brahmins, and consequently a most holy man and keeper of the mahrajah's conscience. He eats opium, as many high and holy men do in India, and you see that his fingers twitch restlessly. He is the favorite Brahmin and conscience keeper of the mahrajah, receives large

MAHRAJAH OF BENARES.

revenues from the temples, lives in a palace and is a member of the king's council. The mahrajah sits as it were soused back into his chair, his eyes covered with heavy silver-mounted spectacles, very tired and bored, looking at the Nautch girls as though they were a million of miles away. He has been praying all day and has had no dinner.

General Grant formed one of this stolid group, resigned and patient, but still wondering when this stupid dance would come to an end. At length, as the shadows of evening began to fall, the prime minister made a sign, and the dance stopped, and the girls vanished, and the mahrajah led the way into the drawing-room, and thence into the billiard-room.

The mahrajah plays billiards when he is not at prayers, and was anxious to have a game with the General. The latter played in an indiscriminate, promiscuous manner, and made some wonderful shots in the way of missing balls he intended to strike. Mr. Borie, whose interest in the General's fortunes extends to billiards, began to deplore those eccentric experiments, when the General said he had not played billiards for thirty years. The mahrajah tried to lose the game, and said to one of his attendants that he was anxious to show the General that delicate mark of hospitality, but he couldn't succeed.

A stroll through the beautiful gardens, with their rich beds of flowers and choice trees, followed, and the prince, with pride, pointed to the towers of his palace, gleaming in the rays of the setting sun. As night came on a cooling breeze stole through the perfumed bowers, completing, with its fragrance, this thoroughly Oriental scene, made, if possible, still more beautiful by the dancing of innumerable lights and torches which the servants brought in to relieve the darkness

Then came the leave-taking, solemn, as all such ceremonies are in the East. Repairing to the hall, now ablaze with light, an attendant entered bearing a tray filled with wreaths of the rose and jessamine. "The mahrajah, taking two of these wreaths, put them on the neck of the General. He did the same to Mrs. Grant and all the members of the party. Then taking a string of gold and silken cord, he placed that on Mrs. Grant as a special honor. The General, who was instructed by the English resident, took four wreaths and put them on the neck of the mahrajah, who pressed his hands and bowed his thanks. Another servant came, bearing a small cup of gold and gems containing ottar of roses. The mahrajah, putting some of the perfume on his fingers, transferred it to Mrs. Grant's handkerchief. With another portion he passed his hands along the General's breast and shoulders. This was done to each of the party. The General then taking the perfume passed his hands over the mahrajah's shoulders, and so concluded the ceremony, which, in all royal interviews in the East, is supposed to mean a lasting friendship. Then the prince, taking General Grant's hand in his own, led him from the hall, across the garden and to the gateway of his palace, holding his hand all the time." The carriages were waiting, and the prince took his leave, saying how much he was honored by the General's visit. The cavalry escort formed in line, the guard presented arms, and they drove at a full gallop home. And so ended one of the most interesting and eventful days in Grant's visit to India.

But the mahrajah's hospitality did not end here; he had some fine jungles in his district, and proposed to get up a tiger hunt for his distinguished guest. But this required two or three days' preparation, and, as Grant

A BUDD

GARDEN.

could not spare the time, it was given up. But Colonel Grant was resolved to have a taste of India sport, and so a boar hunt was ordered, and with sixteen horsemen, two camels, two bullock-carts and the beaters, he started out

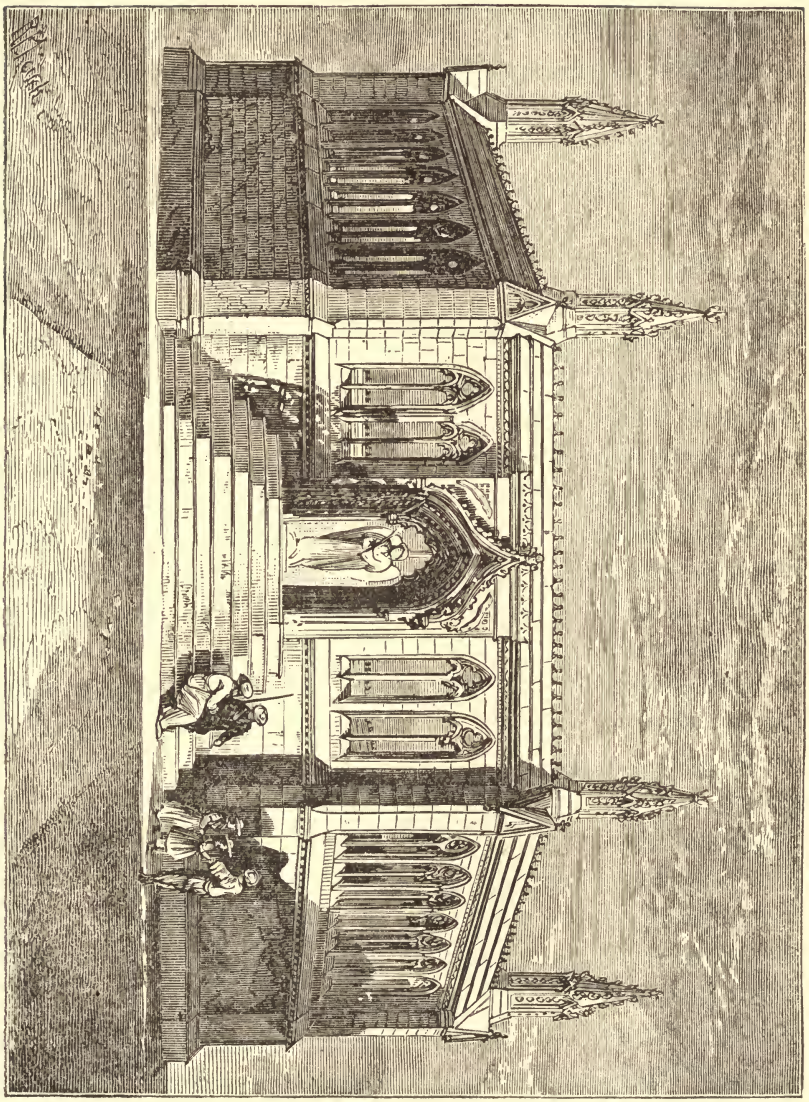
A HAREM SCENE—TEA DRINKING.

at six o'clock in the morning on a grand hunt. Two pigs were started, both of which the colonel succeeded in spearing. It was then proposed to go after antelope, as it was not yet noon.

Harems are common here among the wealthy mahrajahs, nearly the same as in most Eastern countries where polygamy and concubinage are permitted or practiced. In many places, however, the women are allowed the society of their own sex, with far less restraint than is ordinarily supposed, and they are prone to display before their visiting friends, with a great deal of pride, the wealth and ornaments which have been given them.

The colonel was driven in one of the ox-carts within fair range of a buck, and brought him down. Satisfied with two pairs of boars' tusks and the horns of an antelope, as trophies, the colonel returned from his first hunt in India. The mahrajah said that if the General would remain two or three days, he would show him what his jungles could produce in the way of tigers, bears and leopards. Grant thanked him for his courtesy, but said that he could not spare the time. The Prince of Wales and Duke of Edinburgh, who had preceded him but a short time, had more taste for such sport, and made themselves quite famous as hunters.

Before making the long stretch of journey south to Calcutta, Grant determined to cross over the country and visit Lucknow, situated on a branch of the Ganges, a spot so memorable in the history of the great mutiny of 1857 and '59, and where such heroic deeds were performed. This is not the place to enter into the history of that mutiny. The brave Havelock marched to Cawnpoor, to relieve the 200 men, women and children held there as prisoners; and their horrible massacre, while his guns were thundering on the walls of the city, have become a terrible part of that history. The spectacle that met his gaze as he marched into the abandoned place and entered the room where they were kept, froze his blood with horror. The pavement was swimming in blood, amid



THE CHAPEL MONUMENT—IN MEMORIAM.*

*This spot is one of the most pathetic in India, and, to quote the words of the legend around the shrine, will forever be "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children," who lie beneath.

which floated torn fragments of ladies and children's dresses, and long crimson tresses, while in the adjoining apartments, now empty, the blood stood an inch deep, in which were swimming ladies' hats, collars, back-combs, and portions of their underdress, and children's socks and frills, while all around were the marks of bullets, and on the wooden pillars deep gashes, from which hung long tresses of hair, carried there by the cruel sword, when it cleft the flowing crown of woman. The mother, in the fullness of her prime, the accomplished maiden, in her beauty and bloom, and the babe in its budding loveliness, had shrieked and died there together, butchered and hacked like wild beasts. In one apartment a row of women's shoes and gaiters were carefully placed along the wall, filled with bleeding feet, and on the other side, a row of children's shoes, filled with children's feet, all arranged with devilish care and accuracy. But where were the dead? was the cry, almost the shriek of all. In passing out of the building they saw arms and legs sticking out of a well, and drawing nearer, found it full of dead bodies. Stripped of their clothing, those 200 women and children had been pitched, the living on the dead, into this well, till it was filled from bottom to top. Oh, what a sight for brave men to look upon. They had faced the deadly battery without flinching, and trod, without a nerve quivering, the battle-field heaped with the slain, but at this sight they broke down, and wept like children. But tears soon gave way to oaths of vengeance, deep and terrible. As the Highlanders came to one of General Wheeler's dead daughters tied naked to the ground, having been subjected to treatment worse than death, they sat down, and cutting off her hair, divided it with pale countenances and wrathful eyes between them. Each one then slowly counted the number of threads he

had, and with a solemn, fearful oath swore, that for each hair one man should die. An oath he more than kept. No wonder the Government has reared a monument on this spot, and laid out a memorial garden, while over the fatal well stands an angel, in marble, having in his hand the palm leaves of victory. From this place Havelock led his men to the relief of the garrison at Lucknow, whom the natives had doomed to a similar fate.

The account of the long siege, the prolonged suffering and heroic endurance of that garrison, will never grow old while the human heart heaves with sympathy. Havelock's desperate struggle onward; his advances, and retreats to Cawnpoor, and last terrible charge through the streets of Lucknow, and the wild rapturous meeting of the deliverers and delivered; the thrilling cheers rising over the shouts of the combatants and the roar of cannon; the shrill notes of the bag-pipes of the Highlanders, playing "the Campbell's are coming," (aye, coming over the dead and dying to the rescue), fulfilling their dreadful oath, all conspire to make that spot dear to every true-hearted man.

Grant, as he stood on the ruins of the old residency, in which the garrison was shut up, and looked off on the city, could see the course Havelock took in his last desperate march, as he forced his way through fire and blood to its relief, and feel as all brave hearts feel at the deeds of brave men. The next place of importance going south was Allahabad "the city of God," standing at the junction of the two sacred rivers, the Jumna and the Ganges, and regarded by all Hindoos as one of the holiest places in the world, and hence, the religious resort to it from far and near, who come to bathe where these holy waters meet, and thus wash away their sins.

On the 12th of January, it is said, that sometimes

2,000,000 are assembled here, their white tents covering the vast plain for miles. Some come on their hands and knees, others drag themselves along on their bellies, while others still, travel for days, measuring their length like a measuring-worm. The Brahmins keep up these festivals on account of the money it puts in their pockets, for each pilgrim has to pay a tax before he is allowed to bathe in the sacred water. It is one of the most astonishing sights in the world, to behold these infatuated men and women crowd by tens of thousands into the water. After the religious services are performed, and they are cleansed from all sin, they begin to practice anew all sorts of wickednesses, apparently to be ready for another pilgrimage, and another cleansing. From here, it is about seventy miles to Benares, the sacred city, *par excellence* of the Hindoos.

As Grant arrived at the station, he found a guard of honor awaiting him, who received him with a blare of trumpets. Accompanied by the leading officials, he walked down the line of the military with uncovered head and entered a carriage, and was driven to the house of the English commissioner. The night was clear, and the full moon filled the whole dome of heaven with its light, but its beams paled before the glare of lamps and torches that lined the way. The blending of uniforms, the British officers in scarlet, the native princes in rich and flowing garments blazing with gems; on one side the line of armed men, on the other a curious crowd of Indians—all combined to make the scene Oriental and vivid.

Benares is a city of priests, and out of a population of less than two hundred thousand, there are about twenty-five thousand Brahmins, who really govern the city, owning all its temples, shrines, wells and streams, while

it is said there are one thousand four hundred and fifty-four Hindoo temples.

When the Mohammedans conquered India, they endeavored to drive Hindooism out of the country, but this holy place still remains to be reverenced by all good Hindoos. The Hindoo is a pantheist, and worships God in animals of various kinds, not excepting the monkey, a whole tribe having a temple to itself in the city.

The streets are so narrow that only in the widest can

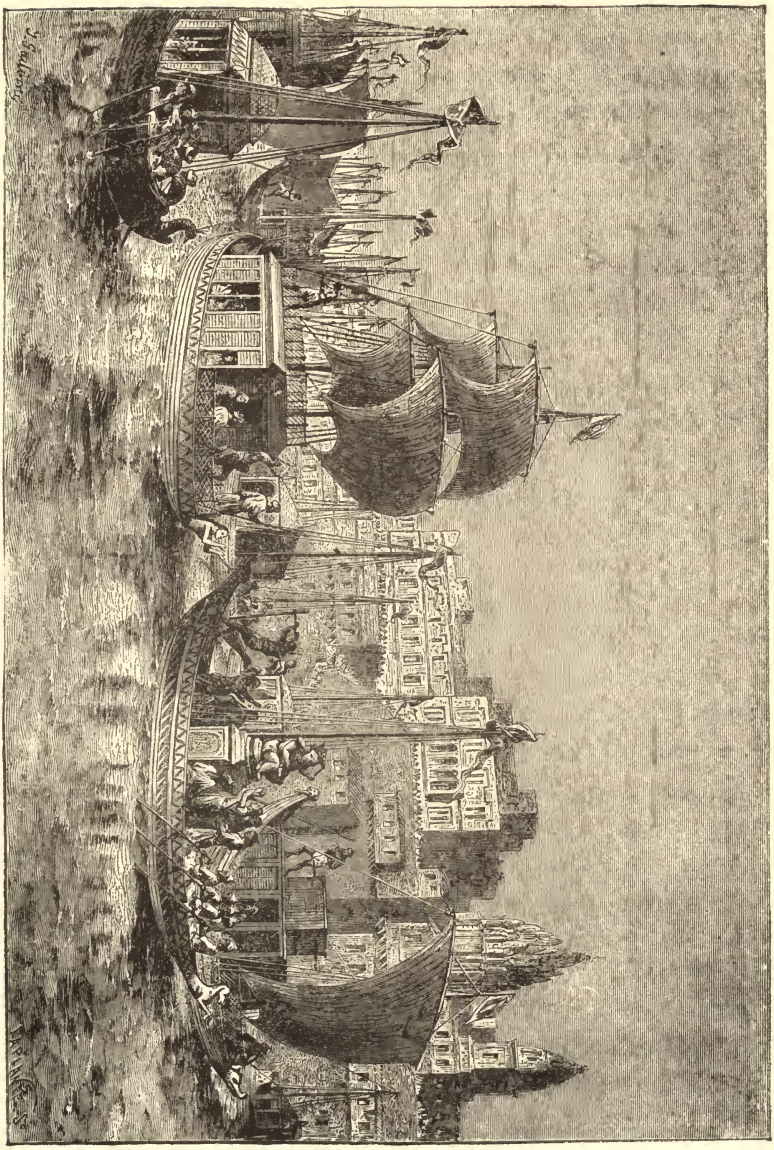
SEDAN CHAIR.

even an elephant make his way. They are alleys—narrow alleys, not streets—and as you thread your way through them you feel as if the town were one house, the chambers only separated by narrow passages. The absence of carriages makes it a silent town—as silent as Venice—and all you hear is the chattering of pilgrims

moving from shrine to shrine. Many of the alleys are so narrow that two cannot walk abreast. The commissioner, Mr. Daniels, had provided sedan chairs for the party to make the tour of the city. These chairs were heavy, ornamented with gold and brass, mounted on poles and carried on the shoulders of four bearers. When the party came to the outskirts of the town, they found chair-bearers were waiting for them, and the General was told that he might take his place. But the idea of swinging in a gaudy chair from a pole, with attendants before and behind calling upon the people to make way, was too much for him. He preferred to walk. Mrs. Grant was put in one chair, and Mr. Borie in another. The General and the rest of the party went ahead on foot, the former unnoticed, Mr. Borie, in the sedan chair, having a venerable appearance, being regarded as the great man.

GODDESS KALI.

As they threaded their way through the alleys and past the shrines that met them at every turn, the city seemed to be at prayer. They entered a temple and saw beggars all around them. On the walls—for the



SCENE ON THE GANGES.

temple is open—monkeys are perching, chattering and skipping. Around the walls of the inclosure are stalls, with cows and calves. These are sacred—held in reverence by the pilgrims, who feed, and caress, and adore them. One or two are monstrous births, and they are specially adored. The animals move about among the worshipers, quite tame, somewhat arrogant. Mrs. Grant was wearing a garland of flowers, which a child who supplied flowers to the worshipers had thrown over her neck. One of the animals seeing the flowers, and knowing them to be savory, made a rush for the garland, and before any one could interfere, was munching and tearing it in a deliberate manner. One of the police came to the rescue, but it was only after a struggle that the cow could be persuaded to abandon her meal. In the centre was a hideous idol, before which a Brahmin was muttering a prayer.

BUDDHIST FUNERAL URN.

After they had visited several of the temples, they went to the observatory of Raja Jai Singh, built at the close of the seventeenth century, and looking down from its battlements, saw the sacred river shining in the morning sun; the teeming, busy hive of temples and shrines, from which the hum of worship seems to arise; masses of pilgrims sluggishly moving toward the river to plunge into its holy

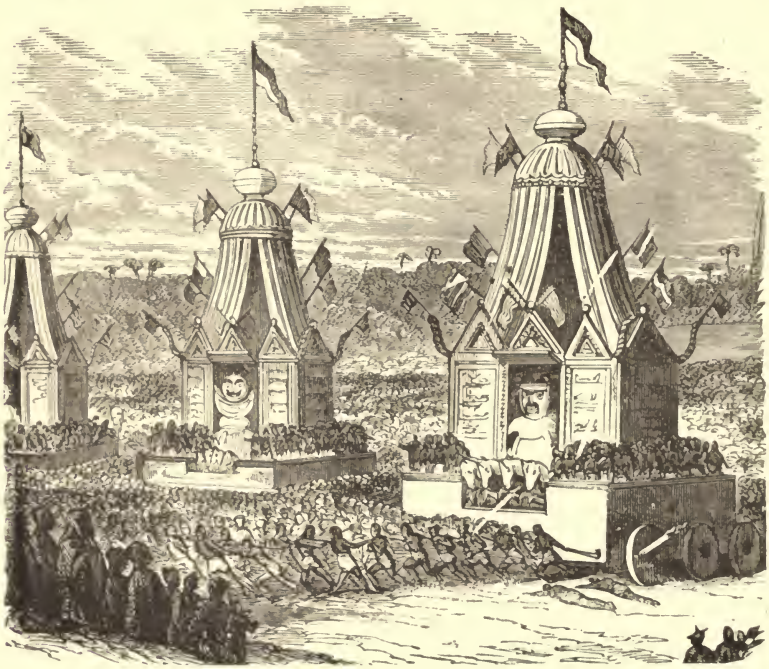
waters and be cleansed of sin. They were pointed out the site of the holy well of Manikarnaki, dug by the god Vishnu, consecrated by the god Mahadeva, whose waters will wash away any sin and make the body pure. From here they went down to the water, and, on board of a steam launch, slowly steamed under the banks, and the view of the city as seen from the boat was one of the most striking the world can afford. Although the day was not far advanced, the sun was out in all its power. Here was the burning Ghat, the spot where the bodies of the Hindoos are burned. No office is so sacred to the dead as to burn his body on the banks of the Ganges.

As they slowly steamed along, a funeral procession was seen bearing a body to the funeral pyre. Several slabs were set around the burning Ghat, in memory of widows who had burned themselves on that spot in honor of their husbands, according to the old rite of suttee. They passed the temple of the Lord Tavaka, the special god who breathes such a charm into the ear of the dying that the departing soul goes into eternal bliss; also, the temple built in honor of the two feet of Vishnu, and which are worshiped with divine honors. They saw the Ghats or steps erected by Sindia, an Indian prince, built in heavy masonry, but broken, as by an earthquake, and slowly going to ruin; and the lofty mosque of Aurungzebe, notable only for its two minarets, which, rising to 150 feet, are the highest objects in Benares, and are a landmark for miles and miles. Shrines and temples are passed without number, the mere recital of whose names and attributes would fill several pages. All this is lost in the general effect of the city, as seen from the river.

Benares sits on the sacred river, an emblem of the strange religion which has made it a holy city, and there is solemnity in the thought that for ages she has kept her

place on the Ganges; that for ages her shrines have been holy to millions of men; that for ages the wisest, and purest, and best of the Indian race have wandered as pilgrims through her narrow streets, and plunged themselves as penitents into the waters to wash away their sins.

Perhaps some one asks what is Hindooism or Brahminism, which is the faith, more or less modified, of more than



BUDDHIST CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

half the human family. Practically it is idolatry and pantheism combined, exhibiting many revolting and disgusting features, among which the most revolting are the burning of widows on the funeral pyre with their dead husbands, and the throwing of one's self, who is cursed with an incurable disease, under the car of Juggernaut, to be crushed to a jelly, and come out in the next sphere

sound and perfect in body, and the casting of children by mothers into the Ganges, to propitiate their god. These, however, will soon, under the influence of civilization and the Christian religion, be remembered only as things of the past. The philosophy of Hindooism is, that out of millions of ages, after a million births, following each other in long succession, at last man is cast upon the earth, but only as a bird of passage, darting swiftly through life, and then, in an endless transmigration of souls, passing through other stages of being, till he is absorbed in the Eternal All. Thus does man find his way at last back to God, as the drop of water, caught up by the sun, lifted into the cloud, descends in the rain, trickles in streams down the mountain side, and finds its way back to the ocean. So does the human soul complete the endless cycle of existence, coming from God and returning to God, to be swallowed up and lost in that boundless sea.

It is a twenty-four hours' ride from Benares to Calcutta, with scarcely a single object of interest on the route. The land is poorly cultivated, while no forests relieve the monotony of the vast plain of the Ganges. Camels yoked to the plow like oxen, and elephants working in the fields with the sagacity of their farmer owners, it is true, was a novelty. Grant arrived in Calcutta in the morning, and was received by the American consul with a guard of honor from the viceroy, and driven to the Government House in a state carriage. India has three capitals, Delhi, where once reigned the great Mogul, and is the centre of the Mohammedan faith; Benares, the Mecca of the Hindoos, and Calcutta, the capital of the modern British Empire. The Empire of India extends over a number of provinces, including 1,500,000 square miles, and 200,000,000 of people, and is governed by the viceroy, who lives in Calcutta. For two

centuries it was ruled by the East India Company for its own benefit, and crimes, and cruelty, and lust, make that long period a dark spot on the British escutcheon. Calcutta is called in the East the city of palaces, but it hardly deserves the name, though many fine modern buildings adorn it, such as the government house, town hall, court-house, currency office, custom-house, post-office, Dalhousie Institute, St. Paul's Cathedral, etc., etc.

The annual convocation for conferring degrees of the University, took place while General Grant was in Calcutta, and he, accompanied by Sir Ashley Eden, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, the Vice-Chancellor, attended the convocation. The General and the Bishop of Calcutta sat on the Vice-Chancellor's right, and Sir Ashley Eden on his left. Degrees were conferred upon students from the various colleges throughout India, and the Vice-Chancellor made a speech, which contained some interesting references to education in India.

He then complimented Grant, and held him up to the students as an illustration of what perseverance and tenacity of purpose could accomplish. The viceroy, Lord Lytton, had delayed his annual hegira to the Himalaya Mountains in order to receive Grant. It must be remembered that the viceroy goes every year to Simla, on the first range of the Himalaya Mountains, 1,200 miles distant, for the sake of the air. A similar custom here would take our seat of government for that length of time into the Rocky Mountains. Lord Lytton had once been attached to the British legation at Washington, under his uncle Bulwer, and hence he and Grant had much to talk about in common. In the evening, there was the inevitable state dinner, with toasts and speeches. The next day, an excursion was made up the Hoogly

twelve miles, to the viceroy's country seat at Barrackpore. At the last moment, the viceroy found he could not go, and deputized Sir Ashley Eden to act in his place. The party was small but select that assembled at noon on board the viceroy's yacht and began to ascend the river. Landing in a burning sun, they had a long walk to a marquee tent, pitched under a banyan tree, where a

BANYAN, OR SACRED TREE OF INDIA.

band was playing and servants preparing luncheon. They returned in the evening just in time to be dressed for a state dinner. When the dinner was over and Lord Lytton escorted Mrs. Grant to the reception-room, the halls were filled with a brilliant and picturesque assembly. A company of native gentlemen looks like a fancy dress ball. There is no rule governing their costumes. They are as free to choose the color and texture of their gar-

ments as ladies at home. They were in loose gowns of cool, flexible stuffs, that seemed to play and dally with the heat, and as they streamed about in their airy, flowing, fleecy gowns, they looked more sensible than we civilians in our black evening dress, or the officers girded to the throat with scarlet cloth and braid.

Among other distinguished guests was the young prince of Burmah and his wife, who had fled, it was said, to Calcutta to escape being put to death by the king, who was murdering his relatives. The viceroy was now obliged to leave for the mountains, but previous to his departure, he had a long and most friendly interview with Grant.

There is one thing in Calcutta that strikes a stranger as very peculiar, and that is the way the streets are cleaned of garbage. After midnight, jackals have the run of the city, and their cries, half human and half wild-animal, make the night hideous, yet the inhabitants do not mind it. With the early dawn they skulk away into sewers and dark recesses. They have an original way of watering the streets as well as cleaning them here. A goat-skin filled with water and left open at the neck is suspended by a strap over the neck of a coolie, who walks along and with his hand dexterously squirts the water right and left, and as many men are employed, the work is well done.

A dispatch was received in Calcutta by General Grant saying that the "Richmond," which he had been expecting at Galle, had not passed the Suez Canal. All his plans in visiting Asia had been based upon the movements of the "Richmond," and the hope that she would be at some point on the Indian coast by the time he reached Calcutta. Under this impression he had accepted invitations to visit Ceylon and Madras, and was planning an

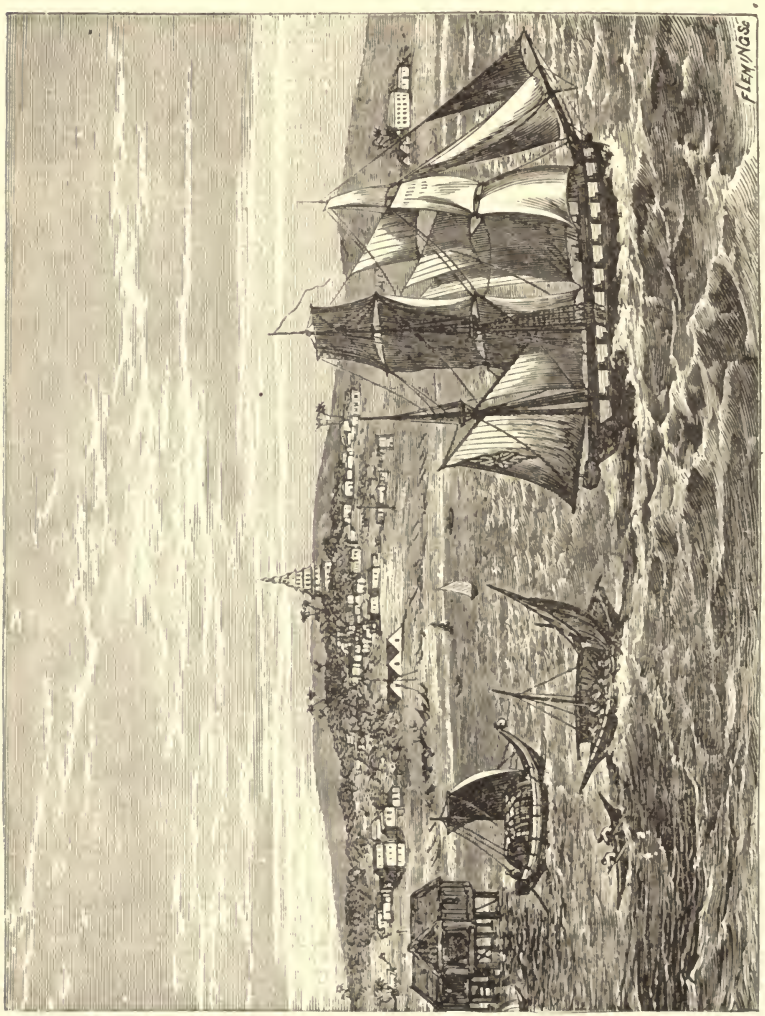
expedition into the Dutch islands. This news led to a sudden and complete change in his plans, and he resolved to leave India and move on to China in the first steamer. Out of this resolution came the visit to Burmah, a country that had not otherwise been in his programme. He left Calcutta at midnight, in order to catch the tides in the Hoogly, on board the steamer "Simla," of the British India

SURF AT MADRAS.

Navigation Company. The "Simla" was pleasant and comfortable, and the run across the Bay of Bengal was over a summer sea. The nights were so warm that it was impossible to sleep in the cabins, and they found as good accommodations as they could lying about the deck.

They sailed up the river to Rangoon and arrived at the wharf about noon. A fierce sun was blazing, and the

whole landscape seemed baked, so stern was the heat. Rangoon is the principal city of Burmah, and seen from the wharf is a low-lying, straggling town. Two British



RANGOON.

men-of-war were in the harbor, who manned their yards in honor of the General. All the vessels in the stream were dressed, and the jaunty little "Simla" steamed with

flags. The landing was covered with scarlet cloth, and the American and British standards were blended. All the town seemed to be out, and the river bank was lined with the multitude, who looked on in their passive, Oriental fashion at the pageant. As soon as our boat came to the wharf, Mr. Aitcheson, the commissioner, came on board, accompanied by Mr. Leishmann, the American vice-consul, and bade the General welcome to Burmah. On landing, the General was presented to the leading citizens and officials and the officers of the men-of-war. The guard of honor presented arms and then all drove away to the Government House, a pretty, commodious bungalow in the suburbs, buried among trees.

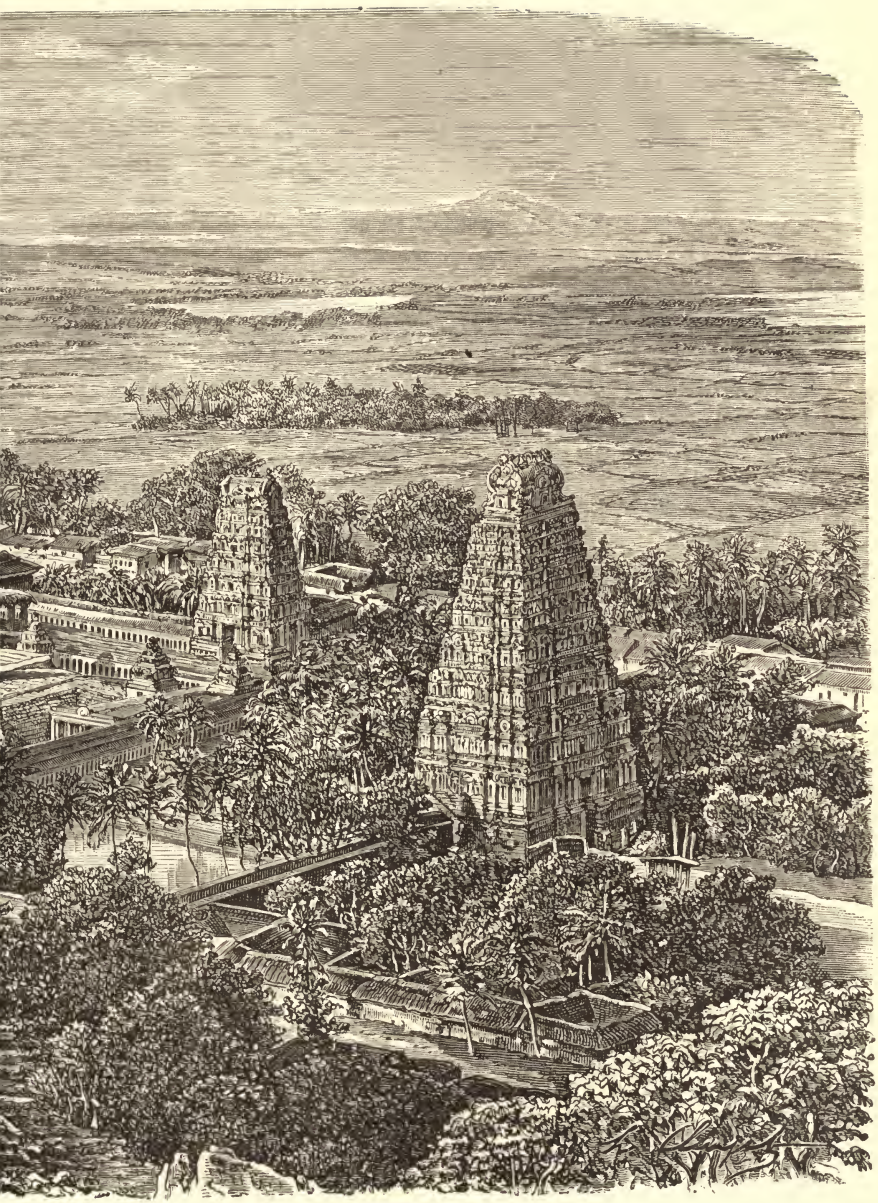
The Burmese look like Chinese, and the women are not shut up as in India, but walk the streets like men. The great object of curiosity in Rangoon is the Great Pagoda. It stands on a hill, or rocky ledge, which overlooks the city of Rangoon and the Valley of the Irrawaddy. It is approached by a long flight of steps, which is occupied by peddlers, lepers and blind men, who stretch out their hands to ask for alms of those who mount the sacred hill to pray. "The Pagoda is a colossal structure, with a broad base like a pyramid, though round in shape, sloping upward to a slender cone, which tapers at last to a sort of spire over three hundred feet high, and as the whole, from base to pinnacle, is covered with gold-leaf, it presents a very dazzling appearance, when it reflects the rays of the sun. A pagoda is always a solid mass of masonry, with no inner place of worship—not even a shrine, or a chamber like that in the heart of the Great Pyramid. The tall spire has for its extreme point what architects call a finial—a kind of umbrella, which the Burmese call a 'htee,' made of a series of iron rings

gilded, from which hang many little silver and brass bells, which, swinging to-and-fro with every passing breeze, give forth a dripping musical sound. The Buddhist idea of prayer is not limited to human speech; it may be expressed by an offering of flowers, or the tinkling of a bell. It is at least a pretty fancy, which leads them to suspend on every point and pinnacle of their pagodas these tiny bells, whose soft, aerial chimes sound sweetly in the air, and floating upward, fill the ear of heaven with a constant melody. Besides the Great Pagoda, there are other smaller pagodas, one of which has lately been decorated with a magnificent 'htee,' presented by a rich timber merchant of Maulmain."

The growth of Burmah, and especially the position of Rangoon as a commercial centre, made a deep impression upon General Grant, who found no part of his visit to Asia so interesting as the study of the resources of these countries and the possibilities of advancing American commerce. There is no subject, he thinks, more worthy of our attention as a nation than the development of this commerce in the East.

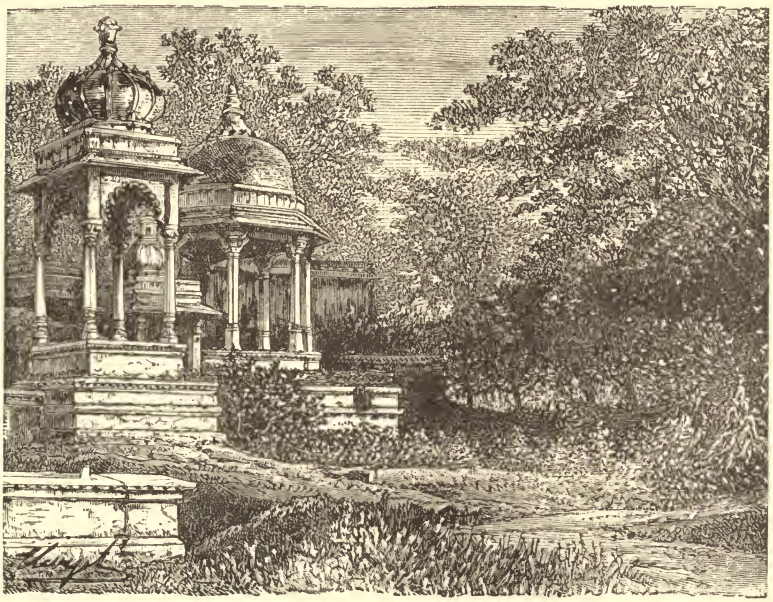
The capital of Burmah is Mandalay, the most miserable mass of habitations that ever assumed to be called a city. There are no roads, no carriages, no horses, only a few bullock carts. Yet the lord of this capital thinks it a great metropolis, and himself a great sovereign, and no one about him dares tell him to the contrary. He is an absolute despot, and has the power of life and death, which he exercises on any who excite his displeasure. He has but to speak a word or raise a hand, and the object of his wrath is led to execution. Suspicion makes him cruel, and death is sometimes inflicted by torture or crucifixion. Yet he is a very religious man in his way and very orthodox. To an English gentleman that was

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PAGODAS



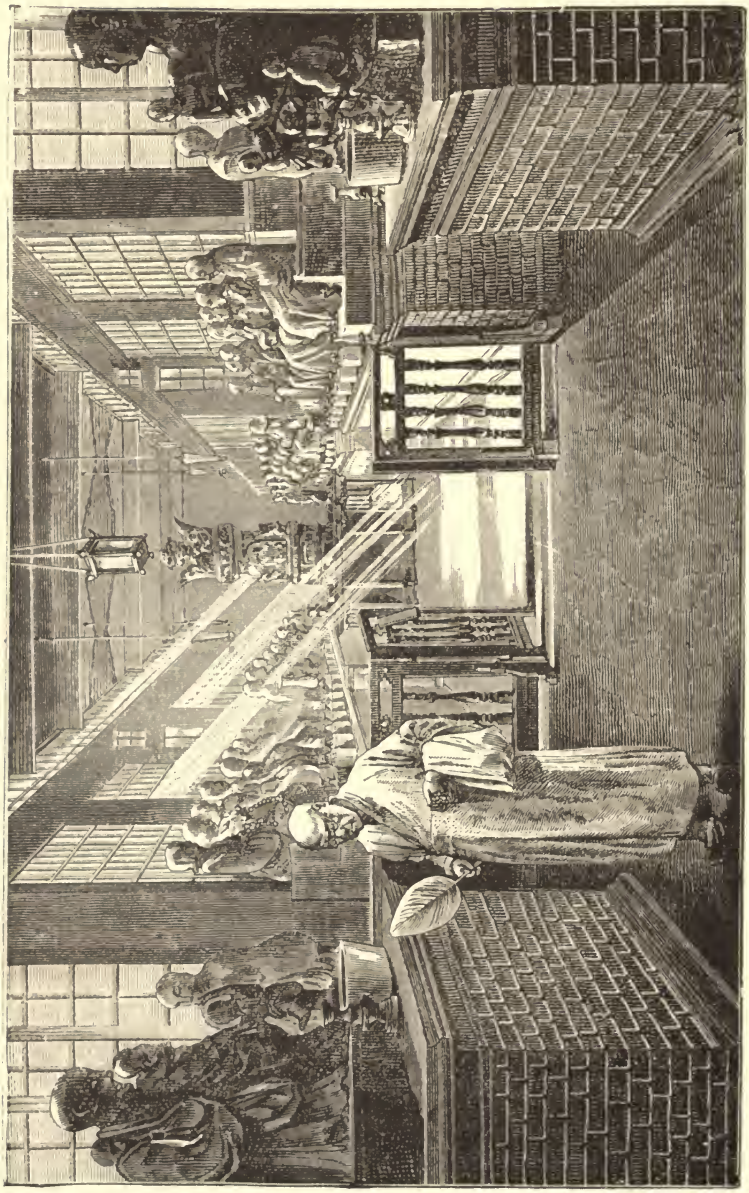
E HILL—MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

presented to him, he said: "The English are a great people, but what a pity that they have no religion." The religion of Burmah is Buddhism, the faith of the teeming millions of Eastern Asia. It would require a volume to describe fully the different religions of this vast continent. Mohammedans—the first Grant had encountered—believe in one God, like the ancient Jews, and hence are not



CENOTAPH—MEMORIAL TO THE DEAD.

idolaters. The Hindoos are both Pantheists and idolaters—their idols being uncouth monsters, while the various forms of human sacrifices render their religion something more than a foolish superstition—it is a revolting crime. But neither the one nor the other presents such an irresistible barrier to Christianity as caste. The Hindoos are divided into four castes:



TEMPLE OF FIVE HUNDRED GODS.

1st. The Brahmins, who are chief of all created beings, teachers and priests for all others.

2d. The military class, forming the executive, or those who administer the laws, as drawn up and interpreted by the Brahmins.

3d. The mercantile class.

4th. The servile class.

These distinctions are hereditary, descending from father to son, and no one can either go higher or descend lower. It has its rules, fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, one of which is, no one of a higher caste can eat or drink with one belonging to a lower. If he does, he becomes an outcast, despised by all. The poorest Brahmin would consider himself defiled for all time were he to eat with the Emperor of Russia, and the Governor-General of India could not find the veriest beggar to accept his hospitality.

Under such a social system, it can be easily seen what difficulties the missionaries have to encounter. It is said that railroads are doing more to break down caste than anything else. The Hindoos find it pretty hard to travel on them without eating and drinking with strangers.

Grant was now to see the workings of the third great religion of the East, viz., Buddhism. The Buddhists have their decalogue, or rather pentalogue, there being five commandments in their code instead of ten, which correspond in the main to the last five of those given to Moses. It was founded by Sakya Muni, who started with the bold idea that man, by virtue and holiness, may make himself God. His teachings form a commendable code of moral laws. Of course, these have been changed by expounders, and a thousand excrescences fixed on this once simple faith.

There is no hereditary priestly class in Buddhism, and

no caste. The priests do not marry, and deny themselves all pleasures of the sense, live a monastic life, dress in yellow gowns (yellow being a sacred color), shave their heads and beards and walk barefooted. They live in common, eat in common. When they sleep, it is in a sitting posture. They go to church, pray, chant hymns, make offerings to their gods—principal among them a statue of Buddha—sometimes alone, sometimes with his disciples. "The statue of Buddha holds the same position

TYPE OF THE LOWER CLASS.

in the temples of his faith that the statue of our Saviour holds in the Catholic churches. The priests go in procession. They chant hymns and prayers, and burn incense. They carry strings of beads like the rosary, which they count and fumble as they say their prayers. There is no single solemn ceremony like the sacrifice of the mass. Priests and people kneel before the images, surrounded with blazing wax lights, the air heavy with incense. They pray kneeling, with clasped, uplifted hands. Sometimes

they hold in their hands a rose, or a morsel of rice, or a fragment of bread, as an offering. During their prayers they frequently bend their bodies so that the face touches the ground. There are convents for women. The temples are places of rest and refuge. Hither come the unfortunate, the poor, the needy, the halt and blind, the belated traveler. All are received, and all are given food and alms. As you walk into the temples it is generally through a lane of unfortunates, in all stages of squalor and wretchedness, abandoned by the world. Trays or basins of iron are stretched along the road, in which attendants pour uncooked rice. Animal life is held sacred, and a Buddhist temple looks like a barnyard, a village pound and a church combined. Cows, parrots, monkeys, dogs, beggars, children, priests, sight-seers, devotees—all mingle and blend on a footing of friendliness, the animals fearing no harm, the men meaning none. A Buddhist priest will not kill an animal. His sacrifices do not involve bloodshed. Before he sits on the ground he will carefully brush it, lest he might unwittingly crush an ant or a worm. This respect for animal life is so strong that some priests will wear a gauze cloth over mouth and nostrils, lest they inadvertently inhale some of the smaller insects which live in the air."

One of the curiosities of Burmah is the manner in which elephants take the place of machinery in loading and unloading on the wharves. In the timber-yards, both at Rangoon and Maulmain, all the heavy work of drawing and piling the logs is done by them. In one yard there were seven elephants, five of which were at work. Their wonderful strength came into play in moving huge pieces of timber. A male elephant would stoop down, and run his tusks under a log and throw his trunk over it, and walk off with it as lightly as a gentleman would balance

his bamboo cane on the tip of his finger. Placing it on the pile, he would measure it with his eye, and if it projected too far at either end, would walk up to it, and with a gentle push or pull, make the pile even. If a still heavier log needed to be moved on the ground to some part of the yard, the mahout, sitting on the elephant's head, would tell him what to do, and the great creature seemed to have a perfect understanding of his master's will. He would put out his enormous foot, and push it along; or he would bend his head, and crouching half way to the ground, and doubling up his trunk in front, throw his whole weight against it, and thus, like a ram, would "butt" the log into its place; or if it needed to be taken a greater distance, he would put a chain around it, and drag it off behind him. He always knows when Sunday comes, and takes his holiday.

The run down the coast of Burmah and through the Straits of Malacca to Singapore was a pleasant one. This is an English colony, situated on an island of the same name, just at the extremity and close to the Malacca peninsula. It is the touching-place of all steamers going eastward and westward, and here General Grant was to take one and proceed to China. Instead of, however, going on direct, he determined to make a flying visit to Siam.

CHAPTER XIV.

GRANT VISITS SIAM—AN INSIGNIFICANT KINGDOM—LETTER FROM THE KING TO GENERAL GRANT—THE GULF OF SIAM—ANNIVERSARY OF THE SURRENDER OF LEE—SLEEPING ON DECK—A SURPRISE—VEXATIOUS DELAY AT THE MOUTH OF THE PORT—A MISERABLE NIGHT—THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE COMES ON BOARD—THE ROYAL LETTER—A NARROW ESCAPE—THE SAIL TO BANGKOK—APPEARANCE OF THE CITY AND RIVER—THE GREAT PAGODA—RECEPTION—INTERVIEW WITH THE REGENT—AUDIENCE WITH THE SECOND AND FIRST KING—A STATE DINNER—THE KING EXPRESSES A WARM FRIENDSHIP FOR GENERAL GRANT—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY—RELIGION OF THE SIAMESE—A DESCRIPTIVE LETTER—AN ACCOUNT BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELER—SIAMESE CLIMATE, AND SCENERY, AND PEOPLE—ITS GRAND PAGODA—WEALTH OF SIAM—CEREMONIES ATTENDING CHILD-BIRTH AND MARRIAGE—CREMATION OF A ROYAL PERSONAGE—INFLUENCE OF MISSIONARIES.

IT was a singular whim of Grant's, crowded as he was for time, and with such important points to visit, that he should have turned aside to visit the kingdom of Siam, containing only 190,000 square miles, and with a population probably not half as great as that of New York, and that mixed up of three nationalities, without literature, or even a respectable language; without a history, except that it rose into existence about six hundred years after Christ, and was allowed to live, because it would be a worthless accession. But, as Burns says, "a man's a man for a' that," so a king is a king for a' that. The King of Siam evidently thought so, and considered it would be a sad depreciation of its dignity if the ex-President of the United States and the greatest military chieftain of the Western World should visit the great empires of the East and pass his kingdom by. It would not look well in future history to see it recorded how this monarch and that emperor received and feted

the distinguished traveler, and no mention made of the honors paid him by the King of Siam, and he therefore addressed the following letter to General Grant:

THE GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, 4th February, 1879.

My Dear Sir:—Having heard from my Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the authority of the United States Consul, that you are expected in Singapore on your way to Bangkok, I beg to express the pleasure I shall have in making your acquaintance. Possibly you may arrive in Bangkok during my absence at my country residence, Bang Pa In. In which case a steamer will be placed at your disposal to bring you to me. On arrival, I beg you to communicate with His Excellency, my Minister for Foreign Affairs, who will arrange for your reception and entertainment.

Yours, very truly,

CHULAHLONGKORN, R. S.

To General GRANT, late President of the United States.

The letter of the king, which he had taken the trouble to send all the way to Singapore, added to the opinion expressed by the General, that when people really go around the world they might as well see what is to be seen, decided the visit to Siam. A dispatch had been received from Captain Benham, commanding the "Richmond," that he would be at Galle on the 12th, which would enable him to reach Singapore about the time that he returned from Siam.

And so it was decided to go to Siam, and on the 9th of April, General Grant and his party embarked at Singapore on board the little steamer "Kong Lee," and started for the Gulf of Siam. This is a pretty body of water, studded with green islands, but a very capricious, stormy one. Violent winds sweep over it, often rendering its navigation disagreeable, if not dangerous. It proved so on this occasion, and violent squalls arose, which knocked the little steamboat around in a most inconsiderate man-

ner. It had rained when they left Singapore, but the sea was comparatively calm. It was supposed it would take about four days to run to Bangkok, its capital. The first night at sea was calm and beautiful, and the stars, with the great constellation of the Southern Cross, came out in brilliant splendor, and the party, seated on deck, gazed in silent admiration on the sparkling dome that bent so brightly above them.

Suddenly some one remembered that it was the anniversary of the surrender of Lee. Fourteen years ago that night Grant sat with Lee's letter in his hand, asking him on what conditions he would receive the surrender of the army under his command. What a contrast between that night and this. Then, with a mighty army at his back, and the fate of a great nation in his hands, he pondered on the act that was to end the most fearful rebellion the world ever witnessed, and place him among the great military chieftains of the world and render his name illustrious forever. To-night, with a few friends around him, he was sitting quietly on the deck of a steamboat, gliding over the waters of the Indian Ocean and smoking his cigar, oblivious of all but the glorious heavens above him.

Mr. Borie having intimated that he contemplated visiting Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea, and spending the winter in the Pacific Ocean, Grant very gravely argued the question with him, and showed how unwise such a course would be. And so, as they gently rocked over the star-lit deep, the hours wore on till the time for retiring came. But the night was warm and the air soft and delicious, and they concluded to sleep on deck. Mr. Borie attempted to open a curious machine, intended for a bed, made by a prisoner in the Rangoon jail, while the servants brought up ordinary mattresses and placed them

in a corner, or against a coil of rope, or anywhere they could conveniently lie, for the rest of the party. Grant and his wife lay down near the wheel, while another stowed himself away under the binnacles, and a third in the gangway. But sleeping on deck, though very pleasant in the Bay of Bengal, is a very different thing in the Gulf of Siam, for it is often interfered with by a change of weather. It proved so in this case, for soon after midnight a man aroused them with the news that it was going to rain. They woke up to find a total change in the aspect of the heavens. The stars were gone and, in their place, a black, ominous-looking cloud covered the sky, while here and there scattering drops of rain foretold an approaching storm. Mrs. Grant hurried into the cabin, followed soon after by the General and the whole party. The captain, after scanning the sky, said it would not rain, it was only wind, and most of the party stretched themselves on deck again, laughing at those who had fled to the cabin at the first alarm. Their laugh, however, was of short duration, for in a few minutes the rain came down in torrents, and so suddenly, that to escape it, they had to leave beds, blankets and everything, and run for the cabin, but even then they did not reach it till they were well drenched. Each succeeding night was but a repetition of this first one—in the fore part of the evening cool, refreshing breezes, making it delightful on deck, followed by a down-pour that drove all into the cabin, till the trip to Siam was universally voted a bore. At length, at ten o'clock in the morning, they came to the mouth and the bar of the port, where they expected to meet a tug to take them ashore. But no tug came, and hour after hour they waited in vain. It turned out, that having made a remarkably quick trip, nobody was expecting them. The whole day passed idly

waiting, and evening came, and still no steamer appeared. Night came down, and the lights gleamed from the shore, and their patience became exhausted. But, at nine o'clock, a pilot came on board, and, as the tide was near its full, ordered the anchor up, intending to cross the bar and be up to Bangkok in the cool of the morning. But, after floundering about for an hour, the anchor was again dropped. Grant heard the heavy plunge into the water with feelings of disappointment, and the party wished Siam was in another hemisphere.

The pilot had lost his way in the darkness, and was rapidly going straight on shore, when the captain luckily perceived it, and ordered the anchor down. To make their misery complete, the rain came down in torrents, the wind arose, sending the waves over the little craft and down into the main cabin, which, with the rain, so deluged it and the berths that all had to be huddled into the little cabin and pass the night as they best could. The hours wore wearily away and morning dawned, and every eye was strained shoreward to see if the royal yacht was coming down. Soon she appeared, with the American flag at the fore and the royal colors of Siam at the main, and anchored near the steamer. A boat soon came alongside with the American consul on board and a representative and aid of the king. The latter, after being presented to Grant, by the consul, handed him the following letter in a yellow satin envelope:

THE GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, April 11th, 1879.

Sir:—I have very great pleasure in welcoming you to Siam. It is, I am informed, your pleasure that your reception should be a private one; but you must permit me to show, as far as I can, the high esteem in which I hold the most eminent citizen of that great nation which has been so friendly to Siam, and so kind and just in all its intercourse with the nations of the far East.

That you may be near me during your stay, I have commanded my brother, His Royal Highness the Celestial Prince Bhanurangsi Swangwongse, to prepare rooms for you and your party in the Saranrom Palace, close to my palace, and I most cordially invite you, Mrs. Grant and your party at once to take up your residence there, and my brother will represent me as your host.

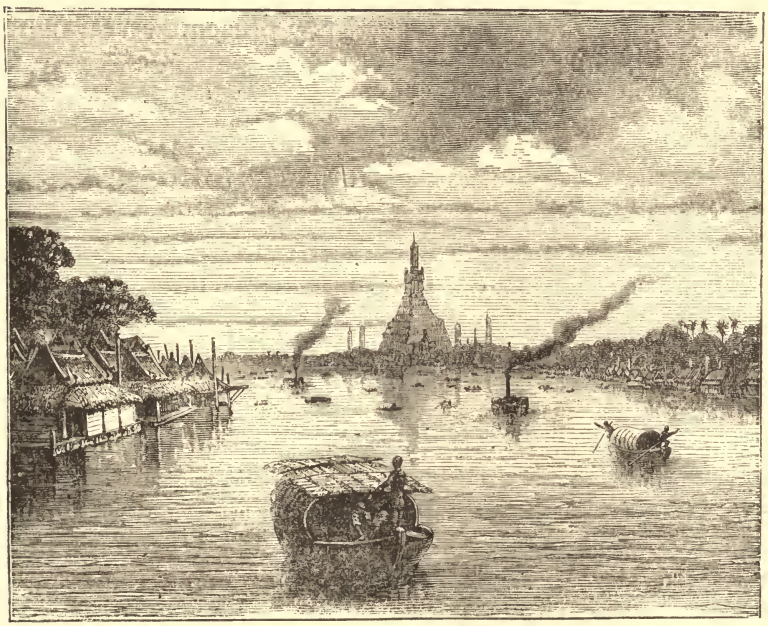
Your friend,

CHULAHLONGKORN, R. S.

His Excellency General GRANT, late President of the United States.

After this was read and interpreted to General Grant, he and his party went on board the yacht in a pouring rain, with the sea running so high and fierce that the boat, as it approached the vessel, dashed against the paddle-wheels, which were in motion. One of them struck the boat and bore it under in spite of the struggles of the boatmen to extricate it, and threatened, momentarily, to go over and pitch all into the turbulent waves, where it would have been little less than a miracle if some had not perished. At length, however, it was pushed clear of the wheel and righted, and Grant and his party, drenched with the rain, were taken on board. They congratulated each other on their narrow escape and complimented Mrs. Grant highly on her courage and cool behavior, when every moment they expected to be upset in the angry sea, and beaten beneath the water by the paddles. Fate evidently frowned on the trip to Siam. The yacht at once got under way up the river, stopping at Paknam long enough to send a message to the king, at Bangkok, that General Grant was coming. The miserable town was composed of huts, built of bamboo, with a foundation of logs, to avoid the water, which often overflows the banks of the river and floods all the country round, so that the people are compelled to move about in boats.

The distance from the sea to Bangkok is some thirty miles, but the sail up it was very monotonous, for the rain came down in such torrents as to blot out the shore most of the time, making the voyage dreary and long. The banks appeared to be low and bushy, and hang down into the water, as they do in the marshy regions of the South. The rain lulled as they approached Bangkok, which they reached late in the afternoon. Stopping a few



VIEW OF BANGKOK.

minutes before the house of the consul, they kept on for two or three miles till they came in front of the International Court-house.

Bangkok lies on both sides of the river, and they steamed on between the two rows of huts and houses till they seemed endless, and were almost ready to believe the statement of the natives, that the city contained a half

a million of inhabitants. There seemed to have been no idea of similarity in architecture, for every style of building lined the shore, while large boats were plying about in every direction, not rowed, but paddled by the natives, keeping time to a short, loud shout of "Wah-wah!" There were houses, too, built on rafts and moored to the shore, most of them stores, filled with their peculiar wares, on the floors of which the merchant was squatted, leisurely smoking his pipe of opium, with no clothing on him but a pair of loose-fitting trousers. They presented a strange and uncouth sight, and seemed close akin to barbarians. Great, clumsy junks were lying here and there at anchor, with two great eyes in their prows, to let them see their way on the sea—the natives believing that they are as necessary to a ship as to a man.

At four o'clock Grant embarked in the royal gondola, "seven fathoms long," and was slowly pulled to shore. The guard presented arms, the cavalry escort wheeled into line, the band played "Hail Columbia." "On ascending the stairs, Mr. Alabaster, the royal interpreter, Captain Bush, an English officer, commanding the Siamese Navy, and a brilliant retinue were in waiting. The Foreign Minister advanced and welcomed the General to Siam, and presented him to the other members of the suite. Then entering carriages, the General and party were driven to the Palace of Hwang Saranrom, the home of His Royal Highness the Celestial Prince. As they drove past the barracks the artillery were drawn up in battery and the cannon rolled out a salute of twenty-one guns. On reaching the palace a guard was drawn up and another band played the American national air. At the gate of the palace Phra Sri Dhammason, of the foreign office, met the General and escorted him to the door of the palace. Here he was met by the king's private sec-

retary, and a nobleman of rank corresponding to that of an English earl. At the head of the marble steps was His Royal Highness the Celestial Prince, wearing the decorations of the Siamese orders of nobility, surrounded by other princes of a lesser rank and the members of his household. Advancing, he shook hands with the General, and offering his arm to Mrs. Grant, led the party to the grand audience-chamber. Here all the party were presented to the prince, and there was a short conversation. The celestial prince is a young man, about twenty, with a clear, expressive face, who speaks English fairly well, but, during the interview, spoke Siamese, through Mr. Alabaster, who acted as interpreter. The prince lamented the weather, which was untimely and severe. However, it would be a blessing to the country and the people, and His Royal Highness added a compliment that was Oriental in its delicacy, when he said that the blessing of the rain was a blessing which General Grant had brought with him to Siam. The prince then said that this palace was the General's home, and he had been commanded by the king, his brother, to say that anything in the kingdom that would contribute to the happiness, comfort or the honor of General Grant was at his disposal. The prince entered into conversation with Mrs. Grant and the members of the General's party. The General expressed himself delighted with the cordiality of his welcome, and said he had been anxious to see Siam, and he would have regretted his inability to do so. The prince offered his arm to Mrs. Grant, and escorted her and the General to their apartments."

In the evening Grant dined with the celestial prince in a quiet way, when the lengthy programme, mentioned above, was submitted to him, that he might know beforehand all the honors that awaited him, and prepare himself

accordingly. The list was a most formidable one, and Grant, on the plea that he was not on his own ship, and hence could not command his own time, said that he must return to Singapore by the mail steamer, which sailed on Friday, thus giving only five days in Siam, and so some dinners were dispensed with and two or three days' sight-seeing crowded into one. The truth was, that he had got enough of Siam before he landed, and after the magnificent ovation he had received in England and on the Continent, the ostentatious display of this king of a potato-patch was irksome. Besides, it rained incessantly, so that the water streamed into the court-yard and beat into the windows of the palace set apart for his occupancy.

A visit was made to the regent, the conveyance being a gondola, furnished after the Venitian fashion, which, after passing up one canal after another—at this time empty of all trading craft, by order of the king—at length reached the palace, where the old regent, covered with decorations, was waiting to receive him. He advanced, shook hands with the General, and, taking his hand, led him up-stairs to the audience-room of the palace. A guard of honor presented arms, the band played the "Star Spangled Banner," which was the first time they had heard that air in the East, all the other bands they had encountered laboring under the delusion that our national air was "Hail Columbia." As the General does not know the one tune from the other it never made much difference so far as he was concerned. The regent led the party into his audience-hall, and placed General Grant on his right side while the rest were all ranged about him on chairs. An audience with an Eastern prince is a serious and a solemn matter. "It reminded me somewhat of the Friends' meetings I used to attend in Philadelphia years and years ago," says Mr.

Young, "when the brethren were in meditation and waiting for the influence of the Holy Spirit." The Siamese is a grave person. He shows you honor by speaking slowly, saying little and making pauses between his speeches. He eschews rapid and flippant speech, and a gay, easy talker would give offense. I need not say that this custom placed the General in an advantageous position. After you take your seat servants begin to float around. They bring you tea in small china cups—tea of a delicate and pure flavor, and unlike our own attempts in that direction. They bring you cigars, and in the tobacco way we noted a cigarette with a leaf made out of the banana plant, which felt like velvet between the lips, and is an improvement in the tobacco way which even the ripe culture of America on the tobacco question could with advantage accept. In Siam you can smoke in every place and before every presence, except in the presence of the king—another custom which, I need hardly add, gave the General an advantage. The regent, after some meditation, spoke of the great pleasure it had given him to meet General Grant in Siam. He had long known and valued the friendship of the United States, and he was sensible of the good that had been done to Siam by the counsel and the enterprise of the Americans who had lived there.

The General thanked the regent, and was glad to know that his country was so much esteemed in the East. There was a pause and a cup of the enticing tea and some remarks on the weather. The General expressed a desire to know whether the unusual rain would affect the crops throughout the country. The regent said there was no such apprehension, and there was another pause, while the velvet-coated cigarettes and cigars passed into general circulation. The General spoke of the

value to Siam of closer relations with nations of the outer world, and that from all their resources any extension of relations with other nations would be a gain to them. His Highness listened to this speech as Mr. Chandler translated it in a slow, deliberate way, standing in front of the regent and intoning it almost as though it were a lesson from the morning service. Then there was another pause, and some of us took more comfort out of the tea. Then the regent responded: "Siam," he said, "was a peculiar country. It was away from sympathy and communion with the greater nations. It was not in one of the great highways of commerce. Its people were not warlike nor aggressive. It had no desire to share in the strifes and wars of other nations. It existed by the friendship of the great powers. His policy had always been to cultivate that friendship, to do nothing to offend any foreign power, to avoid controversy or pretext for intervention by making every concession."

He added that this course was not the result of timidity but policy, and Siam was not so advanced, he said, as some nations, but she had her own ideas, etc.

This was all very stately and dignified, and it is pleasant to know that Siam wanted to be on friendly terms with us, and not mix herself up in our affairs, yet there was something farcical about it, since Siam might declare war against us and we hardly know it.

The interview with the second king was a mere repetition of this. Last of all came the audience with the real king.

"His Majesty the first king of Siam and absolute sovereign is named Chulahlongkorn. This, at least, is the name which he attaches to the royal signet. His name as given in the books is Phrabat Somdetch Phra Paramendo Mahah Chulah-long-korn Klow. On the after-

noon of April 14th, at three o'clock, General Grant and party had their audience with the real king of Siam. The General and party went in state carriages and at the door of the palace was met by an officer. Troops were drawn up all the way from the gate to the door of the audience-hall, and it was quite a walk before, having passed temples, shrines, outhouses, pavilions and statelier mansions, they came to the door of a modest building and were met by aids of the king. A wide pair of marble steps led to the audience-room and on each side of the steps were pots with blooming flowers and rare shrubs. The band in the court-yard played the national air, and as the General came to the head of the stairs the king, who was waiting and wore a magnificent jeweled decoration, advanced and shook the hands of the General in the warmest manner. Then, shaking hands with Mrs. Grant, he offered her his arm, and walked into the audience-hall. The audience-hall is composed of two large, gorgeously-decorated saloons, that would not be out of place in any palace. The decorations were French, and reminded you of the Louvre. In the first hall was a series of busts of contemporary sovereigns and rulers of States. The place of honor was given to the bust of General Grant, a work of art in dark bronze which did not look much like the General, and seems to have been made by a French or English artist from photographs. From here the king passed on to a smaller room beautifully furnished in yellow satin. Here the king took a seat on a sofa, with Mrs. Grant and the General on either side, the members of the party on chairs near him, officers of the Court in the background standing, and servants at the doors kneeling in attitudes of submission.

"The king is a spare young man, active and nervous in his movements, with a full, clear, almost glittering black

eye, which moved about restlessly from one side to the other, and while he talked his fingers seemed to be keeping unconscious time to the musical measures. When any of his Court approached him or were addressed by him they responded by a gesture or salute of adoration. Everything about the king betokened a high and quick intelligence, and although the audience was a formal one and the conversation did not go beyond words of courtesy and welcome from the king to the General and his party, he gave one the impression of a resolute and able man, full of resources and quite equal to the cares of his station."

The audience at an end, the king led Mrs. Grant and the General to the head of the stairs, and they took their leave.

"You are told that Bangkok is the Venice of the East, which means that it is a city of canals. When the tides are high you go in all directions in boats. Your Broadway is a canal. You go shopping in a boat. You stroll in your covered gondola lying prone on your back, sheltered from the sun, dozing the fierce, warm hours away, while your boatmen and other boatmen passing and repassing shout their plaintive 'Wah-wah.' You see the house of the Foreign Minister, a palace with a terrace, a veranda and a covered way sloping toward the river. You see a mass of towers and roofs surrounded by a wall. This is the palace of the first king, the supreme king, of Siam. Beyond is another mass of towers and roofs where resides the second king. Happy Siam has two sovereigns—a first king who does everything, whose power is absolute, and a second king who does nothing except draw a large income. This second king, oddly enough, is named George Washington, having been so named by his father, who admired Americans. Finally they come to the royal landing and we note that the banks are lined with soldiers."

The father did not name his son after our illustrious Washington thoughtlessly or ignorantly, as a savage might do who had simply heard the name, for he was not only an intelligent but educated man. An American visited Siam during the administration of Buchanan, when this George Washington was a young prince, and was accompanied by him in his presentation to the father, and says he was received with courtly politeness.

"He spoke good English," he says, "and spoke it fluently, and knew how, with gentlemanly tact, to put his visitor straightway at his ease. It was hard to believe," he says, "that I was in a remote and almost unknown corner of the Old World, and not in the New. The conversation was such as might take place between two gentlemen in a New York parlor. On every side were evidences of an intelligent and cultivated taste. The room in which we sat was decorated with engravings, maps, busts, statuettes. The book-cases were filled with well-selected volumes, handsomely bound. There were, I remember, various encyclopædias and scientific works. There was the Abbottsford edition of the Waverly Novels, and a bust of the great Sir Walter overhead. There were two copies of Webster's quarto dictionary, unabridged. Moreover, the king called my particular attention to these two volumes, and said: 'I like it very much; I think it the best dictionary, better than any English.' He had his army, distinct from the first king's soldiers, disciplined and drilled according to European tactics. Their orders were given in English, and were obeyed with great alacrity."

"Captain Foote commanded our national vessel, then visiting the port, and he became very much attached to him, and when he heard of his promotion to admiral, wrote him a long, friendly letter, and though we were

ignorant of the character and people of Siam, he was thoroughly posted with regard to ours."

PRESENT SECOND KING.

REIGNING FIRST KING.

The king had thought much of this visit of General Grant, and the most careful preparations were made to receive him. In order that these should be complete and carried out in all their details, he had a long programme printed and given to the appropriate officers for their guidance.

When General Grant inquired about the industrial resources of Siam, and spoke of the system of education in our country, and suggested that it would be a good plan to send some of his young men to America, as other nations had done, to be educated, the king replied that he had intended to do so, but circumstances had prevented, etc., etc.

The next morning the king gave a State dinner. The service was silver, the prevailing designs of it being the three-headed elephant, which belongs to the

arms of Siam. It cost $50,000 in England. After sitting three hours at the table, there came a pause, and then a signal. The king then arose and made an address in Siamese, that was afterward interpreted, in which he expressed his pleasure at seeing General Grant, and passing a high compliment on him, proposed his health. Grant, in reply, said, in a clear, distinct voice:

A SON OF THE FIRST KING.

"*Your Majesty, Ladies and Gentlemen:*— I am very much obliged to Your Majesty for the kind and complimentary manner in which you have welcomed me to Siam. I am glad that it has been my good fortune to visit this country and to thank Your Majesty in person for your letters inviting me to Siam, and to see with my own eyes your country and your people. I feel that it would have been a misfortune if the programme of my jour-

ney had not included Siam. I have now been absent from home nearly two years, and during that time I have seen every capital and nearly every large city in Europe, as well as the principal cities in India, Burmah and the Malay Peninsula. I have seen nothing that has interested me more than Siam, and every hour of my visit here has been agreeable and instructive. For the welcome I have received from Your Majesty, the princes and members of the Siamese government, and the people generally, I am very grateful. I accept it, not as personal to myself alone, but as a mark of the friendship felt for my country by Your Majesty and the people of Siam. I am glad to see that feeling, because I believe that the best interests of the two countries can be benefited by nothing so much as the establishment of the most cordial relations between them. On my return to America I shall do what I can to cement those relations. I hope that in America we shall see more of the Siamese, that we shall have embassies and diplomatic relations, that our commerce and manufactures will increase with Siam, and that your young men will visit our country and attend our colleges as they now go to colleges in Germany and England. I can assure them all a kind reception, and I feel that the visits would be interesting and advantageous. I again thank Your Majesty for the splendid hospitality which has been shown to myself and my party, and I trust that your reign will be happy and prosperous, and that Siam will continue to advance in the arts of civilization."

General Grant, after a pause, then rose and said:—"I hope you will allow me to ask you to drink to the health of His Majesty the King of Siam. I am honored by the opportunity of proposing that toast in his own capital and his own palace, and of saying how much I have been impressed with his enlightened rule. I now ask

you to drink the health of His Majesty, the king, and prosperity and peace to the people of Siam."

This toast was drunk with cheers, the company rising and the band playing the national air of Siam. The king then led the way to the upper audience chamber, the saloon of the statues. Here ensued a long conversation between the king and the General and the various members of the party. Mrs. Grant, in the inner room, had a conversation with the queen, who had not been at table. In conversing with the General the king became warm and almost affectionate. He was proud of having made the acquaintance of the General and he wanted to know more of the American people. He wished Americans to know that he was a friend of their country. As to the General himself, the king hoped when the General returned to the United States that he would write the king and allow the king to write to him, and always be his friend and correspondent. The General said he would always remember his visit to Siam; that it would afford him pleasure to know that he was the friend of the king; that he would write to the king and always be glad to hear from him, and if he ever could be of service to the king it would be a pleasure.

An American gentleman visited Siam just previous to Grant, and gives in a letter a very interesting account of what he saw. He says:—

"The government of Siam is a monarchy and the king is called the 'Sacred Lord of Heads,' 'possessor of all,' and all property, as well as life, is at the will of the king; but kings have found that it is not quite safe to be altogether arbitrary, and within a few years important concessions have been made, and now all important laws are submitted to a council of the first-class, known as a phraya.

"The government is quite unique in many respects. There is a second king, who has a separate palace, seraglio, officers, retainers, as well as soldiers, very little inferior to the establishment of the first king. The second king does not seem to take any part in the government, but acts as a counselor only, and is in no sense a co-ruler, and never becomes the successor. His opinion and sanction are sought in all important questions of state policy.

"The queen must be a native, and of royal blood. She is supreme among hundreds of others. She has her own court, in which the princesses appear. She has a great number of female guards, who are in uniform and wear arms. Her court is composed of about five thousand, and by royal authority entirely subject to her control. The queen never becomes regent, or takes any part in the political affairs of the country, but she is treated with the highest deference, and her opinion frequently has great weight.

"There are more than a hundred temples in the city, some of which are small and plain, but some are grand almost beyond description. They are ornamented with statues and gilded in the richest manner. The floor of the principal one is covered with mats of silver, and contains relics that are considered of fabulous worth and are worshiped by thousands. One temple contains a jasper statue of Buddha; one contains an immense statue and ancient idol, 167 feet high, in the human form. The toes of this idol are three feet long, and the whole idol is covered with gold. This great idol has a magnificent temple erected and maintained expressly for it. It is a place where millions have bowed down and worshiped, and where multitudes still worship. In all these temples there are daily

offerings of incense, with thousands prostrated, offering prayer. It is a vast expenditure of time and means, but these people in their ignorance regard these offerings as very meritorious. They feel the need of cleansing, and display a zeal and sacrifice to accomplish their end that Christians would do well to imitate in extending the truth.

"These people not only worship idols and gods, but they worship animals, especially elephants. The white elephant is the emblem of the kingdom of Siam and it is the special object of worship. The famous white elephant that has been worshiped for more than one hundred years, recently died in the great temple in this city. The elephant had a splendid palace, with a gold vessel from which he took his meals, and a harness ornamented with jewels and diamonds. At the funeral of this elephant over one hundred Buddhist priests officiated at the ceremony. The three live white elephants led the way. Thirty vessels were employed in the ceremony, and the king, with his high nobles, received the mortal remains of the dead elephant. The 60,000 floating houses were adorned with flags, symbolical of the interesting scenes. It was a grand display over a dead idol."

Grant's short stay in Siam and so much of the brief period he remained there, being necessarily devoted to public receptions and fetes, he could see little of the people, or learn much of their peculiar customs. This small kingdom has had formerly but little intercourse with the outside world, and but little has been known of it till recently. Its history has been nevertheless an eventful one, and the rebellions, and revolutions, and changes of dynasties in it have been accompanied by some of the greatest atrocities and the most inhuman cruelty that disgrace humanity. Its wars have been

confined to a small territory, but have been none the less barbarous.

Its history may be divided into Old and New Siam, the latter, dating from the introduction of eastern civilization, may be fixed in a general way at 1854. Great changes have been wrought since then, and among the causes that have produced them, may be placed not least the influence of Christian missionaries. It is true that the new, commenced, commercially, from the treaties made at this date between Siam on the one side and Great Britain and the United States on the other. But after all, the change must, in the main, be attributed to that great movement which unlocked the whole Oriental world, and made China and Japan like newly-discovered countries to the civilized world. Siam, like these two countries had, till then, been never explored, but since that time travelers have visited almost every portion of it. As we said, Grant's short visit allowed him to see very little except the life of royal and distinguished personages, which is as different from that of the mass of the people as if they were types of different civilizations. Till recently, the dress of the people was simply a piece of linen tied around the middle of the body, and there was no traveling in Bangkok except by water. Now, carriages have been introduced, yet, outside of the palaces, the customs and habits are those of a semi-barbarous people. Still there is a charm about Siam which every traveler feels.

Says one: "There is enough to see in Siam, if only it could be described. But nothing is harder than to convey in words the indescribable charm of tropical life and scenery; and it was in this, in great measure, that the enjoyment of my month in Bangkok consisted. Always, behind the events which occupied us day by day, and

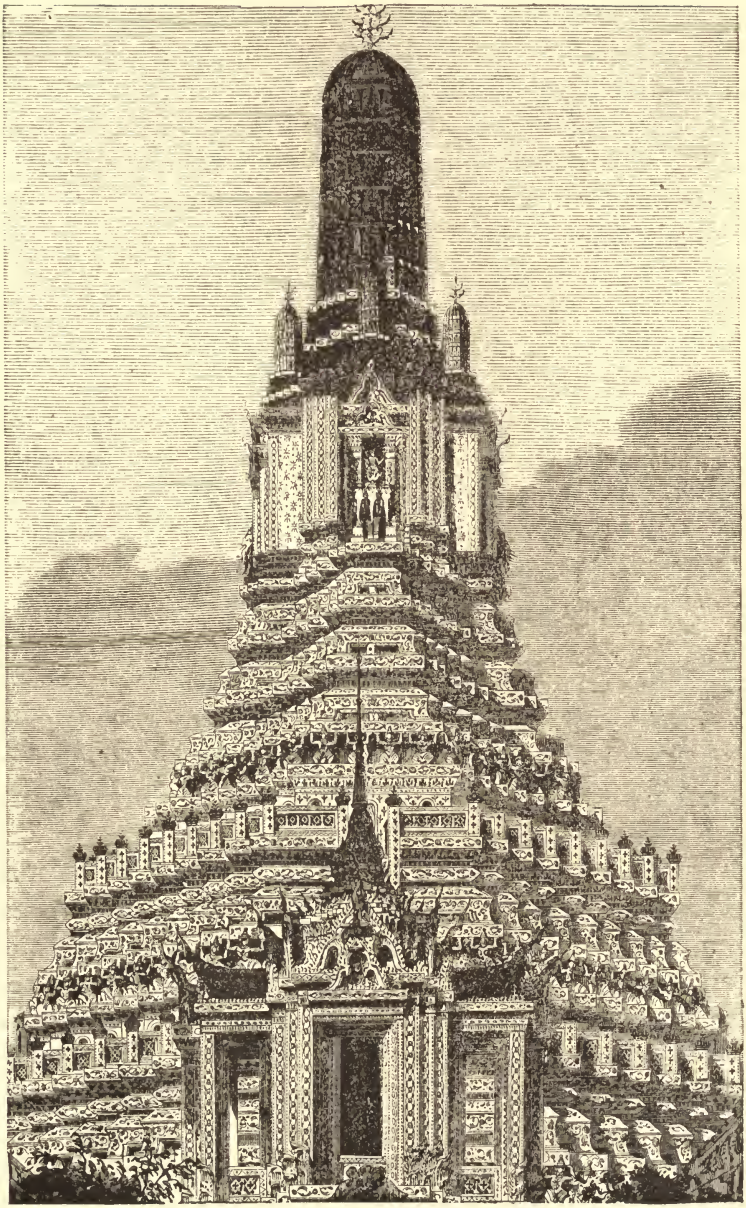
behind the men and things with which we had to do, was the pervading charm of tropical nature—of soft warm sky, with floating fleecy clouds, and infinite depths of blue beyond them; of golden sunlight flooding everything by day; and when the day dies its sudden death, of mellow moonlight, as if from a perennial harvest moon; and of stars, that do not glitter with a hard and pointed radiance, as here, but melt through the mild air with glory in which there is never any thought of 'twinkling.' Always there was the teeming life of land and sea, of jungle and of river; and the varying influence of fruitful nature, captivating every sense with sweet allurement."

Speaking of the wonderful pagoda, some two hundred feet high, he says that every inch of its irregular surface glitters with ornaments. Curiously wrought into it are forms of men, and birds, and grotesque beasts, that seem, with outstretched hands and claws, to hold it up. Two-thirds of the way from the base stand four white elephants, wrought in shining porcelain, facing one each way toward four points of the compass. From the rounded summit rises, like a needle, a sharp spire. This was the temple tower, and all over the magnificent pile, from the tip of the highest needle to the base, from every prominent angle and projection, there were hanging sweet-toned bells, with little gilded fans attached to their tongues; so swinging that they were vocal in the slightest breeze. Here was where the music came from. Even as I stood and looked, I caught the breezes at it. Coming from the unseen distance, rippling the smooth surface of the swift river, where busy oars and carved or gilded prows of many boats were flashing in the sun, sweeping with pleasant whispers through the varied richness of the tropical foliage, stealing the perfume of its blossoms and the odor of its fruits, they caught the shining bells of this

great tower, and tossed the music out of them. Was it some dream of Oriental beauty that would presently vanish?

But the exterior was nothing to the interior, on which untold wealth was lavished. There are long corridors of marble shafts, white walls, with gilded eaves and cornices, arched, lined with gold, doors of ebony, pearly gates of iridescent beauty. It is true, you will find also a great clumsy image, without form or proportion, but the decorations are the finest specimens of art, of which the Western world might be proud.

"Of course," says a traveler, "where so much wealth is lavished on the public buildings, there must be great resources to draw from; and, indeed, the mineral wealth of the country appears at almost every turn. Precious stones and the precious metals seem as frequent as the fire-flies in the jungle. Sometimes, as in the silver currency, there is an absence of all workmanship; the coinage being little lumps of silver, rudely rolled together in a mass and stamped. But sometimes, as in the teapots, betel-nut boxes, cigar-holders, with which the noblemen are provided when they go abroad, you will see workmanship of no mean skill. Often these vessels are elegantly wrought. Sometimes they are studded with jewels; sometimes they are beautifully enameled in divers colors. Once I called upon a noble, who brought out a large assortment of uncut stones—some of them of great value—and passed them to me as one would a snuff-box, not content till I had helped myself. More than once I have seen children of the nobles with no covering at all, except the strings of jeweled gold that hung, in barbarous opulence, upon their necks and shoulders; but there was wealth enough in these to fit the little fellows with a very large assortment of most fash-



THE GREAT TOWER.

ionable and Christian apparel, even at the ruinous rate of tailors' prices at the present day. To go about among these urchins, and among the houses of the nobles and the king's palaces, gives one the half-bewildered and half-covetous feeling that it gives to be conducted by polite but scrutinizing attendants through a mint. Surely, we had come at last to

> "'Where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.'

"Of course, of all this wealth the king's share was the lion's share.

"Then, as for vegetable wealth, I do not know that there is anywhere a richer valley in the world than the valley of the Meinam. All the productions of the teeming tropics may grow luxuriantly here. There was rice enough in Siam, the year before my visit, to feed the native population, and to supply the failure of the rice crop in southern China, preventing thus the havoc of a famine in that crowded empire, and making fortunes for the merchants who were prompt enough to carry it from Bangkok to Canton. Cotton grows freely beneath that burning sky. Sugar, pepper, and all spices may be had with easy cultivation. There is gutta-percha in the forests. There are dye-stuffs and medicines in the jungles. The painter gets his gamboge, as its name implies, from Cambodia, which is tributary to their majesties of Bangkok. As for the fruits, I cannot number them nor describe them. The mangostene, most delicate and most rare of them all, grows only in Siam, and in the lands adjacent to the Straits of Sunda and Malacca. Some things we may have which Siam cannot have, but the mangostene is her peculiar glory, and she will not lend it."

The people though not free from the bias of a half-

savage people, are in the main, kind and inoffensive —parents are very fond of their children and indulgent to them. Nature is so bountiful, that it requires but little labor to furnish the necessaries of life, while their scanty clothing costs them comparatively nothing, and hence they are naturally indolent.

They are neither industrious or economical, but are free from the treacherous, murderous character of their neighbors the Malays. They are not destitute of acuteness and wit, as their national proverbs show. Take for example the following:

"When you go into a wood, do not forget your wood-knife.

"An elephant though he has four legs may slip; and a doctor is not always right.

"Go up by land, you meet a tiger; go down by water, you meet a crocodile.

"If a dog bite you, do not bite him again."

Between the luxury and splendor of the king's court and the poverty of the common people, there is of course the greatest and most painful contrast. The palaces of the first and second kings are filled with whatever the wealth and power of their owners can procure. The hovels of the common peasants are bare and comfortless, the furniture consisting only of a few coarse vessels of earthenware or wicker-work, and a mat or two spread upon the floor.

Peculiar ceremonies attend child-birth, marriages and deaths. There is one custom pertaining to the former that is strangley persisted in, though often attended with fatal results. As soon as a child is born, the mother is placed near a large fire to which she is exposed for weeks, almost literally roasted, and all the while suffering intensely. Marriages take place early, so that there is

sometimes five generations gathered around the head of a family. A traveler inquiring of the first king how many children he had, replied: "I had twelve before I entered the priesthood, and eleven since I came to the throne."

When a person dies, the whole family the moment the breath leaves the body, break out into piercing shrieks and lamentations, while they fling themselves at the feet

A FEW OF THE SONS OF THE LATE FIRST KING.

of the dead and kiss them, and utter tender reproaches against themselves. The body is placed in a coffin covered with gilded paper. After a day or two, the coffin is removed, not through the door, but through an opening specially made in the wall, and is escorted thrice round the house at full speed, in order that the dead, forgetting the way through which he has passed, may not

return to molest the living. The coffin is then taken to a large barge, and placed on a platform, surmounted by a dais, to the sound of melancholy music. The relations and friends, in small boats, accompany the barge to the temple where the body is to be burnt. Being arrived, the coffin is opened and delivered to the officials charged with the cremation—the corpse having in his mouth a silver tical, less than seventy-five cents, to defray the expenses. The face of the corpse is then washed with cocoanut milk. It is then placed on the pile and the fire is kindled. When the combustion is over, the principal bones are collected by the relatives and placed in an urn. The garb of mourning is white, and is accompanied by the shaving of the head. When a member of the royal family dies, the funeral ceremonies are of a national character. Those at the cremation of the first king, a few years ago, are thus described by Sir John Browning.

"The building of the '*men*,' or temple, in which the burning was to take place, occupied four months; during the whole of which time between three and four hundred men were constantly engaged. The whole of it was executed under the personal superintendence of the 'Kalahome.'

"It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful object than this temple was, when seen from the opposite side of the river. The style of architecture was similar to that of the other temples in Siam; the roof rising in the centre, and thence running down in a series of gables, terminating in curved points. The roof was covered entirely with scarlet and gold, whilst the lower part of the building was blue, with stars of gold. Below, the temple had four entrances leading directly to the pyre; upon each side, as you entered, were placed magnificent mirrors, which reflected the whole interior of the building.

BUILDING FOR INCREMATION OF A ROYAL PERSONAGE.

which was decorated with blue and gold, in the same manner as the exterior. From the roof depended immense chandeliers, which at night increased the effect beyond description. Sixteen large columns, running from north to south, supported the roof. The entire height of the building must have been 120 feet, its length about fifty feet, and breadth forty feet. In the centre was a raised platform, about seven feet high, which was the place upon which the urn containing the body was to be placed; upon each side of this were stairs covered with scarlet and gold cloth.

"This building stood in the centre of a piece of ground of about two acres extent, the whole of which ground was covered over with close rattan-work, in order that visitors might not wet their feet, the ground being very muddy.

"This ground was inclosed by a wall, along the inside of which myriads of lamps were disposed, rendering the night as light as the day. The whole of the grounds belonging to the adjoining temple contained nothing but tents, under which Siamese plays were performed by dancing-girls during the day; during the night transparencies were in vogue. Along the bank of the river, Chinese and Siamese plays (performed by men) were in great force; and, to judge by the frequent cheering of the populace, no small talent was shown by the performers, which talent in Siam consists entirely in obscenity and vulgarity.

"All approaches were blocked up long before daylight each morning by hundreds—nay, thousands of boats of every description in Siam, *sampans*, *mapet*, *ma k'eng*, *ma guen*, etc., etc.; these were filled with presents of white cloth, no other presents being accepted or offered during a funeral. How many ship-loads of fine shirting were presented during those few days it is impossible to say."

Imposing ceremonies attended placing the urn in the building, where it remained for two days. The exterior covering of this was of the finest gold, elegantly carved and studded with innumerable diamonds, and was about five feet high and two feet in diameter. On the day of burning, this exterior covering is taken off, disclosing a brass urn containing the body which rested on cross-bars at the bottom. Beneath were all kinds of odoriferous gums.

"The first king having distributed yellow cloths to an indefinite quantity of priests, ascended the steps which led to the pyre, holding in his hand a lighted candle, and set fire to the inflammable materials beneath the body. After him came the second king, who placed a bundle of candles in the flames; then followed the priests, then the princes, and lastly, the relations and friends of the deceased. The flames rose constantly above the vase, but there was no unpleasant smell.

"His Majesty, after all had thrown in their candles, returned to his seat, where he distributed to the Europeans a certain number of limes, each containing a gold ring or a small piece of money; then he commenced *scrambling* the limes, and seemed to take particular pleasure in just throwing them between the princes and the missionaries, in order that they might meet together in the 'tug of war.'

"The next day, the bones were taken out and distributed amongst his relations; and this closed the ceremonies. During the whole time, the river each night was covered with fireworks; and in Siam the pyrotechnic art is far from being despicable."

There is much to interest the traveler in this small, isolated kingdom, which has been thrown open to missionaries. The history of missionary enterprise in this country must be studied in order to get a proper concep-

tion of its present condition. It is true, very few of the Siamese have been converted—the converts being most of them Chinese. It is a little singular, that while religion has made slow progress, it has done wonders in advancing the civilization of the people, especially that of the nobles.

Says an observant traveler: "There can be little doubt with those who take a truly philosophical view of the future of Siam, and still less with those who take a religious view of it, that this advancement in civilization must open the way for religious enlightenment as well. Thus far there has come only the knowledge which 'puffeth up.' And how much it puffeth up, is evident from the pedantic documents which used to issue from the facile pen of his majesty, the late first king. A little more slowly, but none the less surely, there must come as well that Christian charity which 'buildeth up.' So, every time the 'spicy breezes,' sweeping across the busy river, wake the music of the innumerable pagoda bells, they ring prophetic of the better day. Wiser and broader views of missionary labor will, no doubt, prevail in time, and increasing experience will suggest more practical and efficient methods. But the faith and patience of the zealous men and women who have labored now for forty years in the name and in the spirit of Christ, has not been and shall not be in vain. Those golden bells, swinging over the high roofs of splendid temples, and of stately palaces, over palm and banyan, and shining river and crowded city, shall more and more

> 'Ring out the darkness of the land—
> Ring in the Christ that is to be.'

Even if the work of the missionaries should cease to-day, the results accomplished would be of immense and per-

manent value. They have introduced Christian science. They have made a beginning of Christian literature, by the translation of the Scriptures. They have awakened an insatiable appetite for Christian civilization. And the end is not yet."

CHAPTER XV.

RECEPTION AT PENANG—GRANT'S VIEWS OF CHINESE EMIGRATION—STARTS FOR CANTON—ARRIVAL AT CANTON—VISIT TO THE VICEROY—A CHINESE PROCLAMATION—THE AMERICAN KING—IS CARRIED IN A GREEN CHAIR TO THE PRINCE REGENT'S—THE PROCESSION AND THE CROWD—ITS STRIKING APPEARANCE—OPINIONS OF THE AMERICAN BARBARIANS—THE RECEPTION—THE DEPARTURE—CURIOUS NAMES OF THE STREETS—A LUNCH WITH THE MISSIONARIES—A STATE DINNER AT THE VICEROY'S—MACAO—GROTTO OF CAMOENS—RETURN TO HONG KONG—SWATOW—A CURIOUS PRESENT—AMOY—RECEPTION THERE—INTERVIEW WITH THE BRITISH MINISTER TO PEKING—RECEPTION ON BOARD AN AMERICAN VESSEL—LETTERS FROM THE KING OF SIAM—THE VICEROY AND KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—RECEPTION IN SHANGHAI—TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION—TRAVELING IN WHEELBARROWS—TIENSTEIN—UP THE RIVER TO PEKING—HONG CHOW—GRANT CARRIED TO PEKING IN AN IMPERIAL CHAIR—ENTRANCE TO PEKING—CARD OF THE PRINGE REGENT.

AFTER Grant's return to Singapore he prepared at once to prosecute his journey to China. He was aware that the Chinese question in America would be pressed on him, for he had a premonition of it at Penang, as he came down the Straits of Molacca. Stopping at this place for a day and a half a reception was given him in the Town Hall with the usual address and reply. At the close a deputation of Chinese merchants waited on him with another address, beautifully illuminated on silk, in which, after complimenting him, they referred to the laws passed against the Chinese by Congress, and expressed the hope that he would use his influence to have them abrogated. Grant in reply, said that he knew nothing about the bill referred to, as it had beer. passed since he left the United States. He would not discuss the question then of Chinese emigration but

said the Chinese did not come to the United States as the people of other nations—of their own free will, to enjoy the benefits and the protection of the American Government, to have the benefit of their industry, and accept the responsibilities as well as the benefits of residence in America—but as dependants, slaves of companies who brought them as merchandise, held them in practical bondage and enjoyed the fruits of their labor. As a consequence the Chinamen in America was not a member of our society, on the same footing with other races, entitled to all the benefits of our laws, with chances for improvement and prosperity, but the slave of a company. He felt sure that the Chinese gentlemen who had honored him with this address and who represented the flourishing Chinese community of Penang would agree with him that emigration to the United States under those circumstances was not an advantage to us, and was a wrong to the people who came under such degrading conditions.

He took the steamer "Ashuelot" for Canton, which lies on the Pearl River, some ninety miles from Hong Kong, its real port at the mouth.

As they approached the Bogne forts, guarding the narrowest part of the river, the guns thundered forth their salute, and a boat came alongside with mandarins, who brought cards from the viceroy, the Tartar general commanding the forces, and other officials. A gun-boat met them to escort them to the city, and with the American flag at the fore, followed them all the way, while the forts, which they passed, fired salutes, and the troops in them paraded with gay-colored flags which made the whole route like an ovation.

It was nine o'clock before the lights of Canton were seen in advance. As the ship cast anchor, all the gun-

boats in the river burned blue lights and fired rockets, while the landing was decorated with Chinese lanterns. The American and French consuls and others came on board to welcome Grant, and expressed their regret that he had not arrived earlier, as the whole town had been at the landing all the afternoon waiting to greet him, but had now gone home to dinner. The next morning salutes were exchanged between our vessel and a Chinese gun-boat, the latter firing twenty-one guns, the first time such a salute had ever been fired, and was intended as an especial compliment to the great American.

Grant remained at the consul's next day to receive calls, while Mrs. Grant and others of the party strolled through the streets to examine the shops, filled with the curious wares of the Chinese. As Grant was neither a king nor president, there was some doubt as to whether he or the viceroy should call first. The former solved the difficult question by saying that he would call on the viceroy whenever he would receive him. The latter appointed two o'clock, and sent word that as it was the custom when the emperor visited the city to have all the streets cleared and houses closed and the way lined with soldiers, he would order the same to be done when he passed through it. Grant replied that he preferred to see the people and would be better pleased to have no such order issued. The viceroy, however, issued a placard proclaiming that the American was coming to do him honor, and they must all honor him. These placards, instead of being posted up, were hawked about the streets like newspapers. One, issued before Grant's arrival, began thus:

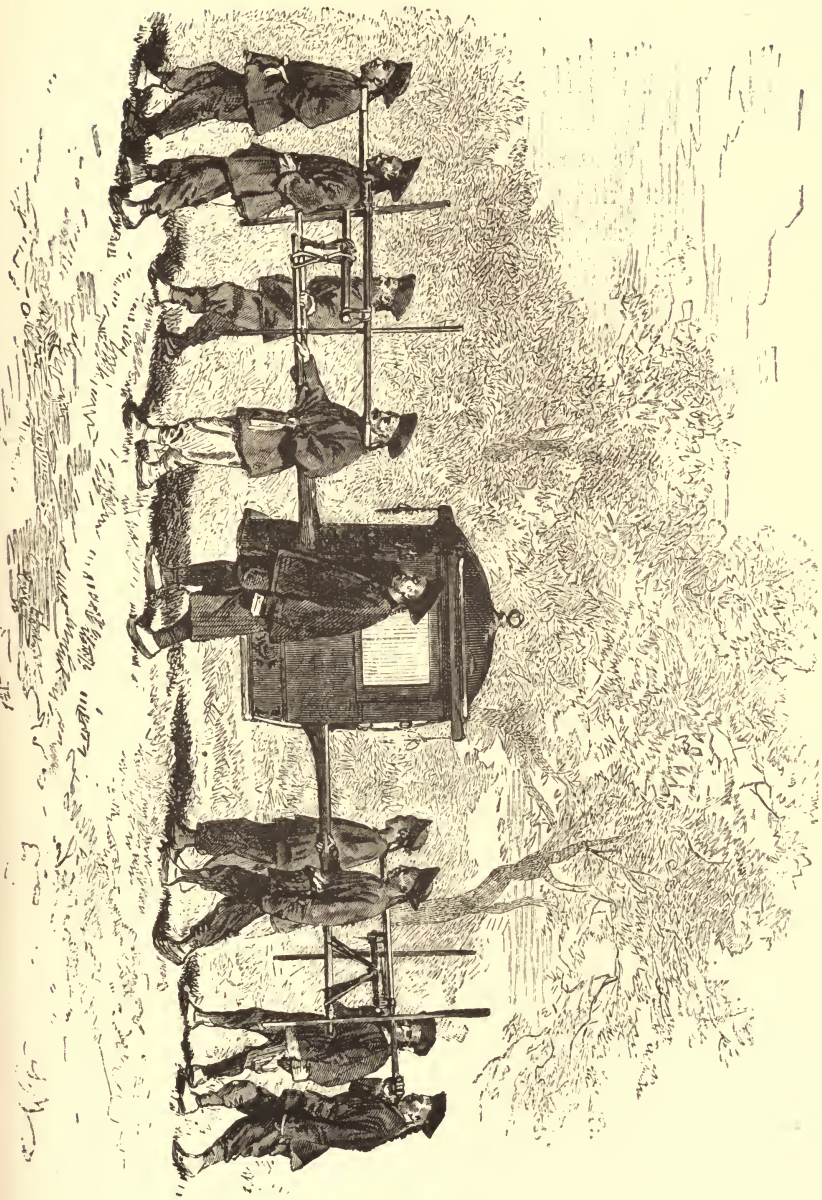
"We have just heard that the king of America, being on friendly terms with China, will leave America early in the third month, bringing with him a suite of officers, etc.,

all complete on board the ship. It is said that he is bringing a large number of rare presents with him, and that he will be here in Canton about the 6th or 9th of May."

Then followed an account of the proceedings which would probably take place on his arrival. Crowds gathered in the gardens of the consulate waiting for the procession that was to escort the "American king." All the officers of the American vessel came, of course, in full uniform, blazing in gold, and the Chinese stared first at one and then at the other, to ascertain which was the "king," while the "king" was all the while sitting on the piazza in a gray summer coat and white hat, quietly smoking his cigar—entirely overlooked by the gaping crowd, which could recognize no rank unless by showy and rich trappings.

As the hour approached, the crowd grew larger and larger and the excitement increased. A Tartar officer arrived on horseback with a detachment of soldiers, who formed under the trees and kept the crowd back. Then came the chairs and the chair-bearers, for in Canton you must ride in chairs and be borne on the shoulders of men. Rank is shown by the color of the chair and the number of attendants. The General's chair was a stately affair. On the top was a silver globe. The color was green, a color highly esteemed in China, and next in rank to yellow, which is sacred and consecrated to the emperor, who alone can ride in a yellow chair. The chair itself is almost as large as an old-fashioned watch-box, and is sheltered with green blinds. It swings on long bamboo poles and is borne by eight men.

At last they got under way. First rode the Tartar officer on a small gray pony, Then came the shouting guard. Then General Grant in his chair of state. The General wore evening dress, which was a disappointment



GRANT CARRIED IN THE ROYAL CHAIR—EIGHT BEARERS.

to the Chinese, who, now being able to pin him down because of the chair in which he rode, expected to see him a blaze of diamonds, and embroidery, and peacock feathers. The streets were thronged with the people to witness the procession, their number amounting to 200,000; not noisy and clamorous, like an American crowd, but silent, motionless and staring. It was three miles to the vice-regal palace, and as the coolies who carried the chair walked slow through the mighty concourse, Grant was an hour in reaching it, moving all the way through a sea of sober human faces. It was not only a novel mode of traveling to him, but a strange and novel sight.

The general impression of this Chinese multitude, of the thousands of faces that passed before him, that steaming afternoon, was of a higher and more intellectual cast than the same multitude in a European race. There were not the strength, the purpose, the rugged mastering quality which strikes you in a throng of Germans or Englishmen, not the buoyant cheerfulness, sometimes rough and noisy, which marks a European crowd. The repose was unnatural. Our mobs have life, animation, and a crowd in Trafalgar Square or Central Park will become picturesque and animated. In Canton the mob might have been statues as inanimate as the gilded ones in their temples. This repose, this silence, this wondering, inquiring gaze, without a touch of enthusiasm, became almost painful. But there were faces now and then seen that were startling in their beauty. There were no bearded men, and the absence of this badge of manhood gave the crowd an expression of effeminacy—of weakness. The young men were, as a general thing, handsome, especially those of rank, who were known by their buttons, and who gazed upon the

barbarians with a supercilious and contemptuous expression, very much as young men of the same class would regard Sitting Bull or Red Cloud from a club window, as the Indian chiefs went in procession along Fifth Avenue.

They were received with music, and the firing of cannon, and the beating of drums, simply because the viceroy was in a gracious mood and deigned to give the barbarian a sight of imperial Chinese splendor. But the booming guns, the increasing crowds, the renewed lines of soldiery; the sons of mandarins, the viceroy's guard, under trees, and the open, shaded inclosure into which the party were borne by the staggering, panting chair-bearers, announce that they are at the palace of the viceroy. The viceroy himself, surrounded by all the great officers of his court, was waiting at the door. As General Grant advanced, accompanied by the consul, the viceroy stepped forward and met him with a gesture of welcome. He wore the mandarin's hat, and the pink button, and flowing robes of silk, the breast and back embroidered a good deal like the sacrificial robes of an archbishop at high mass.

Having introduced his various officials, he led Grant into another room, where tea was served in small china cups. After conversing with his distinguished guest some fifteen minutes, he led the way into another room opening on a garden filled with soldiers, where tables were spread with sweetmeats, almonds, ginger, cocoanuts and cups of tea and wine. A host of attendants appeared, who piled the plates with silver and ivory chop-sticks, in the place of knives and forks, which were about the size of knitting needles. The viceroy, with his chop-sticks helped the General. This is true Chinese hospitality. Then followed wine, in which each guest was pledged individually. Tea came at last, showing that the

visit was over, and they arose and left the mandarins with heads bent as if in devotion, and arms extended and entered their chairs, and soon disappeared amid the foliage. It had been a weary, exciting day to Grant, and

CHINESE SMOKING-ROOM.

he was glad to be once more back to the consulate and his cigar.

As he had set apart only four days for this visit, these public ceremonies took up so much of his time that he had but little to devote to sight-seeing, nor was there much to see, except this strange people, with their

strange civilization. The streets are narrow and common, but they have high-sounding names—the Broadway of Canton, being called "Benevolena;" others are named, "Peace," "Bright Cloud," "Longevity," "Early-bestowed Blessings," "Everlasting Love," "One Hundred Grandsons," "One Thousand Grandsons," "Five Happinesses," "Refreshing Breezes," "Accumulated Blessings," "Ninefold Brightness," etc., etc. All the shops have little shrines near the door dedicated to *Tsia Shin*, or the God of Wealth, to whom the shopkeepers offer their prayers every day, in which they have many imitators in our own cities. There is no end to the temples and pagodas, but they are not so fine as those of Japan, though there is one of the "Five Hundred Gods," they possess but little attraction.

The consul gave a lunch to which all the missionaries were invited, and it seemed quite like a home dinner. In the evening, Grant and his party went to dine with the viceroy in state. It proved a wearisome affair, and as the party had no taste for bird's nest soup, fried sharkfins, fishes' brains, whales' sinews, fishes' maws, and all sorts of fungi stewed together; although some of the dishes cost fifteen or twenty dollars apiece, and it was not very appetizing. At the close, the viceroy bade Grant farewell.

Grant visited Macao on his return, a Portuguese town, having been occupied by them more than three hundred years ago, so that the inhabitants are a mixture of Chinese and Portuguese. It is handsomely situated, and looks from the sea like an Italian city on an Italian bay; but all of interest to Grant here was the "grotto" and tomb of the poet Camoen. The governor was too sick to see him, and he strolled about the town for awhile, looking at the strange people with their strange customs, and then

returned to the "Ashuelot," and with a salute from the Portuguese fort, steamed out of the beautiful bay.

He now returned to Hong Kong, to be present at a garden party, got up in his honor, and which was to be a brilliant affair. But a heavy rain set in, and it had to be given up, as Grant could not wait, on account of other engagements. He therefore spent Sunday quietly with the governor.

In the morning, before he left, he was waited upon by a Chinese deputation, with an address complimenting him and expressing their gratification at having seen him, to which he replied in a few fitting words. He then, accompanied by the governor and some friends, was carried in a chair to the wharf, where a guard of honor and all the foreign residents awaited him, and who, as he stepped into the launch, sent up loud cheers. The English governor accompanied him on board, who, when he took his leave, was saluted with seventeen guns. The steamer then turned her bow north, and hastened by a monsoon that was blowing, sped rapidly along the coast toward cooler latitudes.

On the 13th, they reached Swatow, another of the ports thrown open to foreigners. It is pleasantly situated on the river Flan, and the view on approaching it is beautiful and striking. There is nothing here to see, but Grant landed and strolled an hour through the streets, followed by a dirty, gaping crowd. The Chinese governor, however, called on him, and saying it was the custom, in making calls, to bring a present, and as nothing was more useful than food, he had brought a live sheep, six live chickens, six ducks and four hams. Grant could not do otherwise than accept them, but handed them over to the servants, which made a feast for them.

Steaming out of port to the thunder of cannon, they

kept on to Amoy, another of the ports opened to foreign trade. It is situated on an island some forty miles in circumference, on the Dragon River, and has a picturesque appearance as one approaches it. In addition to the salute from the batteries here, came a more welcome one from an American man-of-war in port. Landing, Grant and his party strolled through the dirty streets, and then returned to the vice-consul's to lunch. All the consuls and the commanders of the American vessels were present, together with Sir Thomas Wade, the English minister, on his way to Peking, with whom Grant had a long talk about China. At five o'clock he went aboard the American man-of-war "Bangor," to attend a reception. The vessel was decorated in the most gay and tasteful manner, in honor of the guest. An hour later he was on board his own vessel, which, as the sun was going over the western hills, steamed down the river.

In the meantime, Grant's old friend, the king of Siam, had not forgotten him, and he now received a letter from him, in which he regretted that he had not been able to do more to honor him, but hoped he would not forget him, saying, that he should write him from time to time. Grant replied that everything that could be desired had been done for him, and that the recollection of his visit was very pleasant, and that he should always be glad to hear from him. He received also a letter from Kalakaua, king of the Sandwich Islands, inviting him to make him a visit, on his return across the Pacific Ocean. To this Grant replied that it would give him great pleasure to do so, but that he could not decide till he reached Japan and learnt about the running of the steamers. The viceroy of Canton also wrote him, expressing his gratification at having seen him, and wished him a prosperous journey.

The following paragraph in it, was the most important, especially to Mrs. Grant.

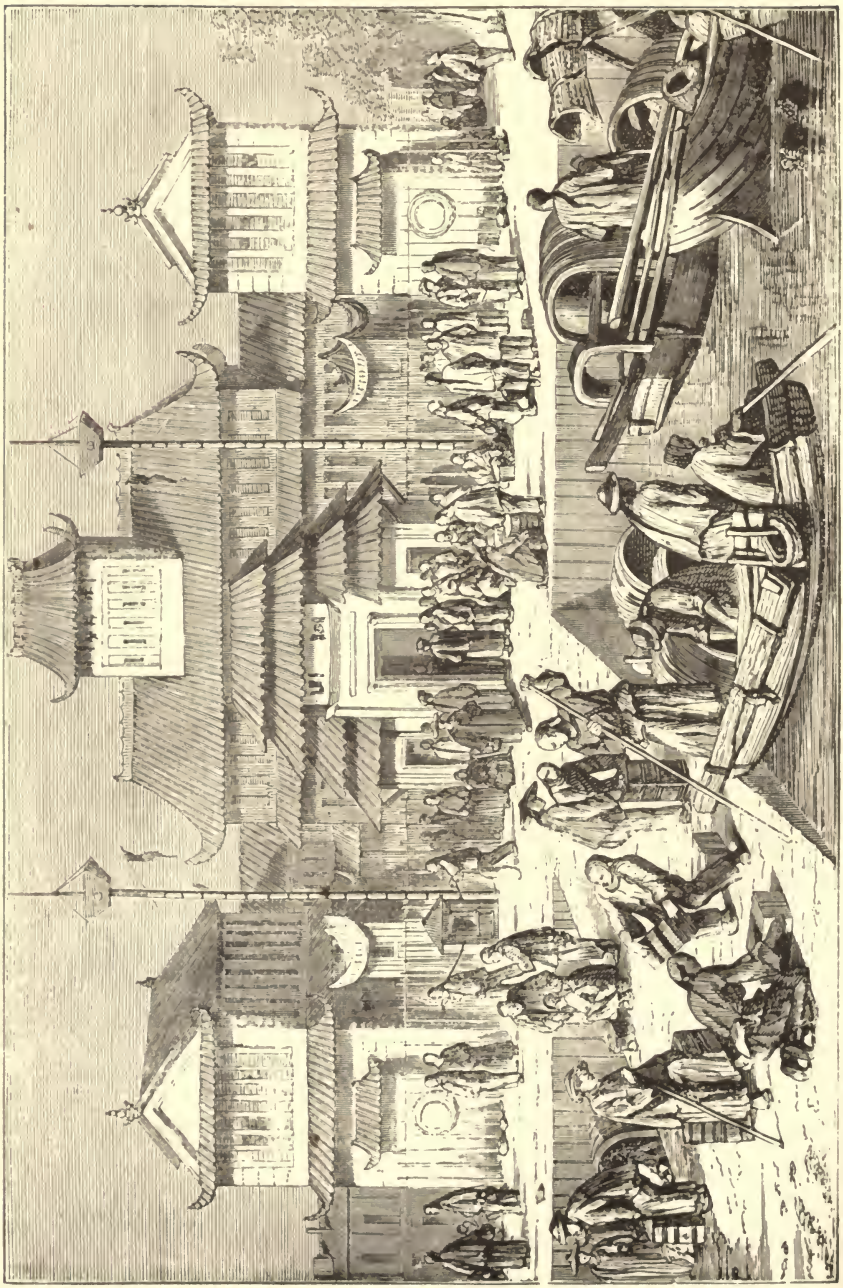
"I have ventured to send a few trifles to your honored wife, which I hope she will be so kind as to accept."

ILLUMINATIONS.

On the 17th the vessel steamed into the port of Shanghia, which is composed of two cities—the old, a walled

one, in which the Chinese, some one hundred and forty-six thousand in number dwell, and the new one occupied by less than two thousand foreigners. On approaching the forts, the customary salutes were fired, and soon the "Monneacy," an American man-of-war in port, clad in bunting from stem to stern, steamed alongside, with a committee of citizens on board to welcome General Grant. A lunch was served, and then the vessel slowly steamed up toward the city, and when it neared the shipping, the various men-of-war in the harbor had their yards manned, and fired salutes, while the merchantmen, gay with bunting, sent loud cheers over the water. It was a gay and beautiful sight, and Grant enjoyed it much, as he stood on the quarter-deck and bowed his thanks. The landing was lined with 100,000 Chinese, not cheering, but quiet and silent as usual. Stepping into the barge of the man-of-war, Grant was rowed to land, amid the thunder of cannon, and conducted to a large store-house, decorated for the occasion, and was received by the chairman of the municipal council, accompanied by mandarins of high rank, who presented him to the Chinese governor. The usual complimentary speeches followed, when Grant was escorted to a carriage, which was to convey him to the consul. But the horses, frightened by the crowd, and music, and cheers, and firing of cannon, became restive, and finally refused to go, when they were taken out, and the volunteer guard that had escorted him, seized the carriage and drew it, amid cheers to the consulate's, a mile distant.

The next day, Sunday, was passed quietly, Grant and his party attending service at the Cathedral. Monday he dined with the consul, and afterward went to the house of Mr. Cameron, of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai bank, to witness the torchlight procession and illumination, got



CUSTOM HOUSE, SHANGHAI.

up in his honor. All Shanghai was out of doors, and it was a display worth seeing, for the Chinese excel in getting up fire-works. Land and water, houses and ships, sea and sky, were in a continual blaze of variegated lights, falling on a hundred thousand sober, upturned faces. There were all kinds of fancy pieces, and transparencies, and mottoes, among which was one "Washington, Lin-

CHINESE PUNISHMENT.

coln and Grant, three Immortal Americans!" Grant rode along the river front, which was bright as day, to view them, and at ten o'clock returned to the house of the consul, and reviewed the torchlight procession, while the bands played American airs, among which were the familiar strains of "John Brown" and the "March through Georgia." It was midnight when Grant drove back to

the consulate's, to end one of the most remarkable days of his Oriental tour.

TIEN-TSIN.

Shanghai being one of the ports opened to foreigners, by the treaty of 1842, has since that time sprung into commercial importance. The "bund" or quay stretches

for nearly two miles along the river, and serves not only for commerce, but for a promenade and drive, and on it are the finest buildings of the city. The old city is exceedingly filthy, and no kind of vehicle can be used in its streets, which are scarce seven feet wide. In the new city foreigners are carried about in the customary chair of the East, but the natives travel in wheelbarrows only. The wheel is larger than in our barrows, and hence, runs easier. When there are two passengers of equal weight it is not a bad mode of slow travel, but when one is fat, and the other lean, the pusher has to tip the barrow on one side to keep the balance, which is not so pleasant, and gives an odd look to the whole concern.

The Chinese population is nearly a million, and during the rebellion, was twice that number. Police stations are situated at intervals, where criminals are undergoing different degrees of punishment—some confined in cages are jeered and mocked by the passers-by—others wear immense collars, made of two wide boards—others still stand with their heads protruding out of the tops of cages, made too high to let them sit down and too low to stand up straight, and so in a half-crouching position they remain days and nights. But the sights of the city are not many and soon exhausted.

General Grant was now bound for Peking, the great city, not only of China, but of the Eastern World and one which, from its interior location, has felt less the influence of foreign innovation in its customs and views, than any other Chinese city of importance. Tien-tsin is its port, near the mouth of the Peiho River, which by the channel is 180 miles distant from Peking, though straight across the country, not more than eighty. The river, like the Mississippi, runs through a low country, with muddy banks, and winding in and out, varying in width from

twenty to one hundred feet, and from ten inches to sixty feet in depth.

Of course, the "Ashuelot," though especially built for shallow rivers, could not go up such a stream. On horseback was the quickest way to reach Peking, but this was impracticable to Mrs. Grant. The cart, a clumsy vehicle, was the next best way of traveling, and Mr. Holcomb went in one to prepare the legation for General Grant's arrival, but the latter and his party concluded to go by boat. A hundred and eighty miles was a long pull, and involved weary days and nights, but there seemed no other way to see Peking.

General Grant's boat was what is called a mandarin's boat—a large, clumsy contrivance, that looked, as it towered over the remainder of the fleet, like Noah's ark. It had been cleaned up and freshened, and was roomy. There was two bedrooms, a small dining-room, and in the stern what seemed to be a Chinese laundry house, three stories high. The other boats were small, plain shells, divided into two rooms and covered over. The rear of the boat was given to the boatmen, the front to the passengers. In this front room was a raised platform of plain pine boards, wide enough for two to sleep. There was room for a chair and a couple of tables. There was a special cooking-boat for Grant, that kept in the rear, and was pulled up alongside at meal-times.

He expected to get away at daybreak, and was up and ready to start, but you can no more hurry a Chinaman than you can a Nile boatman, and it was noon before they were off. Pushing their way through a wilderness of junks, the little fleet finally got into clear water, and began slowly to stem the sluggish current. Sometimes, when the wind was fair, they moved by sail, and if the boat run into the mud-bank the boatmen would go

ashore and push it clear, and if it got aground heave it off; and when the wind died away resort to their poles. By having relays it was arranged, much to the disgust of the boatmen, to travel night and day, but whenever the admiral who had charge of the fleet lay down to take a nap, the boatmen did the same, and the boats came to a stand-still.

It was a tedious way of traveling, especially as the shores offered little to attract the eye. Through fields of waving wheat, and rice, and green meadows, and orchards, they moved slowly on with a monotonous sameness, that was extremely irksome to such a rapid traveler as Grant. He would relieve the tedium by now and then going ashore and taking a stretch through the meadows. The shallow river was very winding, and often by striking across a bend he could get ahead of the boat.

During the day it was not only hot but dusty, while the nights were so cool that they had to keep shut up in their cages. Whenever the admiral waked up before the boatmen did and found the fleet at anchor, there was a storm of imprecation, and the latter would be immediately put to their task, towing the boat along the bank with the rope over their shoulders, while he trudged behind with a cudgel, calling them all sorts of hard names in choice Chinese. Mrs. Grant, while the others yawned and grumbled, and said many uncomplimentary things about Peking, kept cheerful, and declared it was only a picnic party taking a pleasant trip. To kill the time, when it was not too hot, visits would be interchanged between the boats. Sometimes the monotony was relieved by a fierce squall that could be seen coming over the bending grass and trees, and then all was hurry and confusion in getting the broad sail down. When the wind was fair the boatmen would doze and the admiral

try to amuse his distinguished guest by marvelous stories of his life. Once a sudden squall sent one of the boats on its beam's end, which horrified the admiral and he declared that he would have the boatman's head cut off for his negligence, or at least would give him 200 lashes. The passengers interfered and said that as nobody was hurt or even wet, he ought to let the poor fellow off, but all they could do was to reduce the 200 lashes to 20, which the unlucky fellow had to receive on his bare back, while he lay stretched full length on the earth, one man holding down his head, and another his feet. When it was over he knelt before the mandarin, thanking him for his mercy, and returned to his boat. Grant's boat was a half a mile ahead and he knew nothing of the matter, or the punishment would not have been inflicted. Thus poling, and sailing, and towing by turns, the little fleet crept on day and night, during which time the General smoked almost incessantly. Whether listening to the admiral's stories, or to snatches of old familiar songs, sang by some of the party as they assembled on his boat at night, bringing back thoughts of their far distant home, the cigar always held its prominent place in the programme.

At last, on the morning of the third day of this wearisome journey, they landed at the village of Tung Chow, where traveling by water was to end. It was early in the morning but the bank was lined with curious Chinamen, chattering and wondering.

The naval officers sat down to their breakfast, and as they removed the slats in their boats, to let in the morning air, the whole operation of breakfast was witnessed by the people of the town. They gathered in front and looked on in wonder, the crowd growing denser and denser, more and more eager and amused. The

knives, the forks, the spoons, the three officers performing on eggs and coffee, and eating from plates without chop-sticks, instead of gobbling rice out of the same bowl—all this was the strangest sight ever seen in the ancient and conservative town of Tung Chow.

Prince Hung, the prince regent, had sent down an escort to convey Grant and his party into Peking, bringing chairs, and horses, and donkeys, and mule-litters for the baggage. Grant was carried in an imperial chair by eight bearers, and took the lead, escorted by Tartar troops. As the procession moved off, all the town turned out of doors and stared at the sight never before seen—of a barbarian carried in an imperial chair. Through an uninteresting country, past villages that poured out their inhabitants to gaze on them, and followed by naked children running and begging, the party moved slowly on. They were five hours making the journey, so that it was after midday when the walls and towers of Peking rose in sight. As the procession passed through a stone archway it halted for a new escort. This quickly arriving it moved on through the lanes called streets, enveloped in a cloud of dust kicked up by the escort. At last, to their great joy, they saw the American flag waving over the legation, and knew that rest and comfort were near. Here, shut out from the street by a wall, amid books and flowers, Grant could enjoy his cigar without disturbance. In the evening the Americans residing in the city called on him, and Dr. Martin, president of the Chinese English University, read a long address of welcome, to which Grant replied in a pleasant, conversational tone, thanking them all for the honor they had done him. The members of the Cabinet had previously called on him, accompanied by the military and civil governors of Peking. The prince regent sent his card and said that His Imperial

Highness had charged him to present him all kind wishes and to express the hope that his trip to China had been pleasant. This was very gracious on the part of His Imperial Highness, seeing that he was a child only seven years old.

CHAPTER XVI.

A VISIT TO THE PRINCE REGENT—AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW—THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITY—ADDRESS OF A CHINESE YOUTH IN ENGLISH—THE PRINCE REGENT RETURNS GRANT'S VISIT—IS ASKED TO MEDIATE BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN—A STRIKING PICTURE—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY—RETURNS TO TIEN-TSIN—VISIT OF THE VICEROY—DISCUSSES WITH GRANT THE CHINESE QUESTION—JAPAN AND THE LOOCHOO ISLANDS—GRANT'S VIEWS OF THE PRESIDENCY—A PARTING DINNER—A RADICAL INNOVATION—THE FINAL DEPARTURE AND LEAVE-TAKING—AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE—THE LAST WORDS OF GRANT.

GRANT did not request an audience with the emperor, having no desire, as he told the Chinese minister in Paris, to see or converse with a mere boy. The next day he called on the prince regent, and was received by him in a large, plainly-furnished room, in the centre of which was a table loaded with Chinese food. Sitting down to this, the prince gave Grant the post of honor, on his left hand. He then took up the cards of those composing Grant's suite and asked the rank and position of each one. He inquired what Colonel Grant's uniform meant, as he saw his father had none. He then asked if he was married and had children. Being told that he had one, a daughter, he replied: "What a pity!"

"In China, female children do not count in the sum of human happiness, and when the prince expressed his regret at the existence of the General's granddaughter, he was saying the most polite thing he knew. The prince was polite to the naval officers, inquiring the special rank of each, and saying that they must be anxious to return home. It was a matter of surprise, of courteous surprise

and congratulation on the part of the prince, that the writer had seen so many countries as the companion of the General, and he said that no doubt I had found things much different elsewhere from what I saw in China. Beyond these phrases, the manner of which was as perfect as if it had been learned in Versailles under Louis XIV, the conversation was wholly with General Grant.

"The prince returned to his perusal of the face of the General as though it were an unlearned lesson. He expected a uniformed person, a man of the dragon or lion species who could make a great noise. What he saw was a quiet, middle-aged gentleman in evening dress who had ridden a long way in the dust and sun, and who was looking in subdued dismay at servants who swarmed around him with dishes of soups and sweatmeats, dishes of bird's-nest soup, shark's fins, roast ducks, bamboo sprouts, and a tea-pot with a hot, insipid tipple made of rice, tasting like a remembrance of sherry, which was poured into small silver cups. We were none of us hungry. We had had luncheon, and we were on the programme for a special banquet in the evening. Here was a profuse and sumptuous entertainment. The dinner differed from those in Tien-tsin, Canton and Shanghai, in the fact that it was more quiet; there was no display or parade, no crowd of dusky servants and retainers hanging around and looking on as though at a comedy. I didn't think the prince himself cared much about eating, because he merely dawdled over the bird's-nest soup and did not touch the shark's fins. Nor, in fact, did any of the ministers, except one, who, in default of our remembering his Chinese name and rank, one of the party called Ben Butler. The dinner, as far as the General was concerned, soon merged into a cigar, and the prince

toyed with the dishes as they came and went, and smoked his pipe.

"As princes go I suppose few are more celebrated than Prince Kung. He is a prince of the imperial house of China, brother of a late emperor and uncle of the present. He wore no distinguishing button on his hat, imperial princes being of a rank so exalted that even the highest honor known to Chinese nobility is too low for them. In place of the latter he wore a small knot of dark red silk braid, sewed together so as to resemble a crown. His costume was of the ordinary Chinese, plainer if anything than the official's. His girdle was trimmed with yellow, and there were yellow fringes and tassels attached to his pipe, his fan and pockets. Yellow is the imperial color, and the trimming was a mark of princely rank. In appearance the prince is of middle stature, with a sharp, narrow face, a high forehead—made more prominent by the Chinese custom of shaving the forehead and a changing, evanescent expression of countenance. He has been at the head of the Chinese Government since the English invasion and the burning of the Summer Palace. He was the only prince who remained at his post at that time, and consequently when the peace came it devolved upon him to make it. This negotiation gave him a European celebrity and a knowledge of Europeans that was of advantage. European powers have preferred to keep in power a prince with whom they have made treaties before. In the politics of China, Prince Kung has shown courage and ability. When the emperor, his brother, died in 1861, a council was formed composed of princes and noblemen of high rank. This council claimed to sit by the will of the deceased emperor. The inspiring element was hostility to foreigners. Between this regency and the prince there was war. The emperor was a child—

his own nephew; just as the present emperor is a child. Suddenly a decree coming from the child emperor was read, dismissing the regency, making the dowager empress, regent, and giving the power to Prince Kung.

"This decree Prince Kung enforced with vigor, decision and success. He arrested the leading members of the regency, charged them with having forged the will under which they claimed the regency and sentenced three of them to death. Two of the regents were permitted to commit suicide, but the other was beheaded. From that day, under the empresses, Prince Kung has been the ruler of China."

The following is the substance of an interview with this remarkable man:—

General Grant—I have long desired to visit China, but have been too busy to do so before. I have been received at every point of the trip with the greatest kindness, and I want to thank your Imperial Highness for the manner in which the Chinese authorities have welcomed me.

Prince Kung—When we heard of your coming we were glad. We have long known and watched your course, and we have always been friends with America. America has never sought to oppress China, and we value very much the friendship of your country and people. The viceroy, at Tien-tsin, wrote of your visit to him.

General Grant—I had a very pleasant visit to the viceroy. He was anxious for me to visit Peking and see you. I do not wish to leave Peking without saying how much America values the prosperity of China. As I said to the viceroy, that prosperity will be greatly aided by the development of the country.

One of the Ministers—We know some of the wonderful things your railways have done.

PRINCE KUNG—I suppose your railways and roads have been a long time building?

GENERAL GRANT—I am old enough—almost old enough—to remember when the first railway was built in the United States, and now we have 80,000 miles I do not know how many miles there are under construction; but, notwithstanding the arrest of our industries by the war and the recent depression of trade, we have continued to build railways.

PRINCE KUNG—Are your railways owned by the State?

GENERAL GRANT—It is not our policy to build roads by the State. The State guaranteed the building of the great road across the continent; but this work is the result of private energy and private capital. To it we owe a great part of our material prosperity. It is difficult to say where we would be now in the rank of nations but for our railway system.

PRINCE KUNG—China is not insensible to what has been done by other nations.

A MINISTER—China is a conservative country, an old empire governed by many traditions, and with a vast population. The policy of China is not to move without deliberation.

GENERAL GRANT—The value of railroads is to disseminate a nation's wealth and enable her to concentrate and use her strength. We have a country as large as China—I am not sure about the figures excluding Alaska, but I think practically as large. We can cross it in seven days by special trains, or in an emergency in much less time. We can throw the strength of the nation upon any required point in a short time. That makes us as strong in one place as another. It leaves us no vulnerable points. We cannot be sieged, broken up and destroyed

in detail as has happened to other large nations. That, however, is not the greatest advantage. The wealth and industry of the country are utilized. A man's industry in interior States becomes valuable because it can reach a market. Otherwise his industry would be confined necessarily to his means of subsistence. He would not enjoy the benefits enjoyed by his more favored fellow-citizens on the ocean or on the large rivers in communication with the markets of the world. This adds to the revenue of the country.

A MINISTER—That is a great advantage. China sees these things and wants to do them in time.

PRINCE KUNG—If the world considers how much China has advanced in a few years it will not be impatient. I believe our relative progress has been greater than that of most nations. There has been no retrocession, and of course we have to consider many things that are not familiar to those who do not know China.

GENERAL GRANT—I think that progress in China should come from inside, from her own people. I am clear on that point. If her own people cannot do it will never be done. You do not want the foreigner to come in and put you in debt by lending you money and then taking your country. That is not the progress that benefits mankind, and we desire no progress either for ourselves or for China that is not a benefit to mankind.

The ministers all cordially assented to this proposition with apparent alacrity.

GENERAL GRANT—For that reason I know of nothing better than to send your young men to our schools. We have as good schools as there are in the world, where young men can learn every branch of science and art. These schools will enable your young men to compare the youngest civilization in the world with the oldest, and

I can assure them of the kindest treatment, not only from our teachers but from the people.

PRINCE KUNG—We have now some students in your American colleges.

GENERAL GRANT—Yes, I believe there are some at the college where one of my sons studied, Harvard.

PRINCE KUNG—We propose to send others to your schools and European schools, so long as the results are satisfactory. What they learn there they will apply at home.

GENERAL GRANT—I understand China has vast mineral resources. The viceroy at Tien-tsin told me of large coal-fields as yet undeveloped. If this is so, the wealth of such a deposit is incalculable and would be so especially in the East. America and England have received enormous advantages from coal and iron. I would not dare to say how much Pennsylvania, one of our States, has earned from her coal and iron. And the material greatness of England, which, after all, underlies her moral greatness, comes from her coal and iron. But your coal will be of no use unless you can bring it to a market, and that will require railroads.

"The allusion to the influence the development of the coal and iron interests of England had upon her greatness seemed to impress the ministers, especially the Secretary of the Treasury, who repeated the statement, and entered into conversation with one of his colleagues on the subject. Prince Kung said nothing, but smoked his pipe and delved into the bird's-nest soup. The dishes for our repast came in an appalling fashion—came by dozens—all manner of the odd dishes which China has contributed to the gastronomy of the age. I am afraid Prince Kung was more interested in the success of his dinner, than in the material prosperity of the nation, and with the refinement of politeness characteristic of the

Chinese kept piling the General's plate with meats and sweatmeats, until there was enough before him to garnish a Christmas tree. The General, however, had taken refuge in a cigar, and was beyond temptation. You see there is time for a good many things in a Chinese interview. What I have written may seem a short conversation. But it was really a long conversation. In the first place it was a deliberate, slow conversation. There was a reserve upon the part of the Chinese. They were curious and polite. They had heard a great deal about the General's coming. It had been talked over for weeks in the Yamen. He was the most distinguished stranger that had ever visited China. He had been the head of the American Government, and it was a surprise that no amount of discussion could appease, that having been the head of the Government he should now come with all the honors his own Government could give him. I am afraid, also, the want of a uniform had its influence upon the imagination of the Yamen, so that our interview never lost its character of a surprise. General Grant, on his part was anxious to do what he could to induce the Chinese to come more and more within the limits of European civilization. He had spoken in this sense to the viceroy in Canton, to the viceroy in Tien-tsin, who may be called the Wellington of China, and to all the officials with whom he had come in relation. I do not suppose that he would have cared about it, or that he would have allowed his visit to go beyond mere study and curiosity, had he not seen that opportunities had fallen to him such as had fallen to no other stranger who had ever come to China. There was every disposition on the part of the Chinese to be courteous to General Grant. But they are a polite people, and courtesy requires no effort and amounts to little. But the action of the naval au-

thorities, of the diplomatic and consular authorities, the respect paid him by foreign representives, the extraordinary demonstration in Shanghai, all contributed to invest the coming of the General with a meaning that the Chinese could not overlook. General Grant felt, not alone as an American, but as a representative of the advanced civilization of the world, that this opportunity, like what fell to him in Siam, was really a duty, and this accounts for the earnestness with which he pressed upon Prince Kung and the Yamen, the necessity of Chinese progress.

"Prince Kung did not enter with enthusiasm into the talk about material progress. It seemed as if the subject bored him. But Prince Kung lives in the centre of political intrigue. He is the head of the government—the regent—brother of one emperor and uncle of another, the ruling member of the ruling house. The burning question in Chinese politics is the influence of the foreigner. Parties divide on this question as at home they used to divide on the question of slavery, and when it comes up, as it is always coming, Chinamen show temper, as at home, an average statesman of either party would show temper if you pressed him closely on the currency question or State rights. Prince Kung is as far advanced on the subject as you could expect from a Tartar statesman who had never seen the sea or a ship, who had always lived in China—and nearly always in a palace—who belonged to an alien governing race which held China by force and prestige, and who had behind him his own Tartar class, who oppose all European customs. He could not go as far as Li-Hung Chang, the viceroy at Tien-tsin; but the viceroy has had more opportunities of seeing the world, and of knowing what good would come to China from a progressive policy. The talk about the

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improvement of China, therefore, at this interview, was mainly on the part of General Grant. The part of the conversation which impressed Prince Kung most was the suggestion that real progress in China, to be permanent, must come from the inside—from the people themselves. A remark of this kind, so unlike the observations generally addressed to Orientals by the outside world, was calculated to make, as it did, a deep impression.

"We could not remain long enough in the Yamen to finish the dinner, as we had an engagement to visit the

college for the teaching of an English education to young Chinese. This institution is under the direction of Dr. Martin, an American, and the buildings adjoin the Yamen. Consequently, on taking leave of the prince, who said he would call and see the General at the legation, we walked a few steps and were escorted into the classroom of the college. Dr. Martin presented General Grant to the students and professors, and one of the students read the following address:

"GENERAL U. S. GRANT, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: *Sir*—We have long heard your name, but never dreamed that we would have an opportunity to look on your face. Formerly the people of your Southern States rebeled against your Government, and nearly obtained possession of the land, but through your ability in leading the national forces the rebel chief was captured and the country tranquilized. Having commanded a million of men and survived a hundred battles, your merit was recognized as the highest in your own land, and your name became known in every quarter of the globe. Raised to the presidency by the voice of a grateful people, you laid aside the arts of war and sought only to achieve the victories of peace. The people enjoyed tranquility, commerce flourished, manufactures revived, and the whole nation became daily more wealthy and powerful. Your achievements as a civil ruler are equally great with your military triumphs. Now that you have resigned the presidency, you employ your leisure in visiting different parts of the world, and the people of all nations and all ranks welcome your arrival. It requires a fame like yours to produce effects like these. We, the students of this college, are very limited in our attainments, but all men love the wise and respect the virtuous. We, therefore, feel honored by this opportunity of stand-

ing in your presence. It is our sincere hope that another term of the presidency may come to you, not only that your own nation may be benefited, but that our countrymen resident in America may enjoy the blessings of your protection.

"WANG FENGTSAR, *Tutor in Mathematics.*
"WEN HSII, *Tutor in English.*
"NA SAN, *Tutor in English.*

"On behalf of the Students of the Tunguon College.
"*Kwang Sii*, 5 y. 4 m. 16 d.—June 5th, 1879.

"The General, in response, said:

"GENTLEMEN: I am much obliged to you for your welcome, and for the compliments you pay me. I am glad to meet you, and to see in the capital of this vast and ancient empire an institution of learning based upon English principles, and in which you can learn the English language. I have been struck with nothing so much in my tour around the world as with the fact that the progress of civilization—of our modern civilization—is marked by the progress of the English tongue. I rejoice in that fact, and I rejoice in your efforts to attain a knowledge of English speech and all that such a knowledge must convey. You have my warmest wishes for your success in this and in all your undertakings, and my renewed thanks for the honor you have shown me.

"Prince Kung was punctual in his return of the call of General Grant. He came to the legation in his chair, and was received by General Grant in the parlors of the legation. Several officers from the 'Richmond' happened to be in Peking on a holiday, and the General invited them, as well as the officers of the 'Ashuelot,' who were at the legation, to receive the prince. Among these officers were Lieutenant Sperry, Lieutenant Patch and Master

Macrae. As all the officers were in full uniform, the reception of the prince became almost an imposing affair. The prince was accompanied by the grand secretaries, and as soon as he was presented to the members of the General's party, he was led into the dining-room, and we all sat around a table and were given tea, and sweetmeats, and champagne.

"During this visit there occurred a remarkable conversation, which may not be without its effect on the politics of the East. The general features of this conversation, so far as they referred to general questions, I noted down and send you:

PRINCE KUNG—I am delighted to see you again, and hope you have enjoyed your visit to Peking. It is a pity that you have had such warm weather, for, in this season Peking is always trying.

GENERAL GRANT—I have found it warmer than in the tropics, where we expected, of course, much warmer weather than in this high latitude. I presume, however, that you leave Peking when the warm season sets in, and go to the sea-shore or the hills.

PRINCE KUNG—No; I remain here all the year round. The business of the empire requires constant attention, and can only be attended to at the capital. We manage, however, to transact all of our important business early in the morning. The hours before dawn are our important hours. I rise at two o'clock in the morning. At the same time we have business that often carries us late into the afternoon.

"Mr. Holcomb explained that all the audiences with the emperor, or rather, with the empress dowagers, who acted in the name of the young emperor, took place before dawn, or about dawn, and that this was the most important part of the prince's duties.

General Grant—I want to thank you and the Yamen for the handsome presents you sent to Mrs. Grant. It was a delicate and unexpected attention, and Mrs. Grant desires me to express her thanks.

Prince Kung—We did not wish you to leave China without one or two souvenirs of the country, representing those branches of industry and art in which our people have won distinction. Our regret is that your stay is so brief that we could not send Mrs. Grant something worthy of her acceptance and worthy to be given to one held in such high honor by China as yourself. I hope you will also prolong your stay.

General Grant—I would be happy to remain longer in China; but the weather is so oppressive that I have been compelled to abandon many of the excursions I proposed to myself when coming to Peking, and I have made engagements with the Japanese Government to be in Japan at a certain time. I hear that arrangements have been made in Japan consequent upon my coming, and I do not wish to cause the authorities any inconvenience.

Prince Kung—How long do you propose to remain in Japan?

General Grant—That will depend upon what is to be seen; but I hardly think more than a month.

Prince Kung—You have been in China a month, I think.

General Grant—More than a month already; and by the time I leave it will be a good deal more than a month.

Prince Kung—I suppose you will stay some time in Tien-tsin?

General Grant—Two or three days. I have made engagements for two days, and have promised the viceroy to meet him on my return That engagement also compels me to leave Peking.

PRINCE KUNG—I am sorry you leave so soon for other reasons. We are very anxious to have you with us because China has never been honored before with the presence of so illustrious a guest, and, apart from the personal desire of all connected with the government to do honor to one so well known in China, we wish to show our kind feelings to the people of America in honoring one who has been the head of America. China has always been treated well by your country, and never more so than under your administration. We can never forget the services rendered to us by Mr. Burlingame.

GENERAL GRANT—The policy of America in dealing with foreign powers is one of justice. We believe that fair play, consideration for the rights of others, and respect for international law will always command the respect of nations and lead to peace. I know of no other consideration that enters into our foreign relations. There is no temptation to the United States to adventures outside of our own country. Even in the countries contiguous to our own we have no foreign policy except so far as it secures our own protection from foreign interferences.

PRINCE KUNG—There is one question about which I am anxious to confer with you. The viceroy of Tien-tsin writes us that he has mentioned it to you. And if we could secure your good offices, or your advice, it would be a great benefit, not only to us, but to all nations, and especially in the East. I refer to the question now pending between China and Japan.

GENERAL GRANT—In reference to the trouble in the Loochoo Islands?

PRINCE KUNG—Yes; about the sovereignty of Loochoo and the attempt of the Japanese to extinguish a kingdom which has always been friendly and whose sov-

ereign has always paid us tribute, not only the present sovereign, but his ancestors for centuries.

GENERAL GRANT—The viceroy spoke to me on the subject and has promised to renew the subject on my return to Tien-tsin. Beyond the casual references of the viceroy in the course of conversations on the occasion of interviews that were confined mainly to ceremonies, I am entirely ignorant of the questions.

PRINCE KUNG—We all feel a great delicacy in referring to this or any other matter of business on the occasion of your visit to Peking—a visit that we know to be one of pleasure and that should not be troubled by business. I should not have ventured upon such a liberty if I had not been informed by the viceroy of the kind manner in which you received his allusions to the matter and your known devotion to peace and justice. I feel that I should apologize even for the reference I have made, which I would not have ventured upon but for the report of the viceroy and our conviction that one who has had so high a place in determining the affairs of the world can have no higher interest than furthering peace and justice.

GENERAL GRANT—I told the viceroy that anything I could do in the interest of peace was my duty and my pleasure. I can conceive of no higher office for any man. But I am not in office. I am merely a private citizen, journeying about like others, with no share in the government and no power. The government has given me a ship of war whenever I can use it without interfering with its duties, but that is all.

PRINCE KUNG—I quite understand that, and this led to the expression of my regret at entering upon the subject. But we all know how vast your influence must be, not only upon your people at home, but upon all nations who know what you have done, and who know that whatever

question you considered would be considered with patience and wisdom and a desire for justice and peace. You are going to Japan as the guest of the people and the emperor, and will have opportunities of presenting our views to the Emperor of Japan and of showing him that we have no policy but justice.

GENERAL GRANT—Yes, I am going to Japan as the guest of the emperor and nation

PRINCE KUNG—That affords us the opportunity that we cannot overlook. The viceroy writes us that he has prepared a statement of the whole case, drawn from the records of our empire, and he will put you in possession of all the facts from our point of view.

GENERAL GRANT—The king of the Loochoo Islands has, I believe, paid tribute to China as well as Japan?

PRINCE KUNG—For generations. I do not know how long with Japan, but for generations Loochoo has recognized the sovereignty of China. Not alone during the present, but in the time of the Ming emperors, the dynasty that preceded our own, this recognition was unchallenged, and Loochoo became as well known as an independent power in the East owing allegiance only to our emperor as any other part of our dominions.

GENERAL GRANT—Has Japan made her claim upon Loochoo, a subject of negotiation with China? Has she ever presented your government with her view of her claim to the islands?

PRINCE KUNG—Japan has a minister in Peking. He came here some time since amid circumstances of ostentation, and great importance was attached to his coming. There was a great deal said about it at the time, and it was said that the interchange of ministers would be of much importance to both nations. We sent a minister to Japan, an able and prudent man, who is there now.

This showed our desire to reciprocate. We supposed, of course, that when the Japanese minister came there would be a complete explanation and understanding in Loochoo. We welcomed his coming in this spirit and in the interest of peace. When he came to the Yamen, and we brought up Loochoo, he knew nothing about the subject, nothing about the wishes or the attitude of his government. We naturally inquired, what brought him here as minister? of what use was a minister if he could not transact business of such vital consequence to both nations and to the peace of the world. He said he had certain matters connected with the trade of the two countries to discuss—something of that kind. It seemed almost trifling with us to say so. When we presented our case he said that anything we would write or say he would transmit to his government—no more. He was only a post-office. When our minister in Japan presented the subject to the authorities he had no better satisfaction, and was so dissatisfied that he wrote to us asking permission to request his passports and withdraw. But we told him to wait and be patient and do nothing to lead to war, or that might be construed as seeking war on our part.

General Grant—Any course short of national humiliation or national destruction is better than war. War in itself is so great a calamity, that it should only be invoked when there is no way of saving a nation from a greater. War, especially in the East, and between two countries like Japan and China, would be a misfortune—a great misfortune.

Prince Kung—A great misfortune to the outside and neutral powers as well. War in the East would be a heavy blow to the trade upon which other nations so much depend. That is one reason why China asks your

good offices, and hopes for those of your government and of your minister to Japan. We have been told of the kind disposition of Mr. Bingham toward us. Our minister has told us of that; and one reason why we kept our minister in Japan under circumstances which would have justified another power in withdrawing him, was because we knew of Mr. Bingham's sentiments, and were awaiting his return. It is because such a war as Japan seems disposed to force on China would be peculiarly distressing to foreign powers that we have asked them to interfere.

GENERAL GRANT—How far have the Japanese gone in Loochoo?

PRINCE KUNG—The king of the islands has been taken to Japan and deposed. The sovereignty has been extinguished. A Japanese official has been set up. We have made a study of international law as written by your English and American authors, whose text-books are in Chinese. If there is any force in the principles of international law as recognized by your nations, the extinction of the Loochoo sovereignty is a wrong, and one that other nations should consider.

GENERAL GRANT—It would seem to be a high-handed proceeding to arrest a ruler and take him out of the country, unless there is war, or some grave provocation.

PRINCE KUNG—If there was provocation, if Japan has suffered any wrong in Loochoo that justified extreme action, why does not her ambassador at our court, or their own minister at home in dealing with our embassy give us an explanation? China is a peaceful nation. Her policy has been peace. No nation will make more sacrifices for peace, but forbearance cannot be used to our injury, to the humiliation of the emperor and a violation of our rights. On this subject we feel strongly, and

when the viceroy wrote the emperor from Tien-tsin that he had spoken to you on the subject, and that you might be induced to use your good offices with Japan, and with your offices your great name and authority, we rejoiced in what may be a means of escaping from a responsibility which no nation would deplore more than myself.

GENERAL GRANT—As I said before, my position here and my position at home are not such as to give any assurance that my good offices would be of any value. Here I am a traveler, seeing sights, and looking at new manners and customs. At home I am simply a private citizen, with no voice in the councils of the government and no right to speak for the government.

PRINCE KUNG [with a smile]—We have a proverb in Chinese that "No business is business"—in other words, that real affairs, great affairs, are more frequently transacted informally, when persons meet, as we are meeting now, over a table of entertainment for social and friendly conversation, than in solemn business sessions at the Yamen. I value the opportunities of this conversation, even in a business sense, more than I could any conversation with ambassadors.

GENERAL GRANT—I am much complimented by the confidence you express, and in that expressed by the viceroy. It would afford me the greatest pleasure—I know of no pleasure that could be greater—to be the means, by any counsel or effort of mine, in preserving peace, and especially between two nations in which I feel so deep an interest as I do in China and Japan. I know nothing about this Loochoo business except what I have heard from the viceroy and yourself, and an occasional scrap in the newspapers, to which I paid little attention, as I had no interest in it. I know nothing of the merits of the case. I am going to Japan, and I shall take plea-

sure in informing myself on the subject in conversing with the Japanese authorities. I have no idea what their argument is. They, of course, have an argument. I do not suppose that the rulers are inspired by a desire to wantonly injure China. I will acquaint myself with the Chinese side of the case, as Your Imperial Highness and the viceroy have presented it, and promise to present it. I will do what I can to learn the Japanese side. Then, if I can in conversation with the Japanese authorities do anything that will be a service to the cause of peace, you may depend upon my good offices. But, as I have said, I have no knowledge on the subject and no idea what opinion I may entertain when I have studied it.

PRINCE KUNG—We are profoundly grateful for this promise. China is quite content to rest her case with your decision, given, as we know it will be, after care and with wisdom and justice. If the Japanese Government will meet us in this spirit all will be well. I shall send orders to our minister in Japan to wait upon you as soon as you reach Japan and to speak with you on the subject. Your willingness to do this will be a new claim to the respect in which you are held in China, and be a continuance of that friendship shown to us by the United States, and especially by Mr. Burlingame, whose death we all deplored and whose name is venerated in China.

An allusion was made to the convention between Great Britain and America on the Alabama question—the arbitration and the settlement of a matter that might have embroiled the two countries. This was explained to His Imperial Highness as a precedent that it would be well to follow now. The prince was thoroughly familiar with the Alabama negotiations.

GENERAL GRANT—An arbitration between nations may not satisfy either party at the time. But it satisfies the

conscience of the world, and must commend itself more and more as a means of adjusting disputes.

PRINCE KUNG—The policy of China is one of reliance upon justice. We are willing to have any settlement that is honorable and that will be considered by other nations as honorable to us. We desire no advantage over Japan. But, at the same time, we are resolved to submit to no wrong from Japan. On that point there is but one opinion in our government. It is the opinion of the viceroy, one of the great officers of the empire, and, like yourself, not only a great soldier, but an advocate always of a peaceful policy, of concession, compromise and conciliation. It is my own opinion, and I have always, as one largely concerned in the affairs of the empire and knowing what war entails, been in favor of peace. It is the opinion of the Yamen. I do not know of any dissentient among those who serve the throne. Our opinion is that we cannot, under any circumstances, submit to the claims of Japan. We cannot consent to the extinction of a sovereignty, of an independence that has existed for so long a time under our protection. If Japan insists upon her present position there must be war.

GENERAL GRANT—What action on the part of Japan would satisfy China?

PRINCE KUNG—We would be satisfied with the situation as it was.

GENERAL GRANT—That is to say, Loochoo paying tribute to Japan and China.

PRINCE KUNG—We do not concern ourselves with what tribute the king of Loochoo pays to Japan or any other power. We never have done so, and although there is every reason why an empire should not allow other nations to exact tribute from its vassals, we are content

with things as they have been, not only under the dynasty of my own ancestors and family, but under the dynasty of the Mings. We desire Japan to restore the king she has captured and taken away, to withdraw her troops from Loochoo and abandon her claims to exclusive sovereignty over the island. This is our position, other questions are open to negotiation and debate. This is not open, because it is a question of the integrity of the empire. And the justice of our position will be felt by any one who studies the case and compares the violence and aggression of Japan with the patience and moderation of China.

General Grant—I shall certainly see the viceroy on my return to Tien-tsin and converse with him, and read the documents I understand he is preparing. I shall also when I meet the Japanese authorities do what I can to learn their case. If I can be of any service in adjusting the question and securing peace I shall be rejoiced, and it will be no less a cause of rejoicing if in doing so I can be of any service to China, or be enabled to show my appreciation of the great honor she has shown to me during my visit and of the unvarying friendship she has shown our country.

"The prince spoke during this interview with great animation. His voice is low and soft, and his gesticulations more those of an Italian than a Chinaman. At the pauses in the conversation, while Mr. Holcomb was interpreting into English what had been said in Chinese, the attendant would hand the prince his pipe, and, leaning back in his chair, he would take two or three whiffs. Sometimes a thought would occur to him, and he would again break into the translation, with a rapid and nervous expression. When he spoke of China's resolve to defend her sovereignty, he showed emotion, something ex-

traordinary in an Oriental, and mastering himself with a sudden wrench, as though he were seizing the reins of an

CHINESE PLAY.

escaping steed, apologized for the impulse, and went on with the conversation. Again, at the close of a rather

long speech, he said to the minister who sat next to him, with a smile as he took his pipe: 'Mr. Holcomb will never remember that much long enough to translate it,' a doubt which amused the other ministers greatly. What impressed me in the conversation of Prince Kung, in distinction from other Oriental princes and statesmen whom I have seen, was its picturesqueness. It was the animated talk of a man of the world—an astute man, swayed by his feelings, carried along by his will. An Indian, or a Moslem prince, some of our friends in Hindostan or Egypt, sat like expressions of fate, and drifted through a conversation without a change of countenance. You felt before you were through with the conversation almost as if you had been looking at some of the stone faces in the recesses of Dendorah or the Elephanta caves.

"The prince's face lit up with the varying moods of his mind. As he spoke he fanned himself, for the day was cruelly warm, and when any point interested him he would press his fan close upon the arm of the General and bend half-closed, inquiring, resolute eyes upon the General's face. He had a gesture or an expression that reminded me of Edwin Booth, in the performance of Iago, in the famous third act of 'Othello,' where the ancient has set his poison to work on the Moor. There is a resemblance between the prince and Mr. Booth in form, manner and bearing, to which the flowing robes, looking theatrical in our eyes, may have added, that occurred to some of us as we listened to one of the most important conversations that ever took place between a foreigner and a prince of the imperial house of China. I have written down this conversation at length, so far as I can remember it, and have tried to give you some idea of the accessories, because of the historical value of the scene. I speak of its historical value not as expressing my own opinions,

for opinions of mine on such a subject would have no value, but those of men who know China well and have lived here for years. 'General Grant's visit,' said one of these to me to-day, 'has done more to break down the great

CHINESE SOLDIERS.

wall between her civilization and that of the outer world than all that has ever been done by diplomacy.'

"The prince, when he had finished his conversation drew toward him a glass of champagne, and addressing Mr.

Holcomb, said he wished to again express to General Grant the honor felt by the Chinese Government at having received this visit. He made special inquiries as to when the General would leave, the hour of his departure, the ways and periods of his journey. He asked whether there was anything wanting to complete the happiness of

CHINESE IMAGE OF BUD.

the General or show the honor in which he had been held by China. In taking his leave he wished to drink especially the health of General Grant, to wish him a prosperous voyage, and long and honorable years on his return home. This sentiment the General returned, and rising, led the way to the door, where the chair of the

prince and the bearers were in waiting. The other ministers accompanied the prince, and on taking leave saluted the General in the ceremonious Chinese style. The prince entered his chair and was snatched up and carried

CHINESE BONZE (PRIEST).

away by his bearers, the guards hurriedly mounting and riding after."

There is very little to see in Peking but the vast city itself, which is, in reality, divided into two—the Chinese

CHINESE FRUIT SELLER.

and Tartar—both surrounded by a wall. That of the latter is lofty, and so thick that twelve horsemen can ride abreast on the top. It has nine gates, with lofty towers above them nine stories high, pierced with port-holes. for the soldiers, while other towers occur at regular intervals. The two form an exact square, and are, together, eighteen miles in circumference. The streets are straight, the principal one 120 feet wide and three miles long, and lined with shops. But the most remarkable thing about them is the vast multitude of men that pour along them in a continuous stream. The city is a vast human hive, and one wonders where all the people come from, and what supports them. The houses are low, with no superfluous apartments. One is devoted to sleeping, and is filled with beds for all the members of the family, separated only by mats suspended from the ceiling. It has thirty-three temples, besides eight public altars of heaven and earth, on the former of which the emperor sacrifices in winter, and on the other in summer.

The short time allotted to Peking having expired, Grant returned to Tien-tsin as he came, and was glad when the long, monotonous journey was over. Here he was called on by the viceroy in state, to whom the prince regent had written a letter of instructions. He came with a small army in his train, with banners, and gongs, and drums, and was received with salvos of artillery and strains of martial music, furnished by the ship. A vast crowd followed him as he was borne up the steps of the consul's house to the veranda, where Grant was awaiting him.

As the former stepped out of his chair, Grant advanced and welcomed him, and led the way into a room where tea and sweetmeats, after the Chinese fashion, were in readiness. The services of an interpreter were soon

brought into requisition, and the viceroy at once entered on the Chinese question in California. Grant explained

INTERPRETER.

it at great length, going over the whole ground, and stating all the embarrassments that the United States Govern-

ment labored under in regard to it. The viceroy said that they had never lost their confidence in American justice, and if there was any grievance respecting Chinese emigration that the Chinese Government could redress, it would be glad to do so, and added that he did not wish the people to emigrate, and if he had his own way would stop it. The whole question, Grant said, was surrounded with difficulties, but that if emigration could be stopped for five years, he thought the question would solve itself. One thing, however, was necessary—China must stop the slavery system, so that emigration from their country should be like that from other foreign countries, free. The viceroy inquired also very particularly about our torpedo system, saying: "that he had given much attention to torpedo defenses, and watched with interest all the developments of the science in other nations. He looked to America's important discoveries, and hoped some time to see China avail herself of the services of competent Americans.

"General Grant said that in this, as in other matters of the greatest importance to the welfare of China, much advantage would be gained by the advice and aid of Americans, and of skilled men from other nations. Since he came to China, he had learned a great many things about China in the way of the resources of the country, that interested him. There seemed to be no end of the resources of China, and it was a mistake in the authorities not to avail themselves of modern knowledge.

"The viceroy said that he had given much thought to the development of the country. He had opportunities of seeing the advantages of outside aid not enjoyed by others who had not been so much in relations with foreigners. There was an apprehension of foreign ideas, and foreign aid, which he did not share. This came also

from the conservatism of the people, and the fact that the Government had to consider the peculiar conditions of

CHINESE FISHING.

empire, the vast population, and the existence of traditions and customs that had grown for centuries.

"General Grant said that he had no confidence in any development or progress that did not come from the

people themselves. No other would be sound. But in the matter of famines, of which he had heard so many distressing stories since he came to China, it would be a blessing to the people to have railway communications. In America, there could be no famine such as had recently been seen in China, unless, as was hardly possible in so vast a territory, the famine became general. If the crops failed in one State, supplies could be brought from others at a little extra expense in money and time. We could send wheat, for instance, from one end of the country to another in a few days. The same in case of invasion. The resources of the country in men and arms could be massed in a short time, at any menaced point. That gave a nation a great advantage. So in mineral resources. The coal and iron of America, upon which so much of the wealth of the nation depends; the gold and silver of the Pacific, which had played so great a part in the welfare of the world, would be valueless without railways.

"This led to a long conversation, in which the viceroy went over many of the points embraced in his talk with Prince Kung. The viceroy said he was anxious to see China introduce railways and telegraphs. Already he had a telegraph of his own from the forts at the mouth of the river to Tien-tsin. He would be glad also to have small steamers on the Pehio River. He was sorry his opinions on this were not shared by some of his colleagues. But in time he hoped wiser opinions would prevail.

"The viceroy then referred to the questions at issue between China and Japan, as to the occupation of the Loochoo Islands by the latter power. Turning to a secretary he produced several maps and books—some in Chinese and some in Japan on a large scale. The books were copies of the treaties between the Chinese Empire

and other governments, in English and Chinese. The viceroy began the conversation by saying that he had received a letter from Prince Kung, asking him to lay before the General the Chinese side of the Loochoo discussion. Prince Kung had also written him of General Grant's willingness to look into the question and give his good offices to China.

"General Grant said that he had said to His Imperial Highness that he was only a private citizen at home, with no authority to enter into negotiations or to speak for the government. Mr. Seward and Mr. Bingham, who were ministers to the respective governments of China and Japan, had only returned from home, and they may have instructions from the administration. At the same time, if any advice or aid he could give could serve the cause of peace, he would be glad. He had a horror of war, and there could be no greater calamity, both to Japan and China, than war. He believed where there was an honest difference of opinion between two countries wisdom and patience could always adjust it.

"The viceroy said he knew that the General was not a diplomatist nor an official. But for this purpose he might say that neither was he an official. When he heard that the General was coming to China his heart was glad, for he felt that he could talk to him about Loochoo. If the General chose to speak on the subject he would speak with an authority greater than that of any diplomatist. There were men to whose words nations would listen, and the General was one of those men. His own government was willing to put its case unreservedly in his hands, and as he was going to see the mikado, a word from him to that sovereign might serve the cause of peace and justice.

"The General said if he could ever speak words with

such a result he would not hesitate to speak them. As to the Loochoo question, he knew nothing beyond what he had heard from Prince Kung. He might add that since seeing Prince Kung he had conversed with Mr. Seward and others and had heard their opinions. But he felt that he knew only the Chinese case, or at least a hurried statement of the case, and he had no idea what his view might be when he conversed with the Japanese.

"The viceroy opened a volume in Chinese, containing the treaties, and read from an early treaty made when Mr. Cushing was minister, in which the United States held herself ready to offer her good services between China and other powers in the event of any question arising. He asked whether the General did not think that the difference with Japan about Loochoo did not come within the limits of the treaty.

"General Grant read over the clause and said he thought it did.

"The viceroy then read from the Burlingame Treaty assurances of the same character. He read from a treaty between China and Japan engagements on the part of the two countries not to invade the territory of the others. He pointed out the existence of a treaty between the United States and the Loochoo Islands, showing that the American Government dealt with the Loochoo king as an independent power. He then called the attention of the General to the international law on the subject, and held that the course of Japan was one that called for the intervention of outside powers. Otherwise there was no use of that international law which foreign nations were always quoting to China.

"General Grant said the argument seemed to be sound, but it belonged to diplomacy. From the fact that the viceroy quoted a treaty in which the United States

acknowledged the Loochoo Islands as an independent power he supposed that China, in dealing with Japan, was also willing to regard them as an independent power.

"The viceroy said as an independent power, certainly. But to be entirely accurate Loochoo should be described as a semi-dependent power. China had never exercised sovereignty over the islands, and did not press that claim. But China was as much concerned in the maintenance of the independence of a power holding toward her coasts the relations of Loochoo as in the integrity of her inland territory. As a matter of fact, because of the great powers allowed by China always to her provinces and dependencies the emperors had never exercised the rights of sovereignty over Loochoo. As a matter of law and right, however, the right was never alienated, and the sovereigns of Loochoo always respected it by paying tribute to China until Japan came in and forbade the tribute.

"General Grant asked if the sovereigns did not also pay tribute to Japan.

The Viceroy—In this way. Before the revolution in Japan, and the consolidation of the power of the princes into the imperial power, the feudal lords had great authority. They did as they pleased. Perhaps none of these lords were more powerful than the Satsuma princes. These princes occupied the islands of Japan nearest to Loochoo. To protect themselves from the raids and exactions of the Satsuma princes the Loochoo people paid tribute only to the princes, never to Japan. Well, when the revolution came, and the powers of the princes were absorbed, the emperor claimed that the payment of tribute to the princes was recognition of the sovereignty of Japan. That is the only claim that the Japanese have ever made.

General Grant—And in the meantime tribute has been paid to China.

The Viceroy—In the meantime and for centuries before.

General Grant—What was the nature of this tribute?

The Viceroy—Nominal. The Loochoo kings always received more from the emperor than they gave. For centuries this has gone on.

General Grant—Did the Loochoo people have any advantages from this relation that made them willing tribute payers?

The Viceroy—They always valued the relation with China and we gave them special trade facilities.

General Grant—Have you any idea as to the feeling of the people on the subject?

The Viceroy—They prefer the Chinese connection—infinitely prefer the mild and friendly relations that have subsisted for so many centuries to the destruction of their government.

General Grant—Is the sovereign a native?

The Viceroy—He is a native.

General Grant—Does China claim the people or any portion of the people as of her own race?

The Viceroy—The people of Loochoo are not Chinamen, but we have an important part of the population. It came in this way. During the Ming dynasty the emperors came to know of the islands, and thought it would be well to civilize them. Thirty or forty Chinese families, with different surnames—good families—were selected and sent to Loochoo to civilize the islands. Their descendants are in Loochoo now. Consequently we have a special claim over them.

"General Grant asked what was the progress of the negotiations between China and Japan on the subject.

"The viceroy answered that there were no negotiations. The Japanese sent troops to the islands and forbade the payment of any more tribute to China. They then commanded the king to abandon his government and repair to Japan. The king was ill and said he could not go to Japan. He was told that unless he was better in a certain time, eighty days I think, he would be taken. He was so taken. Representations were made to Peking. We addressed remonstrances to the Japanese. No response was made. Our minister was treated in a manner that none but a people as patient as ours and as averse to difficulties with other nations would tolerate. Then we addressed the Japanese minister in Peking. He had no instructions, no advice, no information. Japan has treated the whole question as an accomplished fact, as something done, an accident about which we had nothing to say. A governor was appointed. Loochoo was made an integral part of the Japanese Empire, and unless something is done to restore things to their former position the world would see the extinction of a nation with which other nations had made treaties for no fault of its own, and not as an act of war. If that could be done of what value is international law?

"General Grant thought it was unfortunate that there should have been no negotiations, so that some thread could be found which could be taken up and pursued to a harmonious and honorable result.

THE VICEROY—We have strained every effort to open negotiations. Apart from the feeling of wounded honor in the Chinese mind at the sudden extinction of a nation that has been friendly and tributary there are other reasons. If you look at the map you will find that the Loochoo Islands block the coast of China, that they spread between our shores and the Pacific Ocean, and virtually

command all the channels of our commerce. Such a command in the hands of a power like Japan is a menace to our commerce. At any time it may be interrupted. Then the Loochoo Islands come close to Formosa. We have already had trouble about Formosa. The possession of Loochoo brings Japan within a step of Formosa, which is but a step from our coasts. These are considerations that, of course, concern China more than the other powers, but when you add them to our unquestioned rights under treaty law and international law, they will explain our own feeling, and especially what you heard from Prince Kung in Peking.

"General Grant asked if, in the absence of negotiations, the viceroy was in possession of any unofficial information as to the views of the Japanese Government.

"The viceroy said from all he could learn, the mikado was not in favor of any policy like that shown in the occupation of Loochoo. But there was a party—among them men like the princes of Satsuma—who were urging the Japanese to annexation. His own belief was that if the foreign powers were to strengthen the mikado in resisting the wishes of this party, its influence would die out, and the Loochoo Islands be restored.

"General Grant wished to know if the viceroy had had any expression from the foreign powers.

"The viceroy said he believed that Mr. Bingham, the American minister, was friendly to the views of China. He supposed so, at least, from the anxiety in Peking to have Mr. Bingham return to Japan. Of the wishes of the other powers he had no information beyond rumor.

"General Grant felt certain that Mr. Bingham would consider the matter. He (Mr. Bingham) had just returned from home, and no doubt had been in conference with Mr. Evarts. He would see Mr. Bingham as soon

as he reached Japan, and learn all the facts. He did not know what he could do, or how far he would go until he saw Mr. Bingham.

"The viceroy asked if the General found on reaching Japan, that Mr. Bingham had given no attention to the subject, or had formed opinions hostile to negotiation, he would then pursue the matter.

"The General said the viceroy was supposing a condition of things that could not exist. Mr. Bingham was an able man, one who had had large experience in affairs at home—a conspicuous lawyer, especially fitted in every way to enter into the consideration of a question resting, as this appeared to rest, on treaty and international law.

"The viceroy still pressed the point, and asked whether the indifference of the minister, which he only spoke of as a possible thing, would prevent the General's giving these good offices requested by Prince Kung.

"General Grant said, of course, if he found that so important a question had been overlooked by the minister, and if it was in a position where he, as a private gentleman, could aid the cause of peace, he would do all he could. But he had every confidence in Mr. Bingham.

"The viceroy said this confidence was shared by the Chinese. But Prince Kung and himself laid especial stress upon the name and influence of the General. The Loochoo question could not be considered as within the range of diplomatic action. The Japanese had not allowed it a diplomatic standing. Consequently there was no chance of reaching a solution by the ordinary methods of diplomacy. How can you talk to ministers and governments about matters which they will not discuss? But when a man like General Grant comes to China and Japan he comes with an authority which gives him power to make peace. In the interest of peace China

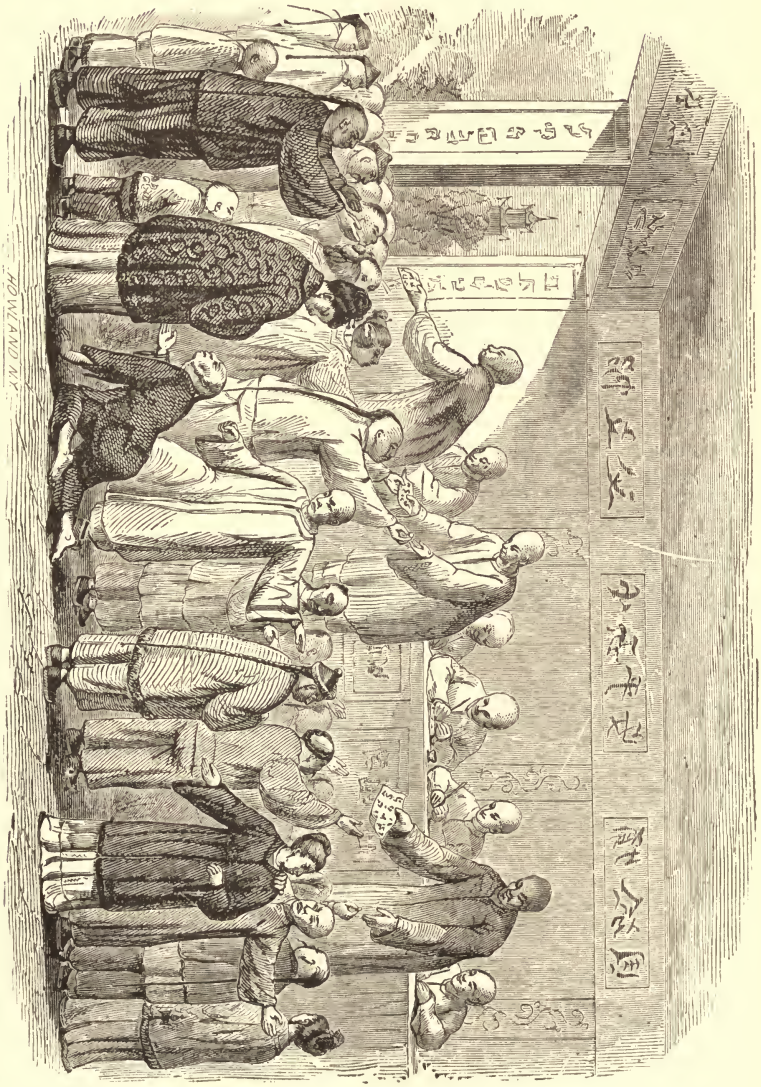
asks the General to interest himself. China cannot consent to the position Japan has taken. On that point there is no indecision in the councils of the government. The viceroy had no fear of Japan or of the consequences of any conflict which Japan would force upon China.

"General Grant said his hope and belief were that the difficulty would end peacefully and honorably. He appreciated the compliment paid him by the Chinese Government. The viceroy and Prince Kung overrated his power, but not his wish, to preserve peace, and especially to prevent such a deplorable thing as a war between China and Japan. When he reached Japan he would confer with Mr. Bingham and see how the matter stood. He would study the Japanese case as carefully as he proposed studying the Chinese case. He would, if possible, confer with the Japanese authorities. What his opinion would be when he heard both sides he could not anticipate. If the question took such a shape that, with advantage to the cause of peace and without interfering with the wishes of his own government, he could advise or aid in a solution, he he would be happy, and, as he remarked to Prince Kung, this happiness would not be diminished if in doing so his action did not disappoint the Chinese Government."

The viceroy expressed his gratitude for all the kind things he had said, and remarked that when he became president again he hoped he would not forget them.

To this, Grant replied that he had no desire to be president again; the office imposed heavy burdens, and it should now be filled by some other man who by his services was entitled to it. In conclusion, the viceroy referred to the proposed grand reception of him in California, to which Grant replied that he hoped it would be abandoned, and he would like to time his arrival to avoid it. It was a long and interesting conversation; consist-

ing on the viceroy's side of questions, and on the part of Grant of imparting information respecting our own



HOWLAND DEL.

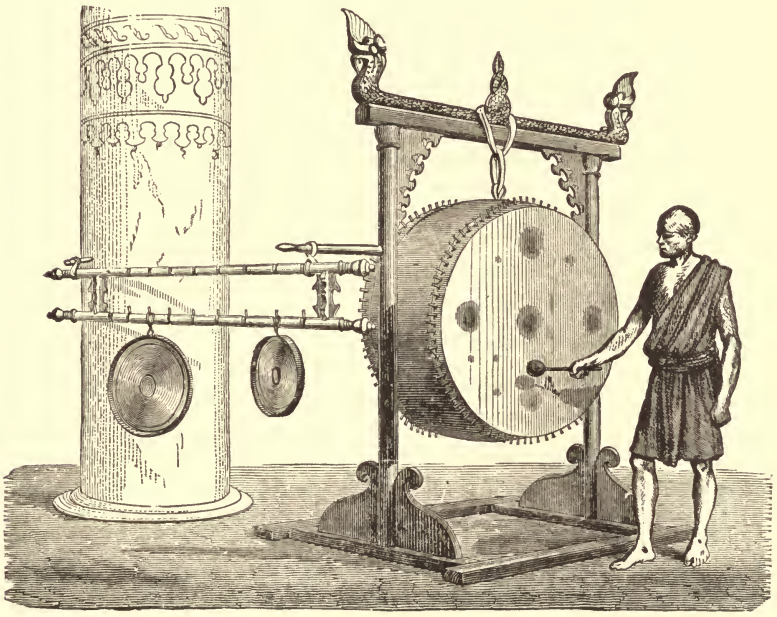
CHINESE SALE OF PRAYERS.

civilization and giving him good advice as to the future policy in regard to China.

The "Richmond" had arrived at the mouth of the Peiho River awaiting Grant's return, and he now prepared to leave Tien-tsin where, nothwithstanding the hot weather, the time had passed pleasantly, for the viceroy left nothing undone to make his stay agreeable. But the crowning act of his hospitality was such a radical innovation of Chinese custom, that fifty years ago it would have been thought sufficient to create a rebellion. This was no less than giving a farewell dinner to Mrs. Grant, to which the ladies of the American colony were invited to meet her. This was verily a tumbling down of the Chinese wall. It was a wonderful step in advanced civilization, and foreshadowed greater reforms than any imperial edict.

"You must remember the position in which woman is held in China—her seclusion, her withdrawal from affairs, from social life; her relation to a society which acknowledges polygamy and the widest freedom of divorce—to understand how radical a thing it was for the viceroy to throw open the doors of his house and bring the foreign barbarian to his hearth-stone. This dinner was arranged for our last night in Tien-tsin, and in honor of Mrs. Grant. The principal European ladies in the colony were invited. Some of these ladies had lived in Tien-tsin for years and had never seen the wife of the viceroy—had never seen him except through the blinds of the window of his chair. The announcement that the viceroy had really invited Mrs. Grant to meet his wife, and European ladies to be in the company was even a more transcendent event than the presence of General Grant or the arrival of the band. Society rang with a discussion of the question which, since Mother Eve introduced it to the attention of her husband, has been the absorbing theme of civilization—what shall we wear? I have heard many expositions on

this theme, but in Tien-tsin it was new and important. Should the ladies go in simple Spartan style—in muslin and dimity, severely plain and colorless, trusting alone to their graces and charms, and thus show their Chinese sister the beauty that exists in beauty unadorned, or should they go in all their glory, with gems, and silks, and satins, and the latest development of French genius in



GONG IN A CHINESE TEMPLE.

the arrangement of their hair? It was really an important question, and not without a bearing, some of us thought, on the domestic peace of the viceroy. The arguments on either side were conducted with ability, and I lament my inability to do them justice, and hand them over to the consideration of American ladies at home. But that is a world in which I have always been as the

blind, and I listened to various phases of the discussion in a helpless mood, and tried to follow it in vain. It passed beyond me and entered into the sphere of metaphysics, and became a moral, spiritual, almost a theological theme, and was decided finally in favor of the resources of civilization. The ladies went in all the glory of French fashion and taste.

"The ladies came back from the vice-regal dinner about eleven at night, and General Grant and party went immediately on board the 'Ashuelot.' There we spoke our farewells to our kind friends and said our good-bye as lovers are said to prefer doing—under the stars. Our visit had been so pleasant, there had been so much grace, and courtesy, and consideration in our reception, that it was with sincere regret that we said farewell. The viceroy had sent word that he would not take his leave of General Grant until we were on the border of his dominions and out at sea. He had gone ahead on his yacht, and with a fleet of gun-boats, would await us at the mouth of the river and accompany the General on board of the 'Richmond.' We left our mooring at three in the morning, and were awakened by the thunder of the guns from the forts. Orders had been given that the forts should fire salutes as the General passed, that the troops should parade and the vessels dress with flags. The day was warm and clear, and there was Oriental splendor in the scene as we slowly moved along the narrow stream and saw the people hurrying from the villages to the river-side, and the smoke that came from the embrasures, and the clumsy, stolid junks teeming with sight-seers, the lines of soldiery and the many-colored pennants fluttering in the air. The river widened as we came to the sea, and about eleven o'clock we came to the vice-regal fleet at anchor under the guns of the Waku forts. As we passed,

every vessel manned yards, and all their guns and all the guns from the forts thundered a farewell. Two or three miles out we saw the tapering masts of the 'Richmond,' which, after so long a chase, had at last found General Grant. The 'Ashuelot' answered the salute and steamed over the bar at half speed, so as to allow the viceroy's fleet to join us. The bar was crossed and the blue sea welcomed us and we kept on direct toward the 'Richmond.' In a short time the white smoke was seen leaping from her deck. The sailors rushed up the sides and we swung around amid the thunder of her guns. Then Captain Benham came on board and was presented to General Grant. The Chinese fleet came to an anchor, and at noon, precisely, General Grant passed over the side of the 'Ashuelot.' On reaching the 'Richmond,' the General was received by another salute, all the officers being on deck in full uniform. The American ensign was run up at the fore and another salute was fired, the Chinese vessels joining in.

"After the General had been received, the barge was sent to the viceroy's boat, and in a few minutes was seen returning with Li-Hung Chang, followed by other boats carrying the high officers of his government. General Grant received the viceroy, and again the yards were manned and a salute of nineteen guns was fired. The viceroy and his suite were shown into the cabin. Tea was served, and Li-Hung Chang having expressed a desire to see the vessel he was taken into every part, gave its whole arrangement, and especially the guns, a minute inspection. This lasted for an hour, and the viceroy returned to the cabin to take his leave. He seemed loth to go, and remained in conversation for some time. General Grant expressed his deep sense of the honor which had been done him, his pleasure at having met the

viceroy. He urged the viceroy to make a visit to the United States, and in a few earnest phrases repeated his hope that the statesmen of China would persevere in a policy which brought them nearer to our civilization—a policy that would give new greatness to China, enable them to control the fearful famines that devastated China and secure the nation's independence. He repeated his belief that there could be no true independence unless China availed herself of the agencies which gave prestige to other nations and with which she had been so largely endowed by Providence. The viceroy was friendly, almost affectionate. He hoped that General Grant would not forget him; that he would like to meet the General now and then, and if China needed the General's counsel he would send it. He feared he could not visit foreign lands and regretted that he had not done so in earlier years. He spoke of the friendship of the United States as dear to China, and again commended to the General and the American people the Chinese who had gone to America. It made his heart sore to hear of their ill-usage, and he depended upon the justice and honor of our Government for their protection. He again alluded to the Loochoo question with Japan, and begged General Grant would speak to the Japanese emperor, and in securing justice remove a cloud from Asia which threw an ominous shadow over the East. The General bade the viceroy farewell, and said he would not forget what had been said, and that he would always think of the viceroy with friendship and esteem. So we parted, Li-Hung Chang departing amid the roar of our cannon and the manning of the yards, while the 'Richmond' slowly pushed her prow into the rippling waves and steamed along toward Japan."

CHAPTER XVII.

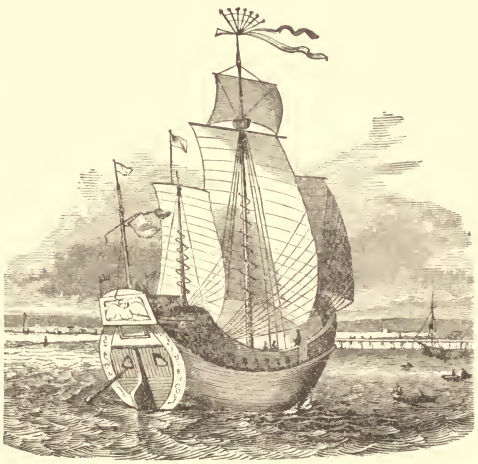
GRANT DETERMINES TO VISIT THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA—VARIOUS PLANS OF GOING—RESOLVES TO TAKE THE TRIP BY SEA—TAKES THE "RICHMOND"—FIRST SIGHT OF THE WALL—ITS APPEARANCE—RETURN TRIP—RECEPTION AT CHEFOO—ENTRANCE TO NAGASAKI—GRAND RECEPTION—THE JINRIKSHAW—A STATE DINNER—SPEECH OF GENERAL GRANT—THE CITIZENS GIVE HIM A GRAND DINNER AFTER THE FASHION OF THE OLD DAMIOS—A CURIOUS BILL OF FARE—FIRE-WORKS AND ILLUMINATION—SINGING GIRLS—THE SCENERY—DRIVE HOME.

GENERAL GRANT had planned a trip to the Great Wall of China while in Pekin, and Mr. Holcombe had made all the arrangements. The Chinese Government had, with ready courtesy, given orders as to his treatment by the way, and the important question as to how to go, had formed a living theme of talk amid the depressing days of midsummer weather at the Legation. "You can go on horseback or on donkeys, or in a cart, or in a mule litter, and when," says Mr. Young, "we had nothing else to do, we went over the merits and demerits of each form of conveyance. Our old friend from the Nile—the donkey—whose achievements gave us an exalted idea of his patience and endurance, would have won the preference, but for the condition of the roads, which seem not to have been mended since the Tartar invasion. Mr. Holcombe told me he had traveled all through Northern China, and in every form of conveyance, and that he found the most comfort in the mule litter. I noticed, however, that much residence in China, leads one to have moderate ideas on the question of comfort, and so long as you can get on you are content. Some of my rides in China were over roads and

under circumstances that would have filled me with a sense of wrong at home, and inspired me to write to the newspapers, and denounce the authorities. But it was what I expected to find in China, and, suppose one was thumped about and bounced and jostled, it is a small matter, especially when you are going around the world. The mule litter is swung on poles, and carried by two mules, one going ahead, the other behind. It is long enough to enable you to recline. You creep in and huddle up, and your mules dawdle away with you. Somehow it gave the impression of going to your own funeral. The ordinary cart of the country, without springs, or seats, or cushions, in which you sit with your legs curled up, or dangling over the sides, is torture. If we had made the trip we should have walked most of the way, and had the carts and litters for smooth roads, and fatigue, and other emergencies. The more the journey was considered the less attractive it became. We were under the cruel stress of unusually warm weather. The thermometer was wandering about above the hundred degree mark. To go at all we should have to travel at night, and rest during the day. This consideration decided General Grant. His journey would be not alone to see the Great Wall, but the people in the interior, and especially to have a glimpse of Tartary. Travel by night would prevent this, and so we gave up the journey."

"But," says the correspondent, "to come to China and not see the Great Wall, would have subjected us to adverse criticism for the remainder of our lives. Consequently there was a relief to our susceptibilities, when we were told that the Great Wall came to an end on the seacoast on our way to Chefoo, and, with a favoring sea, we could run up and go on shore. This was resolved upon, and as soon as the viceroy left us, the 'Richmond'

steamed slowly up the coast, the 'Ashuelot' going direct to Chefoo. The contrast between the 'Richmond' and the modest little 'Ashuelot,' was marked, and we had a sense of abundant space, of roominess, of opportunities for walking. But the 'Ashuelot' is a well-commanded ship, and we left her with pleasant memories, and it was not without a regret that we saw General Grant's flag hauled down. It was our good fortune to have a smooth sea, and when the morning came, we found ourselves steaming slowly along, the shores of Northern China lining the horizon. Navigation in the China seas is always a problem, and the coast past which we were sailing is badly surveyed. As a general thing, so carefully has science mapped and tracked the ocean, that you have only to seek counsel from a vagrant, wandering star, and you will be able to tell to the minute when some hill or promontory will rise out of the waves. There was no such comfort on the China coast, and the 'Richmond' had to feel her way, to grope along the coast, and find the Great Wall as best we could. Fortunately the day was mild and clear, and we could steam close to shore. All the morning we sailed, watching the shore; the brown, receding hills; the leaping, jutting masses of rock; the bits of greenery that seemed to rejoice in the sun; the fishing villages in



CHINESE TRADING JUNK.

houses of clay that run toward the shore. It was a lonely sea. Heretofore, in our cruise on the China coast, we had been burdened with company. The coasting track is so large that junks were always in sight, junks and fishing boats, and all manner of strange, clumsy craft. If you are used to travel on the vast seas, where a sail a week is a rapture, this presence of many ships is a consolation. It takes away the selfishness of sea life, and makes you think that you are a part of the real world. But it is at the same time a trial to the sailor. The junk is an awkward, stupid trap, and always crossing your bows, or edging up against you. The Chinaman thinks it good luck to cross your bows, and if he can do so with a narrow shave, just giving you a clip with his rudder as he passes, he has had a joyous adventure. While creeping up the China coast we were always on the watch for junks, but never ran one down. It was trying, however, to naval patience, and we found it so much better to be alone on the sea and look for our Great Wall as well as we could, undisturbed by the heedlessness of Chinese mariners.

"About two o'clock in the afternoon, Lieutenant Sperry, the navigator, had an experience that must have reminded him of Columbus discovering America. He had found the Great Wall. By carefully looking through the glasses, in time we saw it—a thick, brown, irregular line, that crumbled into the sea. We steamed toward the beach, and so gracious was the weather that we were able to anchor within a mile of shore. All the boats were let down, and as many as could be spared from the vessel went ashore—the captain, the officers, sailors in their blue, tidy uniforms, and an especial sailor with a pot of white paint to inscribe the fact that the 'Richmond' had visited the Great Wall. The Great Wall is the only monument

I have seen which could be improved by modern sacrilege, and which could be painted over and plastered without compunctions of conscience. From what I read of this stupendous achievement, it was built under the reign of a Chinese emperor who flourished two centuries before Christ. This emperor was disturbed by the constant invasion of the Tartars, a hardy nomadic race, who came from the hills of Mongolia and plundered his people, who were, indeed, afterward to come, if only the emperor could have opened the book of fate and known, and rule the country and found the dynasty which exists after a fashion still. So His Majesty resolved to build a wall which should forever protect his empire from the invader. The wall was built: and so well was it done that here we come, wanderers from the antipodes, twenty centuries after, and find it still a substantial, imposing, but in the light of modern science a useless wall. It is 1,250 miles in length, and it is only when you consider that distance and the incredible amount of labor it imposed that the magnitude of the work breaks upon you.

"Landing on a smooth, pebbly beach, studded with shells, we found a small village and saw the villagers grinding corn. The children, a few beggars and a blind person came to welcome us. The end of the wall which juts into the sea has been beaten by the waves into a ragged, shapeless condition. There was an easy ascent, however, up stone steps. At the top there was a small temple, evidently given to pious uses still, for there was a keeper, who dickered about letting us in, and the walls seemed to be in order, clean and painted. The wall at the site of the temple was seventy-five or a hundred feet wide, but this was only a special width to accommodate the temple and present an imposing presence to the sea. Its average width at the surface is from twenty to

twenty-five feet, varying at the base from forty feet to a hundred. It is made of stone and brick, and, considering that twenty centuries have been testing its workmanship, the work was well done.

"As a mere wall there is nothing imposing about the Great Wall of China. It is interesting because it illustrates the greatness of this wonderful empire in by-gone ages, which could have constructed such a work over mountains, across rivers and chasms, and through tangled wildernesses. The late Mr. Seward said that the labor which had builded the Great Wall would have built the Pacific railways. General Grant thought that Mr. Seward had underrated its extent. 'I believe,' he said, 'that the labor expended on this wall could have built every railroad in the United States, every canal and highway, and most if not all of our cities.' The story is that millions were employed on the wall; that the work lasted for ten years. We walked about on the top and studied its simple, massive workmanship, and looked upon the plains of Mongolia, over which the dreaded Tartar came. On one side of the wall was China, on the other Mongolia. We were at the furthest end of our journey, and every step now would be toward home. There was something like a farewell in the feeling with which we looked upon the cold land of mystery which swept on toward the north—cold and barren even under the warm sunshine. There was something like a welcome in the waves as we again greeted them and knew that the sea upon which we are again venturing with the confidence that comes from long and friendly association would carry us home to America, and lighten even that journey with a glimpse of the land of the rising sun.

"At five in the afternoon we were under way. The ocean was smooth and settled into a dead calm—a bless-

ing not always vouchsafed in the China seas. We ran along all night across the gulf, and early in the morning found ourselves at Chefoo. Judge Denny had gone ahead, Chefoo being within his consular jurisdiction, to see that all preparations were made for the reception of General Grant. Chefoo is a port, a summer watering-place for the European residents of Shanghai and Tientsin. It is situated on the northern side of the Shantung promontory, in latitude 37° 35′ 56″ north and longitude 124° 22′ 33″ east. Chefoo does not present an interesting appearance from the sea. The hills rise and form a mod erate background to the horizon, and on the hill was a group of commodious houses, showing that the European had put his foot here and was seeking the summer winds. Chefoo was opened for trade in 1861, as one of the results of the French and English expedition against Pekin. The province of Shantung, of which Chefoo is the open port, was for a long time one of the out-of-the-way provinces of China. It is famous for its climate. The health-seeking foreigner has discovered the dryness of its atmosphere, the cool breezes which temper the pitiless summer rays—the firm, bracing winds, which bring strength with the winter. As Europeans come more and more to China, Chefoo grows in value, and in addition there is a trade especially in the bean pancake which gives it a mercantile vitality. The bean pancake is used as a fertilizer all over China, and is made by throwing peas into a trough and crushing them under a heavy stone wheel. The oil is pressed out, and what remains goes into the fields to give new life to the wheat and tea. You can have an idea of the extent of trade when you know that in 1877 the amount of beans and of bean cake exported was more than a hundred million pounds. There is a good trade in cotton, and the posi-

tion which the town holds toward Japan, Corea and the Pacific settlements of the Russian Empire, insure Chefoo a commercial prominence on the China seas. In winter, when the Peicho River is frozen and communication with Pekin is interrupted, Chefoo assumes new importance as the seaport of Northern China.

"At midnight, General Grant and party, accompanied by Captain Benham, returned on board the 'Richmond.' There was one incident on the return of a novel and picturesque character. According to the regulations of the American navy, no salutes can be fired by men-of-war after the sun goes down. But the 'Richmond' was to sail as soon as the General embarked, and before the sun arose would be out at sea. So the Chinese gun-boats sent word that they would fire twenty-one guns as General Grant passed in his barge. The announcement caused some consternation in the well-ordered minds of our naval friends, and there was a grave discussion as to what regulations permitted under the circumstances. It would be rude to China not to return her salute. There were especial reasons for going out of the way to recognize any honor shown us by the Chinese. Our mission in those lands, so far as it was a mission, was one of peace, and courtesy, and good-will. Captain Benham, with the ready ability and common sense which as a naval officer he possesses in an eminent degree, decided that the courtesy should be honored and answered gun for gun, and that in so doing he would be carrying out in spirit at least the regulations which should govern a naval commander. So it came to pass that Lieutenant-commander Clarke found himself performing a duty which I suppose never before devolved upon a naval officer, holding a midnight watch with the gun crew at quarters, ready for the signal which was to justify him in startling the repose

of nature on sea and shore with the hoarse and lurid menace of his guns. General Grant's launch had hardly moved before the Chinese gun-boats thundered forth, gun after gun, their terrifying compliment. These boats have no saluting batteries, and as the guns fired were of heavy calibre the effect of the fire was startling and sublime. The General's launch slowly steamed on, the smoke of the guns rolling along the surface of the waves and clouding the stars. When the last gun was fired there was a pause, and far off in the darkness our vessel, like a phantom ship, silent and brooding, suddenly took life and a bolt of fire came from her bows, followed swiftly by the sullen roar of the guns. A salute of cannon under any circumstances is an imposing sight. There is so much sincerity in the voice of a cannon that you listen to it as the voice of truth. The power it embodies is pitiless and awful, and felt at night, amid the solemn silence of the universe, it becomes indescribably grand. I have seen few things more impressive and thrilling than the midnight salute fired at Chefoo in honor of General Grant.

"So it came to pass that at midnight, in fire and flame—the angry echoes leaping from shore to shore, and from hill to hill, and over the tranquil waters of a whispering sea—we said farewell to China. Farewell, and again farewell to the land of poetry and romance, antiquity and dreams, of so much capacity, of so little promise, whose civilization is in some things a wonder to us and in others a reproach. We are but as children in the presence of an empire, whose population is ten times as large as ours, whose dominions are more extensive, whose records have gone back unbroked and unquestioned to the ages of our mythology, whose influence has been felt in every part of the world, whose religion, and culture, and achievements excite the admiration of the learned, and whose conserva-

tism has stood the shock and solicitation of every age. Ancient, vast, unyielding, impenetrable, China sits enthroned in the solitude of Asia, remembering that she was in her splendor before the Roman empire was born, and that her power has survived the mutations of every age. What is her power to-day? That is the question of the nineteenth century, and it is a question which cannot be asked too seriously.

"There was no special incident in our run from China. On the morning of the 21st of June, we found ourselves threading our way through beautiful islands and rocks, rich with green, that stood like sentinels in the sea, and hills on which were trees and gardens, and high, commanding cliffs, covered with green and smooth, tranquil waters, into the bay of Nagasaki. Nagasaki ranks among the beautiful harbors in the world. But the beauty that welcomed us had the endearing quality that it reminded us of home. All these weeks we had been in the land of the palm, and we were now again in the land of the pine. We had seen nature in luxuriant moods, running into riotous forms, strange and rank. We were weary of the cocoanut and the brown, parched soil, of the skies of fire, and forests with wild and creeping things. It had become so oppressive that when our course turned toward the north, there was great joy.

"The 'Richmond' steamed between the hills and came to an anchorage. It was the early morning, and over the water were shadows of cool, inviting green. Nagasaki, nestling on her hillsides, looked cozy and beautiful, and, it being our first glimpse of a Japanese town, we studied it through our glasses, studied every feature—the scenery, the picturesque attributes of the city, the terraced hills that rose beyond, every rood under cultivation; the quaint, curious houses; the multitudes of flags

which showed that the town knew of our coming, and was preparing to do us honor. We noted, also, that the wharves were lined with a multitude, and that the available population were waiting to see the guest whom their nation honors, and who is known in common speech as the American Mikado. Then the 'Richmond' ran up the Japanese standard and fired twenty-one guns in honor of Japan. The forts answered the salute. Then the Japanese gun-boats and the forts displayed the American ensign, and fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of General Grant. Mr. W. P. Mangum, our consul, and his wife came on board. In a short time the Japanese barge was seen coming, with Prince Dati and Mr. Yoshida and the govenor, all in the splendor of court uniforms. These officials were received with due honors, and escorted to the cabin. Prince Dati said that he had been commanded by the emperor to meet General Grant on his landing, to welcome him in the name of His Majesty, and to attend upon him as the emperor's personal representative so long as the General remained in Japan. The value of this compliment can be understood when you know that Prince Dati is one of the highest noblemen in Japan.

"At one o'clock on the 21st of June, General Grant, accompanied by Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida and the governor, landed in Nagasaki. The Japanese man-of-war 'Kango,' commanded by Captain Zto, had been sent down to Nagasaki to welcome the General. The landing took place in the Japanese barge.

"From the time that General Grant came into the waters of Japan it was the intention of the government that he should be the nation's guest. As soon as the General stepped into the barge the Japanese vessels and the batteries on shore thundered out their welcome, the yards of

the vessels were manned, and as the barge moved slowly along the crews of the ships in the harbor cheered. It was over a mile from the 'Richmond' to the shore. The landing-place had been arranged not in the foreign section nor the Dutch concession, carrying out the intention of having the reception entirely Japanese. Lines of troops were formed, the steps were covered with red cloth, and every space, and standing-spot, and coigne of vantage, was covered with people. The General's boat touched the shore, and with Mrs. Grant on his arm, and followed by the colonel, the Japanese officials and the members of his party, he slowly walked up the platform, bowing to the multitude who made this obeisance in his honor. There is something strange in the grave decorum of an Oriental crowd—strange to us who remember the ringing cheer and the electric hurra of Saxon lands. The principal citizens of Nagasaki came forward and were presented, and after a few minutes' pause our party stepped into jinrickshaws and were taken to our quarters.

"The jinrickshaw is the common vehicle of Japan. It is built on the principle of a child's perambulator or an invalid's chair, except that it is much lighter. Two men go ahead and pull and one behind pushes. But this only on occasions of ceremony. One man is quite able to manage a jinrickshaw. Those used by the General had been sent down from Tokio from the palace. Our quarters in Nagasaki had been prepared in the Japanese town. A building used for a female normal school had been prepared. It was a half mile from the landing, and the whole road had been decorated with flags, American and Japanese entwined, with arches of green boughs and flowers. Both sides of the road were lined with people, who bowed low to the General as he passed. On reach-

ing our residence, the Japanese officials of the town were all presented. Then came the foreign consuls in a body, who were presented by the American consul, Mr. Mangum. After this came the officers of the Japanese vessels, all in uniform. Then came a delegation representing the foreign residents of all nationalities in Nagasaki, who asked to present an address."

This, like all others, was very complimentary, for which Grant returned his thanks, and expressed his gratification at being able to visit Japan. The governor of the province gave a state dinner, got up in French style, and welcomed General Grant in a very neat speech, which was made in Japanese.

This address was spoken in Japanese. At its close, an interpreter, who stood behind His Excellency during its delivery, advanced and read the above translation. When the governor finished, General Grant arose, and said:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: You have here to-night several Americans who have the talent of speech, and who could make an eloquent response to the address in which my health is proposed. I have no such gift, and I never lamented its absence more than now, when there is so much that I want to say about your country, your people and your progress. I have not been an inattentive observer of that progress, and in America we have been favored with accounts of it from my distinguished friend, whem you all know as the friend of Japan, and whom it was my privilege to send as minister—I mean Judge Bingham. The spirit which has actuated the mission of Judge Bingham—the spirit of sympathy, support and conciliation—not only expressed my own sentiments, but those of America. America has much to gain in the East—no nation has greater interests—but America has nothing to gain except what comes from the cheerful ac-

quiescence of the Eastern people and insures them as much benefit as it does us. I should be ashamed of my country if its relations with other nations, and especially with these ancient and most interesting empires in the East, were based upon any other idea. We have rejoiced over your progress. We have watched you step by step. We have followed the unfolding of your old civilization and its absorbing the new. You have had our profound sympathy in that work, our sympathy in the troubles which came with it, and our friendship. I hope it may continue—that it may long continue. As I have said, America has great interests in the East. She is your next neighbor. She is more affected by the Eastern populations than any other Power. She can never be insensible to what is doing here. Whatever her influence may be, I am proud to think that it has always been exerted in behalf of justice and kindness. No nation needs from the outside Powers justice and kindness more than Japan, because the work that has made such marvelous progress in the past few years is a work in which we are deeply concerned, in the success of which we see a new era in civilization and which we should encourage. I do not know, gentlemen, that I can say anything more than this in response to the kind words of the governor. Judge Bingham can speak with much more eloquence and much more authority as our minister. But I could not allow the occasion to pass without saying how deeply I sympathized with Japan in her efforts to advance, and how much those efforts were appreciated in America. In that spirit I ask you to unite with me in a sentiment: 'The prosperity and the independence of Japan.'"

General Grant, a few minutes later, arose and said that he wished to propose another toast—a personal one—

the drinking of which would be a great pleasure to him. This was the health of Judge Bingham, the American minister to Japan. He had appointed the judge minister, and he was glad to know that the confidence expressed in that appointment had been confirmed by the admiration and respect of the Japanese people. When a minister serves his own country as well as Judge Bingham has served America, and in doing so wins the esteem of the authorities and the people to whom he is accredited, he has achieved the highest success in diplomacy. The Japanese minister, in a short speech, corroborated what Grant had said about Mr. Bingham, which courtesy the latter acknowledged in a few appropriate words.

A day or two after, the citizens, not the officials of Nagasaki, gave General Grant a dinner, not a Parisian one, but such as the old Damios were accustomed to give. An old temple in the heart of the city was selected as a dining-hall, and about twenty guests sat down to the various tables—for every person had a table to himself. The merchants who gave the dinner differed from Americans in this respect—instead of being important personages at the feast they waited on the tables, assisted by a small army of attendants dressed in the old costume of the Japanese.

The bill of fare was almost a volume, and embraced over fifty courses. The wine was served in unglazed porcelain wine cups, on white wooden stands. The appetite was pampered in the beginning with dried fish, edible seaweeds and isinglass, in something of the Scandinavian style, except that the attempt did not take the form of brandy and raw fish. The first serious dish was composed of crane, seaweed, moss, rice-bread and potatoes, which they picked over in a curious way as though they

were at an auction sale of remnants, anxious to rummage out a bargain. The soup when it first came—for it came many times—was an honest soup of fish, like a delicate fish chowder. Then came strange dishes, as ragout and as soup in bewildering confusion. The first was called namasu and embodied fish, clams, chestnuts, rock mushrooms and ginger. Then, in various combinations, the following: Duck, truffles, turnips, dried bonito, melons, pressed salt, aromatic shrubs, snipe, egg-plant, jelly, boiled rice, snapper, shrimp, potatoes, mushroom, cabbage, lassfish, orange flowers, powdered fish, flavored with plum juice and walnuts, raw carp sliced, mashed fish, baked fish, isinglass, fish boiled with pickled beans, wine and rice again. This all came in the first course, and as a finale to the course, there was a sweetmeat composed of white and red bean jelly-cake and boiled black mushroom. With this came powdered tea, which had a green, monitory look, and suggested your earliest experiences in medicine.

It would be a mistake to suppose that this constituted the bill of fare of this extraordinary dinner—it embraced only the first course, out of twenty. When it was finished, two of the merchants came forward and read a complimentary address. Grant, in his short reply, after returning the compliments offered him, said that he took the dinner as a compliment coming, as it did, from the citizens of Nagasaki, entirely unofficial. "That," said he, "I take as an especial compliment, for while I am deeply gratified for all that your Government is doing to render my trip here agreeable and instructive, I have a peculiar pleasure in meeting those who are not in authority, who are the citizens of the country. I shall take away from Nagasaki the most grateful remembrances of your hospitality and the most pleasant recollections of the place."

This short speech-making being ended, they sat down to the second course, if possible, more complicated and extraordinary than the first, winding up with powdered tea and sweetmeats, composed of white and red bean jelly-cake and boiled black mushrooms. Human capacity has its limit, and is about the same in a king as a peasant, and it seemed to have reached its limit here when this second course was finished. A little time was needed to settle both before the third was entered upon, and all arose and sauntered out of doors, where they could look down upon the bay and the enfolding hills, over which the sweet and placid night was drawing its curtains. Grant could here enjoy the beautiful scene and his cigar at the same time.

A trailing line of mist rises from the town and slowly floats along the hillside, veiling the beauty upon which you have been dwelling all the afternoon. The green becomes gray, and on the tops there are purple shadows, and the shining waters of the bay become opaque. The ships swing at anchor, and you can see above the trim masts and primset spars of the "Richmond," the colors of America. The noble ship had sought a shelter near the further shore, and as you look a light ascends the rigging and gave token that those in command were setting the watches for the night. Nearer us, distinguishable from her white wheelhouse, rode the "Ashuelot," while ships of other lands doted the bay. As you look, a ball of fire shoots into the air and hangs pendant for a moment, and explodes into a mass of shooting, corruscating stars, and you know that our friends in the town are rejoicing over the presence of General Grant. From the other hills a flame breaks out and struggles a few moments, and becomes a steady asserting flame, and you know that this is a bonfire, and that the people have builded it to show

their joy. Other bonfires creep out of the blackness, for while you have been looking, night has come, and reigns over hill, and valley, and sea, and green has become black. Lines of light streak the town, and you see various decorations in lanterns, forming quaint shapes. One shapes itself into the flag of America, another into the flag of Japan, another into a triangle, another into a Japanese word—the word in red lanterns, surrounded by a border of white lanterns—and Mr. Yoshido translates the word to mean a sentiment in honor of General Grant. These lights in curious forms shoot up in all parts of the town, and you know that Nagasaki is illuminated, and that while here in this venerable temple the merchants have assembled to give us entertainment, the inhabitants are answering their hospitality with blazing tokens of approval. As you look below, on the streets around the temple, you see the crowd bearing lanterns, chattering, wondering, looking on, taking what comfort they can out of the festival in honor of the stranger within their gates. But the feast is not over and this quiet night scene must be abandoned for the dinner-table; candles have been brought into the old temple and placed on a pedestal before each table, while the walls have been draped during this hour's recess with rich silks, embroidered with gold and silver, and covered with curious legends of Japan.

The guests were scarcely seated, each at his own table, before the merchant hosts came in, bringing meats. They first advanced to the centre of the room to Grant, and, kneeling, pressed their foreheads to the floor, and then the course begins. There is no bread nor champagne to help a man along with this second course; instead, a liquor made of rice, which was poured out of a tea-pot into shallow lacquered saucers and drank like tea

in an old New England town. A soup composed of carp, and mushrooms, and aromatic herbs, comes in, but it is too late for soup to any but a Japanese, whose digestive organs seem made of an entirely different material from those of an American. Fish comes next, showing evidently that the dinner, so far as an American understands dinner, has got to be all gone over again. Then came sky-lark prepared with wheat-flour cake and gruel. Soup of buckwheat and egg-plant followed these. Grant looks at it, pushes it aside, and lights a cigar. This is a dish he understands and is not afraid of, and enjoys it as he looks out and sees the heavens ablaze with rockets, weaving their fiery net-work of white, red and blue over the summer sky. Now comes in a dish composed of sea fish, garnished with a sort of mushroon, the roots of the lily and pumpkin stems flavored, if it can be called flavoring, with arrow-root and horse-radish. Grant's investigations of these new dishes he keeps to himself and eats what he likes, and makes up for all deficiencies in a cigar.

More than four hours had now passed in trying to dispose of this Japanese dinner, when, to vary the entertainment, music was introduced. First came three girls, daughters of the merchants who have given the dinner, dressed in blue silk gowns, white collars and heavily-brocaded pearl-colored sashes, and play, the chief instrument being a sort of harpsichord. It is an overture, after which fourteen maidens enter, similarly dressed, and ranging themselves under the rich tapestry, play also, and sing in a monotonous tone, the song being carried forward by a solo singer, the rest coming in at the chorus. It is an original song, composed for the occasion, the theme being the glory of America and General Grant. When it was finished, twelve dancing-girls entered, clad

in crimson dresses, something like pantaloons, with trains attached, which trip them as they walked. But the director kept on his hands and knees, taking care that they did not entangle the legs while the dancers attended to their steps and graceful evolutions. After dancing this sort of minuet, accompanied by a monotonous, low thrumming upon the instruments, they filed out and a new set entered, wearing masks resembling a large doll's face, and carrying rattles and fans—the latter being used to keep time with. These were followed by four other performers in blue robes, trimmed with gold, and carrying long wands, entwined in gold and red, from which fell festoons of pink blosoms, and danced a pantomime. All this time the music kept playing no particular tune, yet all the same to Grant, who knew little of music except bugle-calls on the field of battle. The pantomime over, eight children, hardly big enough to walk, toddled in, dressed in white, embroidered in green and red, who went through with a dance, mingled with contortions supposed to resemble a dragon at play. But the feast was not over. Another course now came in. First came servants, bearing two trees, one of the pine, the other of the plum. The plum-tree was in full blossom. One of these was set on a small table in front of Mrs. Grant, the other in front of the General. Another decoration was a cherry-tree, surmounting a large basin, in which were living carp fish. The carp has an important position in the legends of Japan. It is the emblem of ambition and resolution.

But the description of this strange dinner in this old temple becomes as monotonous as the dinner itself, and how monotonous that must have been may be inferred from the single fact, that seven different kinds of soup were served, while in this country, it is considered ill-bred

to ask for even a second help of one soup. But dinners vary in different parts of the world, and one is reminded of the old Latin proverb, "*degustibus nil est disputandum*," for it becomes evident there can be no disputing of tastes in this world. Seven soups and twenty courses of food, with any quantity of rice liquor, one would think was enough. But the end was not yet. Fried snapper, a fish that has already been served up in a half a dozen different ways, with shrimps, eggs, egg-plants, mashed turnips come on, followed by five dishes of "shimedai," composed of strange ingredients, like the broth in the witches' cauldron. The last crowning glory of the feast was four dishes of sashimi, the striking delectable feature of which was, *live* fish brought in and sliced, and served while frisking about in the dish. After six or seven hours spent in trying to make away with what ought to have produced the Asiatic cholera, and which one wonders, as he goes over the bill of fare, is not a permanent national disease, the feast wound up with pears prepared with horse-radish, and wheat-flour cake, and powdered ice. The Japanese are not a large people, not nearly as large as they ought to be if they can spend seven hours in loading away such an astonishing amount of freight as this bill of fare includes. But it must not be supposed that General Grant quietly sat all this out, nibbling at the dishes or progging them to find what they were made of, for though he is called a stolid and imperturbable man, he is anything but a *patient one*. It is true his impatience does not exhibit itself in fretfulness of words and manner, but in quietly removing the cause and of taking himself out of the way of it. So, here long, ago he had left his table vacant, and retired to the hill-top, on which the temple stood, and with his cigar to soothe him, sat looking placidly off upon the slumbering sea, thinking, perhaps,

of the strange scenes around him, and through which he was passing, or the stirring events of his past life, or dreaming of some quiet home in the future in his native land.

"All this time the music is in full flow, and the lights of the town grow brighter with the shades of darkening night, and some of the company have long since taken refuge from the dinner in cigars, and over the low brick wall and in the recesses of the temple grounds, crowds begin to cluster and form, and below, at the foot of the steps, the crowd grows larger and larger, and you hear the buzz of the throng and the clinking of the lanterns of the chair-bearers, for the whole town was in festive mood, and high up in our open temple on our hillside we have become a show for the town. Well, that is only a small return for the measureless hospitality we have enjoyed, and if we can gratify an innocent curiosity, let us think of so much pleasure given in our way through the world. As we drove home through the illuminated town, brilliant with lanterns, and fire-works, and arches, and bonfires, it was felt that we had been honored by an entertainment such as we may never again expect to see."

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOKIO OR YEDO—LANDING IN YOKOHAMA—ARRIVAL AT TOKIO—ADDRESS TO GENERAL GRANT—HIS RESPONSE—A REFINEMENT OF COURTESY—THE FOURTH OF JULY THE DAY HE WAS RECEIVED BY THE EMPEROR—DRIVE TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE—DESCRIPTION OF IT—JAPANESE CABINET—THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS—ADDRESS OF THE EMPEROR—GENERAL GRANT'S REPLY—ADDRESS OF THE EMPRESS TO MRS. GRANT—THE LATTER'S RESPONSE—FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION—SPEECH OF MR. BINGHAM—REPLY OF GENERAL GRANT—ILLUMINATION—REVIEW OF THE JAPANESE ARMY—AN IMPERIAL BREAKFAST—A PRIVATE INTERVIEW BETWEEN GRANT AND THE EMPEROR.

BUT the great event in General Grant's visit to Japan was his reception at the capital, Tokio, as it is now called, but better known as Yedo, and in the old geographies, Jeddo. It lies at the head of the bay of the same name, and about twenty miles from Yokohama, the chief port of Japan. The scene which the harbor presented on the day of Grant's arrival, was one of the most brilliant ever witnessed.

"The day was clear and warm—a home July day tempered with the breezes of the sea. There were men-of-war of various nations in the harbor, and as the exact hour of the General's coming was known, everybody was on the lookout. At ten o'clock our Japanese convoy passed ahead and entered the harbor. At half-past ten the 'Richmond' steamed slowly in, followed by the 'Ashuelot.' As soon as the 'Monongahela' made out our flag, and especially the flag at the fore, which denoted the General's presence, her guns rolled out a salute. For a half hour the bay rang with the roar of cannon and was clouded with smoke. The 'Richmond' fired a salute

to the flag of Japan. The Japanese vessels, the French, the Russian, all fired gun after gun. Then came the official visits. Admiral Patterson and staff, the admirals and commanding officers of other fleets, Consul-General Van Buren, officers of the Japanese navy, blazing in uniform; the officers of the 'Richmond' were all in full uniform, and for an hour the deck of the flag-ship was a blaze of color and decoration. General Grant received the various dignitaries on the deck as they arrived.

"It was arranged that General Grant should land at noon. The foreign residents were anxious that the landing should be on the foreign concession, but the Japanese preferred that it should be in their own part of the city. At noon the imperial barge and the steam launch came alongside the 'Richmond.' General Grant, accompanied by Mrs. Grant, his son, Prince Date, Judge Bingham, Mr. Yoshida, Captain Benham Commander Johnson, Lieutenant Stevens, Dr. Bransford, Lieutenant May and Paymaster Thomson—the naval officers specially detailed to accompany him—passed over the side and went on the barge. As soon as General Grant entered the barge the 'Richmond' manned yards and fired a salute. In an instant, as if by magic, the Japanese, the French, the Russians, manned yards and fired salutes. The German ship hoisted the imperial standard, and the English vessel dressed ship. Amid the roar of cannon and the waving of flags the General's boat slowly moved to the shore. As he passed each of the saluting ships the General took off his hat and bowed, while the guards presented arms and the bands played the American national air. The scene was wonderfully grand—the roar of the cannon, the clouds of smoke wandering off over the waters—the stately noble vessels streaming with flags—the yards manned with seamen—the guards on deck—the officers

GRAND CANAL, YEDO.

in full uniform gathered on the quarterdeck to salute the General as he passed—the music and the cheers which came from the Japanese and the merchant ships—the crowds that clustered on the wharves—the city, and over all, a clear, mild July day, with grateful breezes ruffling the sea.

"It was rather a long way to the Admiralty pier, but at half-past twelve the General's boat came to the wharf. There in waiting were the princes, ministers and the high officials of the Japanese government. As the General landed, the Japanese band played the American airs and Iwakura, one of the prime ministers and perhaps the foremost statesman in Japan, advanced and shook his hands. The General had known Iwakura in America, and the greeting was that of old friends. There were also Ito, Inomoto and Tereshima, also members of the Cabinet; two princes of the imperial family and a retinue of officials. Mr. Yoshida presented the General and party to the Japanese, and a few moments were spent in conversation. Day fire-works were sent off at the moment of the landing—representations of the American and Japanese flags entwined. That, however, is the legend that greets you at every door-sill—the two flags entwined. The General and party, accompanied by the ministers and officials and the naval officers drove to the railway station. There was a special train in waiting, and at a quarter past one the party started for Tokio.

"The ride to Tokio, the capital of Japan, was a little less than an hour, over a smooth road, and through a pleasant, well-cultivated and apparently prosperous country. Our train being special, made no stoppage, but I observed as we passed the stations that they were clean and neat, and that the people had assembled to wave flags and bow as we whirled past. About two o'clock our train

entered the station. A large crowd was in waiting, mainly the merchants and principal citizens of Tokio. As the General descended from the train a committee of the citizens advanced and asked to read an address. The following was then read in Japanese by Mr. Fukuchi, and in English by Dr. McCartee:

"'SIR: On behalf of the people of Tokio, we beg to congratulate you on your safe arrival. How you crushed a rebellion and afterward ruled a nation in peace and righteousness is known over the whole world, and there is not a man in Japan who does not admire your high character and illustrious career. Although the great Pacific Ocean stretches for thousands of miles between your country and ours, your people are our next neighbors in the East, and, as it was chiefly through your initiative that we entered upon those relations, and that commerce with foreigners which have now attained such a flourishing condition, our countrymen have always cherished a good feeling for your people and look upon them more than on any other foreign nation as their true friends. Moreover, it was during the happy times of your presidency that the two countries became more closely acquainted and connected, and almost every improvement that has been made in our country may be traced to the example and lessons received from yours. For years past not only our minister, but any one of our countrymen who went to your country, was received with hospitality and courtesy. It is therefore impossible that our countrymen should now forbear from giving expression to their gratification and gratitude.

"Your visit to our shores is one of those rare events that happen once in a thousand years. The citizens of Tokio consider it a great honor that they have been afforded the opportunity of receiving you as their guest,

and they cherish the hope that this event will still more cement the friendship between the two nations in the future. We now offer you a hearty and respectful welcome.

"'THE TOKIO RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

"'*The 3d July, 1879.*'

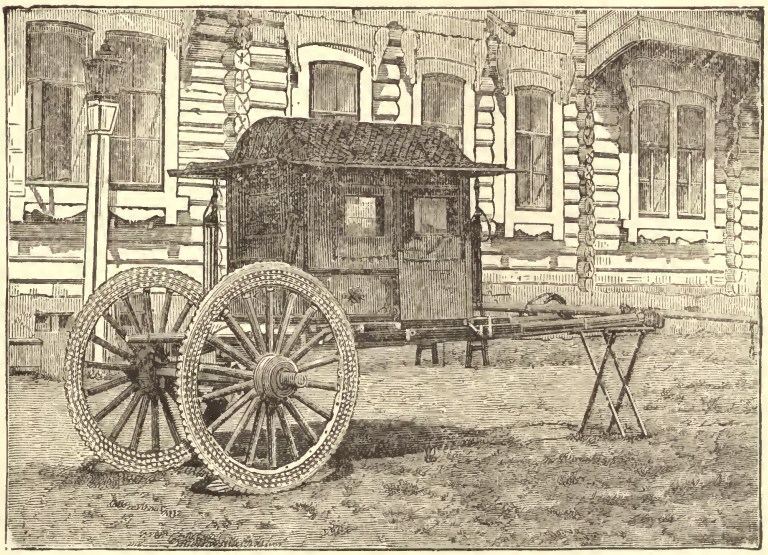
"General Grant said:

"'GENTLEMEN: I am very much obliged for this kind reception, and especially for your address. It affords me great pleasure to visit Tokio. I have been some days in Japan, having seen several points of interest in the interior and on the inland sea. I have been gratified to witness the prosperity and advancement of which I had heard so much, and in which my countrymen have taken so deep an interest. I am pleased to hear your kind expressions toward the United States. We have no sentiment there that is not friendly to Japan, that does not wish her prosperity and independence, and a continuance on her part of her noble policy. The knowledge that your country is prosperous and advancing is most gratifying to the people of the United States. It is my sincere wish that this friendship may never be broken. For this kind welcome to the capital of Japan I am again very much obliged.'

"At the close of the address, the General was led to his carriage—the private carriage of the emperor. As he stepped out, several Japanese officials met him; among others was His Excellency J. Pope Hennessy, the British Governor of Hong Kong, whose guest the General had been. The General shook hands warmly with the governor, who said he came as a British subject to be among those who welcomed General Grant to Japan. The General's carriage drove slowly in, surrounded by cavalry, through lines of infantry presenting arms, through

a dense mass of people, under an arch of flowers and evergreens, until amid the flourish of trumpets and the beating of drums, he descended at the house that had been prepared for his reception—the emperor's summer palace of Eurio Kwan.

"The Japanese, with a refinement of courtesy quite French in its way, were solicitous that General Grant should not have any special honors in Japan until he had



ROYAL CARRIAGE—JAPAN.

seen the emperor. It was felt that as the General was the guest of the nation he should be welcomed to the nation by its chief. They were also anxious that the reception should take place on the Fourth of July. Their imaginations had been impressed by the poetry of the idea of a reception to one who had been the head of the American nation, on the anniversary of American independence. But we discovered, as soon as we had left

Nagasaki, that our visit to Tokio was timed for the 3d of July, and for the reception at the palace on the Fourth. The hour was fixed at two o'clock.

"The day was very warm, although in our palace on the sea we have whatever breeze may be wandering over the Pacific Ocean. General Grant invited some of his naval friends to accompany him, and in answer to this invitation, Rear Admiral Patterson came, attended by Pay In-

JAPANESE SOLDIERS.

spector Thornton and Lieutenant Davenport, of his staff; Captain A. E. K. Banham, commanding the 'Richmond;' Captain Fitzhugh, commanding the 'Monongahela;' Commander Johnson, commanding the 'Ashuelot;' Lieutenant Springer and Lieutenant Kellogg. At half-past one Mr. Bingham, our minister, arrived, and the party immediately drove to the palace. The home of the emperor is a long distance from the home of the General.

The old palace was destroyed by fire, and Japan has had so many things to do, that she has not built a new one. The road to the palace was through the section of Tokio, where the old Daimios lived when they ruled Japan as feudal lords, and made their occasional visits to the capital. There seems to have been a good deal of Highland freedom in the manners of the old princes. Their town houses were really fortifications. A space was inclosed with walls, and against these walls chambers were built—rude chambers, like winter quarters for an army. In these winter quarters lived the retainers, the swordsmen and soldiers. In the centre of the inclosure, was the home of the lord himself, who lived in the midst of his people, like a general in camp, anxious to fight somebody, and disappointed if he returned to his home without a fight. A lord with hot-tempered followers, who had come from the restraints and amenities of home, to have a good time at the capital, and give the boys a chance to distinguish themselves and see the world, would not be a welcome neighbor. And as there were a great many such lords, and each had his army and his town fortress, the Daimio quarter became an important part of the capital. Some of the houses were more imposing than the palace—notably the house of the prince of Satsuma. There was an imposing gate, elaborately buttressed and strengthened, that looked quite Gothic in its rude splendor. These Daimio houses have been taken by the government for schools, for public offices, for various useful purposes. The Daimios no longer come with armies, and build camps and terrorize over their neighbors and rivals."

Grant's party drove through the Daimios' quarter and through the gates of the city. The first impression of Tokio is that it is a city of walls and canals. The walls

are crude and solid, protected by moats. In the days of pikemen and sword-bearers there could not have been a more effective defense Even now it would require an effort for even a German army to enter through these walls. They go back many generations. In these lands nothing is worth recording that is not a thousand years old. Passing under the walls of an inclosure, which was called a castle, they crossed another bridge, and came to a modest arched gateway, which did not look nearly as imposing as the entrance to the palace formerly occupied by the great Prince Satsuma. Soldiers were drawn up, and the band played "Hail Columbia." The carriages drove on past one or two modest buildings, and drew up in front of another modest building, on the steps of which the minister, Iwakura, was standing. The General and party descended, and were cordially welcomed and escorted up a narrow stairway into an anteroom.

When you have seen most of the available palaces in the world, from the glorious home of Aurungzebe to the depressing, mighty cloister of the Escurial, you are sure to have preconceived notions of what a palace should be, and to expect something unique and grand in the home of the long-hidden and sacred majesty of Japan.

The home of the emperor was as simple as that of a country gentleman at home. In fact, many country gentlemen with felicitous investments in petroleum and silver, would disdain the home of a prince who claims direct descent from Heaven, and whose line extends far beyond the Christian era. What marked the house was its simplicity and taste. You look for splendor, for the grand—at least, the grandiose—for some royal whim like the holy palace near the Escurial, which cost millions, or like Versailles, whose cost is among the eternal mysteries. Here you are in a suite of plain rooms, the ceilings of wood,

the walls decorated with natural scenery—the furniture sufficient, but not crowded—and exquisite in style and finish. There is no pretence of architectural emotion. The rooms are large, airy, with a sense of summer about them, which grows stronger as one looks out of the window and down the avenues of trees. The grounds are spacious and fine, even for Japan, and His Majesty, who rarely goes outside of his palace grounds, takes what recreation he needs within the walls.

"The palace is a low building, one, or at most, two stories in height. They do not build high walls in Japan, and especially in Tokio, where earthquakes are ordinary incidents, and the first question to consider in building up is how far you can fall. We enter a room where all the ministers are assembled. The Japanese Cabinet is a famous body, and tested by laws of physiognomy would compare with that of any cabinet I have seen. The prime minister is a striking character. He is small, slender, with an almost girl-like figure, delicate, clean cut, winning features, a face that might be that of a boy of twenty or a man of fifty. The prime minister reminded me of Alexander H. Stephens in his frail, slender frame, but it bloomed with health and lacked the sad, pathetic lines which tell of the years of suffering which Stephens has endured, The other ministers looked like strong, able men. Iwakura has a striking face, with lines showing firmness and decision, and you saw the scar which marked the attempt of the assassin to cut him down and slay him, as Okubo, the greatest of Japanese statesmen was slain not many months ago. That assassination made as deep an impression in Japan as the killing of Lincoln did in America. We saw the spot where the murder was done on our way to the palace, and my Japanese friend who pointed it out, spoke in low

tones of sorrow and affection, and said the crime there committed had been an irreparable loss to Japan.

"A lord in waiting, heavily braided, with a uniform that Louis XIV would not have disliked in Versailles, comes softly in and makes a signal, leading the way. The General, and Mrs. Grant escorted by Mr. Bingham, and our retinue followed. The General and the minister were in evening dress. The naval officers were in full uniform, Colonel Grant wearing the uniform of lieutenant-colonel. We walked along a short passage and entered another room, at the farther end of which were standing the emperor and the empress. Two ladies in waiting were near them in a sitting, what appeared to be a crouching, attitude. Two other princesses were standing. These were the only occupants of the room. Our party slowly advanced, the Japanese making a profound obesiance, bending the head almost to a right angle with the body. The royal princes formed in line near the emperor, along with the princesses. The emperor stood quite motionless, apparently unobservant or unconscious of the homage that was paid him. He is a young man with a slender figure, taller than the average Japanese and of about the middle height, according to our ideas. He has a striking face, with a mouth and lips that remind you something of the traditional mouth of the Hapsburg family. The forehead is full and narrow, the hair and the light mustache and beard intensely black. The color of the hair darkens what otherwise might pass for a swarthy countenance at home. The face expressed no feeling whatever, and but for the dark, glowing eye, which was bent full upon the General, you might have taken the imperial group for statues. The empress, at his side, wore the Japanese costume, rich and plain. Her face was very white, and her form slender and almost

child-like. Her hair was combed plainly and braided with a gold arrow. The emperor and empress have agreeable faces, the emperor especially showing firmness and kindness. The solemn etiquette that pervaded the audience chamber was peculiar, and might appear strange to those familiar with the stately but cordial manners of a European court. But one must remember that the emperor holds so high and so sacred a place in the traditions, the religion and the political system of Japan that even the ceremony of to-day is so far in advance of anything of the kind ever known in Japan that it might be called a revolution. The emperor, for instance, as our group was formed, advanced and shook hands with the General."

Says the correspondent: "That seems a trivial thing to write about, but such an incident was never known in the history of Japanese majesty. Many of these details may appear small, but we are in the presence of an old and romantic civilization, slowly giving way to the fierce, feverish pressure of European ideas, and you can only note the change in those incidents which would be unnoticed in other lands. The incident of the emperor of Japan advancing toward General Grant and shaking hands, becomes a historic event of consequence, and as such I note it. The manner of the emperor was constrained, almost awkward, the manner of a man doing a thing for the first time, and trying to do it as well as possible. After he had shaken hands with the General, he returned to his place, and stood with his hand resting on his sword, looking on at the brilliant, embroidered, gilded company, as though unconscious of their presence. Mr. Bingham advanced and bowed, and received just the faintest nod in recognition. The other members of the party were each presented by the minister, and each

one standing about a dozen feet from the emperor, stood and bowed. Then the General and Mrs. Grant were presented to the princesses, each party bowing to the other in silence. The emperor then made a signal to one of the noblemen, who advanced. The emperor spoke to him for a few moments in a low tone, the nobleman standing with bowed head. When the emperor had finished, the nobleman advanced to the General, and said he was commanded by His Majesty to read him the following address:

"Your name has been known to us for a long time, and we are highly gratified to see you. While holding the high office of President of the United States, you extended toward our countrymen especial kindness and courtesy. When our ambassador, Iwakura, visited the United States, he received the greatest kindness from you. The kindness thus shown by you has always been remembered by us. In your travels around the world, you have reached this country, and our people of all classes feel gratified and happy to receive you. We trust that during your sojourn in our country, you may find much to enjoy. It gives me sincere pleasure to receive you, and we are especially gratified that we have been able to do so on the anniversary of American independence. We congratulate you, also, on the occasion.'

"This address was read in English. At its close General Grant said:

"'YOUR MAJESTY—I am very grateful for the welcome you accord me here to-day, and for the great kindness with which I have been received, ever since I came to Japan, by your government and your people. I recognize in this a feeling of friendship toward my country. I can assure you that this feeling is reciprocated by the United States; that our people, without regard to party,

take the deepest interest in all that concerns Japan, and have the warmest wishes for her welfare. I am happy to be able to express that sentiment. America is your next neighbor, and will always give Japan sympathy and support in her efforts to advance. I again thank Your Majesty for your hospitality, and wish you a long and happy reign, and for your people prosperity and independence.'

"At the conclusion of this address, which was extempore, the lord advanced, and translated it to His Majesty Then the emperor made a sign, and said a few words to the nobleman. He came to the side of Mrs. Grant and said the empress had commanded him to translate the following address:

"'I congratulate you upon your safe arrival after your long journey. I presume you have seen very many interesting places. I fear you will find many things uncomfortable here, because the customs of the country are so different from other countries. I hope you will prolong your stay in Japan, and that the present warm days may occasion you no inconvenience.'

"Mrs. Grant, pausing a moment, said in a low, conversational tone of voice, with animation and feeling:

"'I thank you very much. I have visited many countries, and have seen many beautiful places, but I have seen none so beautiful or so charming as Japan.'

"All day during the Fourth, visitors poured in on the General. The reception of so many distinguished statesmen and officials, reminded one of state occasions at the White House. Princes of the Imperial family, princesses, the members of the cabinet, and citizens, and high officials, naval officers, ministers and consuls, all came; and carriages were constantly coming and going. In the evening there was a party at one of the summer gardens, given by the American residents, in honor of the Fourth

of July. The General arrived at half-past eight, and was presented to the American residents by Mr. Bingham, the minister. At the close of the presentation, Mr. Bingham made a brief, but singularly eloquent address. Standing in front of the General, and speaking in a low, measured tone of voice, scarcely above conversational pitch, the minister, after words of welcome, said.

"'In common with all Americans we are not unmindful that in the supreme moment of our national trials, when our heavens were filled with darkness, and our habitations were filled with dead, you stood with our defenders in the forefront of the conflict and with them, amid the consuming fires of battle, achieved the victory which brought deliverance to our imperilled country. To found a great commonwealth or to save from overthrow a great commonwealth already founded, is considered to be the greatest of human achievements. If it was not your good fortune to aid Washington, first of Americans and foremost of men, and his peerless associates in founding the Republic; it was given to you above all others to aid in the no less honorable work of saving the Republic from overthrow.' Mr. Bingham continued his speech, saying: 'Now that the sickle has fallen from the pale hand of Death on the field of mortal combat, and the places which but yesterday were blackened and blasted by war have grown green and beautiful under the hand of peaceful toil; now that the Republic, one and undivided, is covered with the greatness of justice, protecting each by the combined power of all—men of every land and every tongue—the world, appreciating the fact that your civic and military services largely contributed to these results, so essential not only to the interests of our own country, but to the interests of the human race, have accorded to you such honors as never before within the range of

authentic history have been given to a living, untitled and unofficial person. I may venture to say that this grateful recognition of your services will not be limited to the present generation or the present age, but will continue through all the ages. In conclusion I beg leave again to bid you welcome to Japan, and to express the wish that in health and prosperity you may return to your native land, the land which we all love so well.'

"In response, General Grant said:

"'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am unable to answer the eloquent speech of Judge Bingham, as it is in so many senses personal to myself. I can only thank him for his too flattering allusions to me personally and the duty devolving on me during the late war. We had a great war. We had a trial that summoned forth the energies and patriotism of all our people—in the army alone over a million. In awarding credit for the success that crowned those efforts there is not one in that million, not one among the living or the dead, who did not do his share as I did mine, and who does not deserve as much credit. It fell to my lot to command the armies. There were many others who could have commanded the armies better. But I did my best, and we all did our best, and in the fact that it was a struggle on the part of the people for the Union, for the country, for a country for themselves and their children, we have the best assurances of peace and the best reason for gratification over the result. We are strong and free because the people made us so. I trust we may long continue so. I think we have no issues, no questions that need give us embarrassment. I look forward to peace, to generations of peace, and with peace prosperity. I never felt more confident of the future of our country. It is a great country—a great blessing to us—and we cannot be too proud of it, too

zealous for its honor, too anxious to develop its resources, and make it not only a home for our children, but for the worthy people of other lands. I am glad to meet you here, and I trust that your labors will be prosperous, and that you will return home in health and happiness. I trust we may all meet again at home and be able to celebrate our Fourth of July as pleasantly as we do to-night.'

"Dr. McCartee, who presided, made a short address, proposing as a toast, 'The day we celebrate.' To this General Van Buren made a patriotic and ringing response, making amusing references to Fourth of July celebrations at home, and paying a tribute to the character and military career of General Grant. General Van Buren's address was loudly applauded, as were also other speeches of a patriotic character. There were fire-works and feasting, and after the General and Mrs. Grant retired, which they did at midnight, there was dancing. It was well on to the morning before the members of the American colony in Tokio grew weary of celebrating the anniversary of our Declaration of Independence.

"The morning of the 7th of July was set apart by the emperor for a review of the troops. Japan has made important advances in the military art. One of the effects of the revolution which brought the mikado out of his retirement as spiritual chief of the nation, and proclaimed him the absolute temporal sovereign, was the employment of foreign officers to drill and instruct the troops, teach them European tactics and organize an army. It is a question whether a revolution which brings a nation out of a condition of dormant peace, in which Japan existed for so many centuries, so far as the outer world is concerned, into line with the great military nations, is a step in the path of progress. But an army in Japan was necessary to support the central power, suppress the

Daimios' clans, whose strifes kept the land in a fever, and insure some degree of respect from the outside world. It is the painful fact in this glorious nineteenth century, which has done so much to elevate and strengthen, and so on, that no advancement is sure without gunpowder. The glorious march of our civilization has been through battle-smoke, and when Japan threw off the repose and dream-life of centuries, and came into the wakeful, vigilant, active world, she saw that she must arm, just as China begins to see that she must arm. The military side of Japanese civilization does not interest me, and I went to the review with a feeling that I was to see an incongruous thing, something that did not belong to Japan, that was out of place amid so much beauty and art. The Japanese themselves think so, but Europe is here with a mailed hand, and Japan must mail her own, or be crushed in the grasp.

"The Emperor of Japan is fond of his army, and was more anxious to show it to General Grant than any other institution in the empire. Great preparations had been made to have it in readiness, and all Tokio was out to see the pageant. The review of the army by the emperor in itself is an event that causes a sensation. But the review of the army by the emperor and the General was an event which had no precedent in Japanese history. The hour for the review was nine, and at half-past eight the clatter of horsemen and the sound of bugles was heard in the palace grounds. In a few moments the emperor's state carriage drove up, the drivers in scarlet livery and the panels decorated with the imperial flower, the chrysanthemum. General Grant entered, accompanied by Prince Dati, and the cavalry formed a hollow-square, and our procession moved on to the field at a slow pace. A drive of twenty minutes brought us to the

parade-ground, a large, open plain, the soldiers in line, and behind the soldiers a dense mass of people—men, women and children. As the General's procession slowly turned into the parade-ground, a group of Japanese officers rode up and saluted, the band played 'Hail Columbia,' and the soldiers presented arms. Two tents had been arranged for the reception of the guests. In the larger of the two we found assembled officers of state, representatives of foreign powers, Governor Hennessy, of Hong Kong, all in bright, glowing uniforms. The smaller tent was for the emperor. When the General dismounted he was met by the minister of war, and escorted into the smaller tent. In a few minutes the trumpets gave token that the emperor was coming, and the band played the Japanese national air. His Majesty was in a state carriage, surrounded with horsemen and accompanied by one of his cabinet. As the emperor drove up to the tent, General Grant advanced to the carriage-steps and shook hands with him, and they entered and remained a few minutes in conversation.

"At the close of the review General Grant and party drove off the ground in state, and were taken to the Shila Palace. This palace is near the sea, and as the grounds are beautiful and attractive, it was thought best that the breakfast to be given to General Grant by His Majesty should take place here. The emperor received the General and party in a large, plainly-furnished room, and led the way to another room, where the table was set. The decorations of the table were sumptuous and royal. General Grant sat on one side of the emperor, whose place was in the centre. Opposite was Mrs. Grant, who sat next to Prince Arinagawa, the nearest relative to the emperor and the commander-in-chief of the army."

A large number of distinguished men and officials were

also guests. "General Saigo, Minister of War; Vice-Admiral Kawamusa, Minister of Marine; Mr. Inonye, Minister of Public Works; Mr. Tokadaifi, Minister of the Imperial Household; Mr. Mori, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs; Mr. Yoshida, Envoy to the United States; Mr. Sagi, Vice-Minister of the Imperial Household; Mr. Yoshie, Chief Chamberlain; Mr. Bojo, Master of Ceremonies; Prince Hachisuka, Prince Dati, Mr. Insanmi Naboshima, Mr. Bingham and Mrs. Bingham; Ho-a-Chang, the Chinese Minister; Mr. Mariano Alvaray, Spanish Charge d'Affaires; Baron Rozen, Russian Charge d' Affaires; M. de Balloy, French Charge d'Affaires; Governor Pope Hennessy and Mrs. Hennessy.

"The emperor conversed a great deal with General Grant through Mr. Yoshida and also Governor Hennessy. His Majesty expressed a desire to have a private and friendly conference with the General, which it was arranged should take place after the General's return from Nikko. The feast lasted for a couple of hours, and the view from the table was charming. Beneath the window was a lake, and the banks were bordered with grass and trees. Cool winds came from the sea, and, although in the heart of a great capital, we were as secluded as in a forest. At the close of the breakfast cigars were brought and the company adjourned to another room. Mrs. Grant had a long conversation with the princesses, and was charmed with their grace, their accomplishments, their simplicity and their quiet, refined Oriental beauty. At three o'clock the imperial party withdrew and we drove home to our palace by the sea."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOME SET APART FOR GENERAL GRANT—DESCRIPTION OF THE PALACE—ITS GARDENS—GRANT'S DAILY LIFE HERE—PALACE ECONOMIES—SUMMER-HOUSES—COURTESIES AND CEREMONIES—AN EARTHQUAKE—INTRODUCTION OF THE CHOLERA—THE EMPEROR TAKES BREAKFAST WITH GENERAL GRANT—TALK ABOUT JAPAN—A REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT—EUROPEAN POLICY IN THE EAST—STATESMANLIKE VIEWS OF GRANT—THE QUESTIONS OF FOO-CHOO—EDUCATION IN JAPAN—GRANT AS A PEACE-MAKER.

THE palace of Enriokwan, which the emperor had set apart for General Grant during his stay in the imperial capital, was one of the homes of the tycoon, but now belongs to the emperor, and yet has nothing of Oriental magnificence about it.

"You approach the grounds over a dusty road that runs by the side of a canal. The canal is sometimes in an oozing condition, and boats are held in the mud. You cross a bridge and enter a low gateway, and, going a a few paces, enter another gateway. Here is a guard-house, with soldiers on guard and lolling about on benches waiting for the bugle to summon them to offices of ceremony. There is a good deal of ceremony in Enriokwan, with the constant coming and going of great people, and no sound is more familiar than the sound of the bugle. You pass the guard-house and go down a pebbled way to a low, one-story building, with wings. This is the Palace of Enriokwan. Over the door is the crysanthemum, the emperor's special flower.

"The main building is a series of reception-rooms, in

various styles of decoration, notably Japanese. There are eight different rooms in all, in any one of which you may receive your friends. General Grant uses the small room to the left of the hall as you enter. On ceremonial occasions he uses the main saloon, which extends one-half the length of the palace. Here a hundred people could be entertained with ease. This room is a beautiful specimen of Japanese decorative art, and you never become so familiar with it that there are not constant surprises in the way of color or form of design. Each of the rooms is decorated differently from the others. The apartments of General Grant and party are in one wing, the dining-room, billiard-room and the apartments of the Japanese officials in attendance in the other wing. Around the palace is a veranda, with growing flowers in profusion and swinging lanterns. The beauty of the palace is not in its architecture, which is plain and inexpressive, but in the taste which marks the most minute detail of decoration and in the arrangement of the grounds.

"Enriokwan is an island. On one side is a canal and embanked walls, on the other side the ocean. Although in an ancient and populous city, surrounded by a teeming, busy metropolis you feel as you pass into Enriokwan that that you are as secure as in a fortress and as secluded as in a forest. The grounds are large and remarkable for the beauty and finish of the landscape gardening. In the art of gardening, Japan excels the world, and I have seen no more attractive specimen than the grounds of Enriokwan. Roads, flower-beds, lakes, bridges, artificial mounds, creeks overhung with sedgy overgrowths, lawns, boats, bowers, over which vines are trailing, summer-houses, all combine to give comfort to Enriokwan. If you sit on this veranda, under the columns where the

General sits every evening, you look out upon a ripe and perfect landscape, dowered with green. If you walk into the grounds a few minutes you pass a gate—an inner gate, which is locked at night—and come to a lake, on the banks of which is a Japanese summer-house. The lake is artificial and fed from the sea. You cross a bridge and come to another summer-house. Here are two boats tied up, with the imperial crysanthemum emblazoned on their bows. These are the private boats of the emperor, and if you care for a pull you can row across and lose yourself in one of the creeks. You ascend a grassy mound, however, not more than forty feet high. Steps are cut in the side of the mound, and when you reach the summit you see beneath you the waves and before you the ocean. The sea at this point forms a bay. When the tides are down and the waves are calm you see fishermen wading about seeking shells and shell-fish. When the tides are up the boats sail near the shore, and sometimes as you are strolling under the trees you look up and see through the foliage a sail float past you, firm and steady and bending to the breeze.

"What impresses you as you look at Enriokwan from the summit of your mound, is its complete seclusion. The tycoons, when they came to rest and breathe a summer air tempered by the sea, evidently wished to be away from the world, and here they could lead a sheltered life. It is a place for contemplation and repose. You can walk about in the grounds until you are weary, and if you take pleasure in grasses and shrubbery and wonderful old trees, gnarled and bending under the burden of immemorial years, every step will be full of interest. You can climb your mound and commence with the sea—the ships going and com-

ing, the fishermen on the beach, the waves that sweep on and on. If you want to fish, you will find poetry of fishing in Enriokwan, for servants float about you and bait your hook and guard what you catch, and you have no work or trouble or worms to finger, no scales to pick from your hands. If you care to read or write, you can find seclusion in one of the summer-houses. If it is evening, after dinner, you can come and smoke or wander around under the trees and look at the effect of the moonlight on the sea or the lake. Whatever you do or wherever you go you have over you the sense of protection. Our hosts are so kind that we cannot leave the palace without an escort. You stroll off with a naval friend from one of the ships to show the grounds or hear the last gossip from the hospitable ward-rooms of the 'Ashuelot' or 'Richmond.' Behind you comes a couple of servants, who seem to rise out of the ground as it were. They come unbidden and carry trays bearing water and wine or cigars.

"If you go into into one of the summer-houses they stand on guard, and if you go on the lake they await your return. The sense of being always under observation was at first oppressive. You felt that you were giving trouble. You did not want to have the responsibility of dragging other people after you. You especially did not care about the trays laden with wine. But the custom belongs to Enriokwan, and in time you become used to it and unconscious of your retinues.

"You wonder at the number of servants about you—servants for everything. There, for instance, is a gardener working over a tree. The tree is one of the dwarf species that you see in Japan—one of the eccentricities of landscape gardening—and this gardener files and clips and adorns his tree as carefully as a lapidary burnishing

a gem. 'There has been work enough done on that tree,' said the General, 'since I have been here to raise all the food a small family would require during the winter.' Labor, the General thinks, is too good a thing to be misapplied, and when the result of the labor is a plum-tree that you could put on your dinner-table, or a peach-tree in fruition that might go into a water-goblet, he is apt to regard it as misapplied. Here are a dozen men in blue cotton dress working at a lawn. I suppose in a week they would do as much as a handy Yankee boy could achieve in a morning with a lawn mower. Your Japanese workman sits down over his meadow, or his flower-bed, or his bit of road, as though it were a web of silk he was embroidering. Other men in blue are fishing. The waters of the lake come in with the tides, and the fish that come do not return, and much of our food is found here. The sprinkling of the lawns and the roads is always a serious task and takes quite an army for a good part of the afternoon. One of the necessities of palace economy is that you have ten times as many about you to do service as you want, and ways must be found to keep them busy.

"The summer-houses by the lake are worthy of study. Japan has taught the world the beauty of clean, fine grained natural wood and the fallacy of glass and paint. I am writing these lines in one of these houses—the first you meet as you come to the lake. Nothing could be more simple and at the same time more tasteful. It is one room, with grooves for a partition should you wish to make it two rooms. The floor is covered with a fine, closely-woven mat of bamboo strips. Over the mat is thrown a rug, in which black and brown predominate. The walls looking out to the lake are a series of frames that can be taken out—lattice work of small squares,

covered with paper. The ceiling is plain, unvarnished wood. There are a few shelves, with vases, blue and white pottery, containing growing plants and flowers. There are two tables, and their only furniture a large box of gilded lacquer, for stationery, and a smaller one, containing cigars. These boxes are of exquisite workmanship, and the gold chrysanthemum indicates the imperial ownership. I have described this house in detail because it is a type of all the houses that I have seen in the palace grounds, not only at Enriokwan but elsewhere in Japan. It shows taste and economy. Everything about it is wholesome and clean, the workmanship true and minute, with no tawdry appliances to distract or offend the eye.

"Our life in Enriokwan is very quiet. The weather has been such that going out during the day is a discomfort. During the day there are ceremonies, calls from Japanese and foreign officials, papers to read, visits to make. If the evening is free the General has a dinner-party—sometimes small, sometimes large. To-night it will be the royal princes, to-morrow the prime ministers, on other evenings other Japanese of rank and station. Sometimes we have Admiral Patterson or officers from the fleet. Sometimes Mr. Bingham and his family. Governor Hennessy, the British Governor of Hong Kong has been here during a part of our stay. General Grant was the guest of the governor during his residence in Hong Kong and formed a high opinion of the governor's genius and character. The governor is a frequent visitor at Enriokwhan, and no man is more welcome to the General. Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida and some other Japanese officials live at Enriokwan and form a part of our family. They represent the emperor and remain with the General to serve him and make his stay as pleasant as possible. Nothing could be more considerate or cour-

teous or hospitable than the kindness of our Japanese friends. Sometimes we have merchants from the bazaars with all kinds of curious and useful things to sell.

"Sometimes a fancy for curiosities takes possession of some of the party, and the result is an afternoon's prowl about the shops in Tokio, and the purchase of a sword, or a spear, or a bow and arrows. The bazaars of Tokio teem with beautiful works of art, and the temptation to go back laden with achievements in porcelain and lacquer is too great to be resisted, unless your will is under the control of material influences too sordid to be dwelt upon. Sometimes we have special and unique excitements, such as was vouchsafed to us a few evenings since. Our party was at dinner—an informal dinner—with no guests except our Japanese friends and Governor Hennessy. While dining there was a slight thunder-storm, which gave some life to the baked and burning atmosphere. Suddenly we heard an unusual noise—a noise like the rattling of plates in a pantry. The lanterns vibrated, and there was a tremulous movement of the water and wine in our glasses. I do not think we should have regarded it as anything else than an effect of the thunder-storm, but for Governor Hennessy. 'That,' he said, 'is an earthquake.' While he spoke the phenomenon was repeated, and we plainly distinguished the shock."

The cholera had been introduced into Japan by a German ship, whose commander insisted on coming into port with the disease on board against the remonstance of the Japanese Government. The captain declared that under the treaty made with the foreign powers the latter alone could decide as to what vessel should enter a Japanese port, and sailed in and sent the cholera ashore to decimate the population.

When the Japanese authorities, indignant and grieved

at the outrage, asked Grant what they ought to have done, after their remonstrance was treated with such contempt, he replied: "*You ought to have fired on the vessel;*" and every American will say that in that answer he represented the American people. Of course, this epidemic raging through the islands, restricted Grant's movements, and he kept very quiet at Enriokwan, which the emperor had set apart for his special residence while he remained at the capital, and yet every day had its amusements and receptions, and the correspondent says:

"We read, and write, and walk about the grounds, and fish, and set up late at nights on the veranda, talking about home, about the East, about our travels, about Japan. Japan itself grows upon us more and more, as a most interesting study. The opportunities for studying the country, its policy, the aims of its rulers, its government and its diplomacy, have been very great. In this palace which I have been describing, there took place yesterday, one of the most important events in the modern history of Japan—a long personal interview between General Grant and the emperor. The circumstance that an ex-President of the United States should converse with the chief of a friendly nation, is not in itself an important event. But when you consider the position of the emperor among his subjects, the traditions of his house and his throne, you will see the value of this meeting, and the revolution it makes in the history of Japan. The imperial family is, in descent, the most ancient in the world. It goes back in direct line to six hundred and sixty years before Christ. For more than twenty-five centuries, this line has continued unbroken, and the present sovereign is the one hundred and twenty-third of his line. The position of mikado has always been unique in Japan. For centuries the emperors lived in seclu-

sion at Kiyoto. The mikado was a holy being. No one was allowed to look upon his face. He had no family name, because his dynasty being unending he needed none. During his life he was revered as a god. When he died he was translated into the celestial presence. Within ten years it was not proper that even his sacred name should be spoken. That is now permitted, but even now you cannot buy a photograph of the mikado. It is not proper that his subjects should look upon his face. When he first received a foreign ambassador (in 1868), his prime minister knelt at his side, while his nobles sat around on mats where they could not see him.

"The first audience of General Grant with the emperor, on the Fourth of July, was stately and formal. The emperor, before our return from Nikko, sent a message to the General that he desired to see him informally. Many little courtesies had been exchanged between the empress and Mrs. Grant, and the emperor himself, through his noblemen and ministers, kept a constant watch over the General's comfort. General Grant returned answer that he was entirely at the pleasure of His Majesty. It was arranged, consequently, that on the 10th of August, the emperor would come to the palace of Enriokwan.

"The day was very warm, and at half-past ten a message came that the emperor had arrived, and was awaiting the General in the little summer-house on the banks of the lake. The General, accompanied by Colonel Grant, Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida and the writer, left the palace and proceeded to the summer-house. Colonel Grant wore the uniform of his rank. The remainder of the party were in morning costume. We passed under the trees, and toward the bridge. The imperial carriage had been hauled up under the shade of the trees, and the

horses taken out. The guards, attendants, cavalrymen, who had accompanied the sovereign, were all seeking the shelter of the grove. We crossed the bridge and entered the summer-house. Preparations had been made for the emperor, but they were very simple. Porcelain flower-pots, with flowers, and ferns, and shrubbery, were scattered about the room. One or two screens had been introduced. In the centre of the room was a table, with chairs around it. Behind one of the screens was another table, near the window, which looked into the lake. As the General entered, the prime minister and the minister of the imperial household advanced, and welcomed him. Then, after a pause, we passed behind the screen, and were in the presence of the emperor. His Majesty was standing before the table in undress uniform, wearing only the ribbon of his order. General Grant advanced, and the emperor shook hands with him. To the rest of the party, he simply bowed, Mr. Yoshida acted as interpreter. There was a pause, when the emperor said:

"'I have heard of many of the things you have said to my ministers in reference to Japan. You have seen the country and the people. I am anxious to speak with you on these subjects, and am scrry I have not had an opportunity earlier.'

"General Grant said he was entirely at the service of the emperor, and was glad indeed to see him and thank His Majesty for all the kindness he had received in Japan. He might say that no one outside of Japan had a higher interest in the country or a more sincere friendship for its people.

"A question was asked which brought up the subject now paramount in political discussions in Japan—the granting of an assembly and legislative functions to the people.

"General Grant said that this question seemed to be the only one about which there was much feeling in Japan, the only one he had observed. It was a question to be considered with great care. No one could doubt that governments became stronger and nations more prosperous as they became representative of the people. This was also true of monarchies, and no monarchs were as strong as those who depended upon a parliament. No one could doubt that a legislative system would be an advantage to Japan, but the question of when and how to grant it would require careful consideration. That needed a clearer knowledge of the country than he had time to acquire. It should be remembered that rights of this kind—rights of suffrage and representation—once given could not be withdrawn. They should be given gradually. An elective assembly, to meet in Tokio, and discuss all questions with the ministry might be an advantage. Such an assembly should not have legislative power at the outset. This seemed to the General to be the first step. The rest would come as a result of the admirable system of education which he saw in Japan.

"An expression of gratification at the treaty between Japan and the United States, which gave Japan the right to manage her own commerce, led to a conversation about foreign policy in Asia. 'Nothing,' said the General, 'has been of more interest to me than the study of the growth of European and foreign influence in Asia. When I was in India I saw what England had done with that empire. I think the British rule is for the advantage of the Indian people. I do not see what could take the place of British power but anarchy. There were some things to regret, perhaps, but a great deal to admire in the manner in which India was governed. But since I

left India I have seen things that made my blood boil, in the way the European powers attempt to degrade the Asiatic nations. I would not believe such a policy possible. It seems to have no other aim than the extinction of the independence of the Asiatic nations. On that subject I feel strongly, and in all that I have written to friends at home I have spoken strongly. I feel so about Japan and China. It seems incredible that rights which at home we regard as essential to our independence and to our national existence, which no European nation, no matter how small, would surrender, are denied to China and Japan. Among these rights there is none so important as the right to control commerce. A nation's life may often depend upon her commerce, and she is entitled to all the profit that can come out of it. Japan especially seems to me in a position where the control of her commerce would enable her statesmen to relieve the people of one great burden—the land tax. The effect of so great a tax is to impoverish the people and limit agriculture. When the farmer must give a half of his crop for taxes he is not apt to raise more than will keep him alive. If the land tax could be lessened I have no doubt that agriculture would increase in Japan, and the increase would make the people richer, make them buy and consume more, and thus in the end benefit commerce as well. It seems to me that if the commerce of Japan were made to yield its proportion of the revenue, as the commerce of England, and France, and the United States, this tax could be lessened. I am glad the American Government made the treaty. I hope other powers will assent to it. But whether or not, I think I know the American people well enough to say that they have, without distinction of party, the warmest wish for the independence of Japan. We have great interests in the Pa-

cific, but we have none that are inconsistent with the independence of these nations.'

"Another subject which arose in the course of the conversation was national indebtedness. General Grant said that there was nothing which Japan should avoid more strenuously than incurring debts to European nations. So long as the government borrowed from its own people it was well. But loans from foreign powers were always attended with danger and humiliation. Japan could not go into a European money-market and make a loan that would be of an advantage to her. The experience of Egypt was a lesson. Egypt was allowed to borrow to the right and left, to incur an enormous debt. The result is that Egypt has been made a dependency of her creditors. Turkey owed much of her trouble to the same cause. A country like Japan has all the money she wants for her own affairs, and any attempt to bring her into indebtedness to foreign powers would only be to lead her into the abyss into which Egypt has fallen.

"The General spoke to the emperor on this question with great earnestness. When he had concluded he said there was another matter about which he had an equal concern. When he was in China he had been requested by the prince regent and the viceroy of Tientsin to use his good offices with the Japanese Government on the question of Loochoo. The matter was one about which he would rather not have troubled himself, as it belonged to diplomacy and governments, and he was not a diplomatist and not in government. At the same time he could not ignore a request made in the interest of peace. The General said he had read with great care and had heard with attention all the arguments on the Loochoo question from the Chinese and Japanese sides. As to the

merits of the controversy, it would be hardly becoming in him to express an opinion. He recognized the difficulties that surrounded Japan. But China evidently felt hurt and sore. She felt that she had not received the consideration due to her. It seemed to the General that His Majesty should strive to remove that feeling, even if in doing so it was necessary to make sacrifices. The General was thoroughly satisfied that China and Japan should make such sacrifices as would settle all questions between them, and become friends and allies, without consultation with foreign powers. He had urged this upon the Chinese Government, and he was glad to have the opportunity of saying the same to the emperor. China and Japan are now the only two countries left in the great East of any power or resources of people to become great—that are even partially independent of European dictation and laws. The General wished to see them both advance to entire independence, with the power to maintain it. Japan is rapidly approaching such a position, and China had the ability and the intelligence to do the same thing.

"The prime minister said that Japan felt the most friendly feelings toward China, and valued the friendship of that nation very highly, and would do what she could without yielding her dignity to preserve the best relations.

"General Grant said he could not speak too earnestly to the emperor on this subject, because he felt earnestly. He knew of nothing that would give him greater pleasure than to be able to leave Japan, as he would in a very short time, feeling that between China and Japan there was entire friendship. Other counsels would be given to His Majesty, because there were powerful influences in the East fanning trouble between China and Japan. One could not fail to see these influences, and the General

said he was profoundly convinced that any concession to them that would bring about war would bring unspeakable calamities to China and Japan. Such a war would bring in foreign nations, who would end it to suit themselves. The history of European diplomacy in the East was unmistakable on that point. What China and Japan should do is to come together without foreign intervention, talk over Loochoo and other subjects, and come to a complete and friendly understanding. They should do it between themselves, as no foreign power can do them any good.

"General Grant spoke to His Majesty about the pleasure he had received from studying the educational institutions in Japan. He was surprised and pleased at the standing of these schools. He did not think there was a better school in the world than the Tokio school of engineering. He was glad to see the interest given to the study of English. He approved of the bringing forward the young Japanese as teachers. In time Japan would be able to do without foreign teachers; but changes should not be made too rapidly. It would be a pity to lose the services of the men who had created these schools. The men in the service of the Japanese Government seemed to be, as far as he could learn, able and efficient.

"I have given you the essential points of a conversation that lasted for two hours. General Grant said he would leave Japan with the warmest feelings of friendship toward the emperor and the people. He would never cease to feel a deep interest in their fortunes. He thanked the emperor for his princely hospitality. Taking his leave, the General and party strolled back to the palace, and His Majesty drove away to his own home, in a distant part of the city.

"In my letter from Nikko, I told of the conference that had taken place between General Grant and the Japanese ministers on the Loochoo case. I gave you also a complete history of the Japanese and Chinese versions of the difficulty. Minister Ito promised to present the views of the General to the Cabinet, and have a further conference with him.

"Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Icrakura, the junior prime minister; Mr. Okuma, the finance minister; Mr. Ito, the home minister, and Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese minister to Washington, came to the Palace of Enriokwan and had a long conference with the General. Colonel Grant and the writer were present. The details of this conversation it is not thought advisable to print. The conference was long and interesting, and will be continued on the return of General Grant from Hakone, where he goes in the morning. There is, perhaps, no harm in my saying that General Grant, while fully sensible of the embarrassment surrounding the question, was hopeful of a peaceful solution. If war should come, it would be the result of intrigues of foreign powers. Americans, I think, will be glad to know that the General has used his great name and vast authority with both Chinese and Japanese to circumvent these intrigues and bring China and Japan to a good understanding. He has labored for this on every occasion and with unpausing zeal, and has received from Mr. Bingham, our minister, a hearty and sincere support."

CHAPTER XX.

MODE OF TRAVELING IN JAPAN—A RIDE THROUGH THE CITY—A TRIP INTO THE INTERIOR—COLOSSAL IMAGE OF BUDDHA—FLEET TWO-LEGGED HORSES—TEA-HOUSE—THE ROYAL ROAD OF JAPAN—A NEW MODE OF TRANSPORTATION—DESCRIPTION OF THE PEOPLE—FUSIYAMA—A QUEER RIDE THROUGH THE STREETS OF TOKIO—GREAT CHANGES IN JAPAN IN THE LAST QUARTER OF A CENTURY—EXTENT OF THE EMPIRE—CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE—HONEST BEGGARS—AMERICA CANNOT KEEP OUT OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THOUGH they do not travel in wheelbarrows in Japan they have a mode of transportation quite as original, the jinrikshaw, referred to in the last chapter. This is a carriage drawn by man-power alone, and is exactly like a perambulator, or baby-carriage enlarged, except it has two shafts like those of a one-horse wagon, into which a coolie inserts himself and starts off. Says one, who traveled into the interior in one of these strange vehicles:—

"When one takes his seat in it he cannot help feeling at first as if he were a big baby, whom his nurse had tucked up and was taking out for an airing. But one need not be afraid of it, lest he break down the carriage, or tire out the steed that draws it. No matter how great your excellency may be, the stout fellow will take up the thills, standing where the pony or the donkey ought to be, and trot off with you at a good pace, making about four miles an hour. At first the impression was irresistibly ludicrous, and we laughed at ourselves to see what a ridiculous figure we cut. Indeed we did not quite recover our

JAPANESE HOUSE OF THE BETTER CLASS.

sobriety during the three weeks that we were in Japan. But after all it is a very convenient way of getting about, and one at least is satisfied that his horses will not run away, though he must not be too sure of that, for I sometimes felt, especially when going down hill, that they had got loose, and would land me with a broken head at the bottom.

"In one of these we made the round of the city. We first visited what is called the Summer Palace, though it is not a palace at all, but only a park, to which the mikado comes once in a while to take his royal pleasure.

JAPANESE STREET.

There are a few rest-houses scattered about, where one, whether king or commoner, might find repose; or strolling under the shade of trees, and looking off upon the tranquil sea. Next we rode to the Tombs of the Tycoons, where, under gilded shrines, beneath temples and pago-

das, sleep the royal dead. The grounds are large and the temples exquisitely finished, with the fine lacquer work for which the Japanese are famous; so that we had to take off our shoes, and step very softly over the polished floors. Riding on through endless streets, our friends took us to a hill, ascended by a long flight of steps, on the top of which, in an open space, stood a temple, an arbor and a tea-house. This point commands an extensive view of Yedo. It is a city of magnificent distances, spreading out for miles on every side; and yet, except for its extent, it is not at all imposing, for it is, like Canton, a mere wilderness of houses, relieved by no architectural magnificence—not a single lofty tower or dome rising above the dead level. But, unlike Canton, the city has very broad streets, sometimes crossed by a river or a canal, spanned by high, arched bridges. The principal business street is much wider than Broadway, but it has not a shop along its whole extent that would make any show even in 'the Bowery.' The houses are built only one-story high, because of earthquakes which are frequent in Japan, caused, as the people believe, by a huge fish which lies under the island, and that shakes it whenever he tosses his head or lashes his tail.

"A week's excursion into the interior gave a new phase of Japanese life. Our way wound through a succession of valleys, rich with fields of rice and barley, while along the roads shrubberies, which at home are cultivated with great care, grew in wild confusion—the visteria, the honeysuckle, and the eglantine. The succession of hill and valley gave to the country a variety and beauty, which, with the high state of cultivation, reminded us of Java. As we mounted the hills we had glimpses of the sea, for we were skirting along the Bay of Yedo. After a few miles we came to an enchanting spot, which bears the ambitious title of the

Plains of Heaven, yet which is not heaven, and is not even a plain—but a rolling country, in which hill and valley are mingled together, with the purple mountains as a background on one side and the blue waters on the other.

"As we rode along, I thought how significant was the simple fact of such an excursion as this in a country, where a few years ago no foreigner's life was safe. On this very road, less than ten years since, an Englishman was cut down for no other crime than that of being a foreigner, and getting in the way of the high Daimio who was passing. And now we jogged along as quietly, and with as little apprehension, as if we were riding through the villages of New England.

"On our way lies a town which once bore a great name, Kamakura, where nine centuries ago lived the great Yoritomo, the Napoleon of his day, the founder of the military rule in the person of the shogun (or tycoon, a title but lately assumed), as distinguished from that of the mikado. Here he made his capital, which was afterwards removed, and about three hundred years since fixed in Yedo; and Kamakura is left, like other decayed capitals, to live on the recollections of its former greatness. But no change can take away its natural beauty, in its sheltered valley near the sea.

"A mile beyond, we came to the colossal image of Dai-Buts, or Great Buddha. It is of bronze, and though in a sitting posture, is forty-four feet high. The hands are crossed upon the knees. We crawled up into his lap, and five of us sat side by side on his thumbs. We even went inside, and climbed up into his head, and proved by inspection that these idols, however colossal and imposing without, are empty within. There are no brains within their brazen skulls. The expression of the face is the

same as in all statues of Buddha: that of repose—passive, motionless—as of one who had passed through the struggles of life, and attained to Nirvana, the state of perfect calm, which is the perfection of heavenly beatitude.

"It was now getting toward sunset, and we had still five or six miles to go before we reached our resting-place for the night. As this was the last stage in the journey, our fleet coursers seemed resolved to show us what they could do. They had cast off all their garments, except a cloth around their loins, and straw sandals on their feet, so that they were stripped like Roman gladiators, and they put forth a speed as if racing in the arena. A connoisseur would admire their splendid physique. Their bodies were tattooed, like South Sea Islanders, which set out in bolder relief, as in savage warriors, their muscular development—their broad chests and brawny limbs. With no stricture of garments to bind them, their limbs were left free for motion. It was a study to see how they held themselves erect. With heads and chests thrown back, they balanced themselves perfectly. The weight of the carriage seemed nothing to them; they had only to keep in motion, and it followed. Thus we came rushing into the streets of Fujisawa, and drew up before the tea-house, where lodgings had been ordered for the night. The whole family turned out to meet us, the women falling on their knees, and bowing their heads till they touched the floor, in homage to the greatness of their guests.

"And now came our first experience of a Japanese tea-house.* This is like a baby-house. It is small, built entirely of wood, with sliding partitions, which can be drawn like screens, to inclose any space and make it into a room. These partitions are of paper, so that, of course,

* Dr. Field.

the 'chambers' are not very private. The same material is used for windows, and answers very well as it softens the light like ground glass. The bedrooms are very small, but scrupulously clean and covered with wadded matting, on which we lie down to sleep.

JAPANESE BED.

"The next morning, as we started on our journey, we came upon the Tokaido, the royal road of Japan, built hundreds of years ago from Yedo or Tokio to Kioto, to connect the political with the spiritual capital, the residence of the tycoon with that of the mikado. It exhibits a good deal of skill in engineering and is lined with gigantic cedars that give it a

magnificent appearance. Along this the Damios used to come in state to pay their homage to the tycoon at Yedo.

"At Odawara," says our traveler, "we dismissed our men, as we had to try another mode of transportation; for though we still kept the Tokaido, it ascends the mountains so steeply that it is impassable for anything on wheels, and we had to exchange the *jinrikshaw* for the *kago*—a kind of basket made of bamboo, in which a man is doubled up and packed like a bundle, and so carried on men's shoulders. It would not answer badly if he had neither head nor legs. But his head is always knocking against the ridge-pole, and his legs have to be twisted under him, or 'tied up in a bow-knot.' This is the way in which criminals are carried to execution in China; but for one who has any further use for his limbs, it is not altogether agreeable. I lay passive for awhile, feeling as if I had been packed and salted down in a pork-barrel. Then I began to wriggle, and thrust out my head on one side and the other, and at last had to confess, like the Irishman who was offered the privilege of working his passage on a canal-boat and was set to leading a horse, that 'if it were not for the honor of the thing, I had as lief walk.' So I crawled out and unrolled myself, to see if my limbs were still there, for they were so benumbed that I was hardly conscious of their existence, and then straightening myself out, and taking a long bamboo reed, which is light and strong, lithe and springy, for an alpenstock, I started off with my companions. We all soon recovered our spirits, and

'Walked in glory and in joy
Along the mountain side,'

till at nightfall we halted in the village of Hakone, a

mountain retreat much resorted to by foreigners from Yedo and Yokohama.

"One cannot go anywhere in Japan without receiving a visit from the people, who, being of a thrifty turn, seize the occasion of a stranger's presence to drive a little trade. The skill of the Japanese is quite marvelous in certain directions. They make everything *in petto*, in miniature, the smallest earthenware; the tiniest cups and saucers. In these mountain villages they work, like the Swiss, in woodenware, and make exquisite and dainty little boxes and bureaus, as if for dolls, yet with complete sets of drawers, which could not but take the fancy of one who had little people at home waiting for presents. Besides the temptation of such trinkets, who could resist the insinuating manner of the women who brought them? The Japanese women are not pretty. They might be, were it not for their odious fashions. We have seen faces that would be quite handsome if left in their native, unadorned beauty. But fashion rules the world in Japan as in Paris. As soon as a woman is married, her eyebrows are shaved off, and her teeth blackened, so that she cannot open her mouth without showing a row of ebony instead of ivory, which disfigures faces that would be otherwise quite winning. It says a good deal for their address, that with such a feature to repel, they can still be attractive. This is owing wholly to their manners. The Japanese men and women are a light-hearted race, and captivate by their gayety and friendliness. The women were always in a merry mood. As soon as they entered the room, before even a word was spoken, they began to giggle, as if our appearance were very funny, or as if this were the quickest way to be on good terms with us. The effect was irresistible. I defy the soberest man to resist it, for as soon as your visitor laughs, you

begin to laugh from sympathy; and when you have got into a hearty laugh together, you are already acquainted, and in friendly relations, and the work of buying and selling goes on easily. They took us captive in a few minutes. We purchased sparingly, thinking of our long journey; but our English friends bought right and left, till the next day they had to load two pack-horses with boxes to be carried over the mountains to Yokohama.

"The next day was to bring the consummation of our journey, for then we were to go up into a mountain and see the glory of the Lord. A few miles distant is the summit of Otometoge, from which one obtains a view of Fusiyama, looking full in his awful face. We started with misgivings, for it had been raining, and the clouds still hung low upon the mountains. Our way led through hamlets clustered together in a narrow pass, like Alpine villages. As we wound up the ascent, we often stopped to look back at the valley below, from which rose the murmur of rushing waters, while the sides of the mountains were clothed with forests. These rich landscapes gave such enchantment to the scene as repaid us for all our weariness. At two o'clock we reached the top, and rushed to the brow to catch the vision of Fusiyama, but only to be disappointed. The mountain was there, but clouds covered his hoary head. In vain we watched and waited; still the monarch hid his face. Clouds were round about the throne. The lower ranges stood in full outline, but the heaven-piercing dome, or pyramid of snow, was wrapped in its misty shroud. That for which we had traveled seventy miles, we could not see at last."

On his return to Odawara, where he again took to the baby-carriage, he says:

"Once more I was surprised and delighted at the agility and swiftness of the men who drew our *jinrik-*

shaws. As we had but twenty-three miles to go in the afternoon, we took it easily, and gave them first only a gentle trot of five miles to get their limbs a little supple, and then stopped for tiffin. Some of the men had on a loose jacket when we started, besides the girdle about the loins. This they took off and wrung out, for they were dripping with sweat, and wiped their brawny chests and limbs, and then took their chop-sticks and applied themselves to their rice, while we went up-stairs in the tea-house, and had our soup and other dishes served to us, sitting on the floor like Turks, and then stretched ourselves on the mats, weary with our morning's walk, and even with the motion of riding. While we were trying to get a little rest our men talked and laughed in the court below as if it were child's play to take us over the road. As we resumed our places and turned out of the yard, I had the curiosity to 'time' their speed. I had a couple of athletic fellows, who thought me a mere feather in weight, and made me spin like a top as they bowled along. They started off at an easy trot, which they kept up, without breaking, mile after mile. I did not need to crack the whip, but at the word, away they flew through villages and over the open country, never stopping, but when they came to slightly rising ground, rushing up like mettlesome horses, and down at full speed. Thus they kept on, and never drew rein till they came to the bank of a river, which had to be crossed in a boat. I took out my watch. It was an hour and a quarter, and they had come seven miles and a half! This was doing pretty well. Of course they could not keep this up all day; yet they will go thirty miles from sunrise to sunset, and even forty, if spurred to it by a little extra pay. Sometimes, indeed, they go even at a still greater speed for a short distance. The first evening, as we came into Fujisawa, I do not doubt

that the last fifteen minutes they were going at a speed of ten miles an hour, for they came in on a run. This is magnificent, but I cannot think it very healthful exercise.

"In our second excursion about the city, as we had long distances to traverse, we took two prancing bucks to each *jinrikshaw*, who ran us such a rig through the streets of Yedo as made us think of John Gilpin when he rode to London town. The fellows were like wild colts, so full of life that they had to kick it off at the heels. Sometimes one pulled in front while the other pushed behind, but more often they went *tandem*, the one in advance drawing by a cord over his shoulder. The leader was so full of spring that he fairly bounded over the ground, and if we came to a little elevation, or arched bridge, he sprang into the air like a catamount, while his fellow behind, though a little more stiff, as a 'wheel-horse' ought to be, bore himself proudly, tossing up his head, and throwing out his chest, and never lagged for an instant. C—— was delighted, nothing could go too fast for her; but whether it was fear for my character or for my head, I had serious apprehension that I should be 'smashed' like Chinese crockery, and poked my steeds in the rear with my umbrella, to signify that I was entirely satisfied with their performances and that they need not go any faster."

No nation in the world has undergone such a transformation in so short a time as Japan. It is only about twenty-five years ago when Commodore Perry anchored his fleet in the bay where no foreign ship was allowed to anchor. Now you can sit in the windows of the Grand Hotel, and see the bay covered with foreign shipping. Japanese young men are educated abroad, and return and walk the streets in European dress, and eat with knives and forks instead of chop-sticks. A university for

young ladies has been established under the patronage of the empress, in which American teachers are employed. As America opened Japan, it is fitting that the emperor should consult much an American like General Grant as to his future policy. It has a poulation of 20,000,000 and the empire, embracing four large islands and nearly four thousand smaller ones, has an area of 190,000 square miles.

Some of their customs are peculiar. They wear sandals instead of shoes, which are held to the foot by a cord passing between the first and second toes so that they can be slipped on or off without effort. They wear no stockings, yet they are afraid as chickens of getting their feet wet, and are so fearful of a sprinkle of rain that they always carry umbrellas with them. You will see scores of people almost entirely naked, with high sandals or pattens on and an umbrella over their heads so as not to be touched with water. In the use of the plane and saw they draw them toward them, instead of pushing them as we do. In stabling their horses they tie them with their heads toward the door, so that they approach them in front instead of from behind—a good example to follow. The Japanese are very fond of painting, though they seem to have no idea of perspective. The beggars form a distinct profession and, as beggars go, are fairly honest. You will sometimes see in the front of a shop forty or fifty coppers, hanging on as many nails, so that the beggars can help themselves without disturbing the proprietor. They never abuse this confidence by taking more than one, which is the ordinary alms.

The sudden unveiling of this Eastern Empire at the same time that our government extended itself to the Pacific, thus bringing the two countries into juxtaposition, is one of those unexpected results that are never antici-

pated, and the results of which no man can foretell. If the last twenty years are to be taken as a gauge for the future, the next twenty will find us, notwithstanding the famous Monroe doctrine, mixed up inextricably with the Eastern question. The foresight and calculation of diplomatists will disappear before the march of events. Grant, in the interest he has taken and the prominent part he has played, in his short visit, in the politics of China and Japan, is representing, in our opinion, more vital interests —more vital to this country—than he or any one else dreams of. That the United States will one of these days have a word, and a most important one, to say in the Chinese and Japan seas, where England has hitherto been chief spokesman, we think no careful spectator of the events of the last few years will doubt. The Monroe doctrine is right in theory, but commerce will in the end upset it, for interfering with foreign governments will be the inevitable consequence of taking care of our own interests and rights in the East.

CHAPTER XXI.

GENERAL GRANT RESOLVES TO LEAVE JAPAN—WHERE SHALL HE GO?—PLANS PROPOSED —PREPARING FOR HOME—PURCHASING SOUVENIRS—CUSTOM-HOUSE APPREHENSIONS—HOMESICKNESS—GENERAL GRANT AND MR. IWAKURA—POLITICS—MEMOIRS OF THE BEAUTIFUL—MEMORIES OF THE ANCIENT DAYS—WORKING IN CLAY—AN EARTHQUAKE.

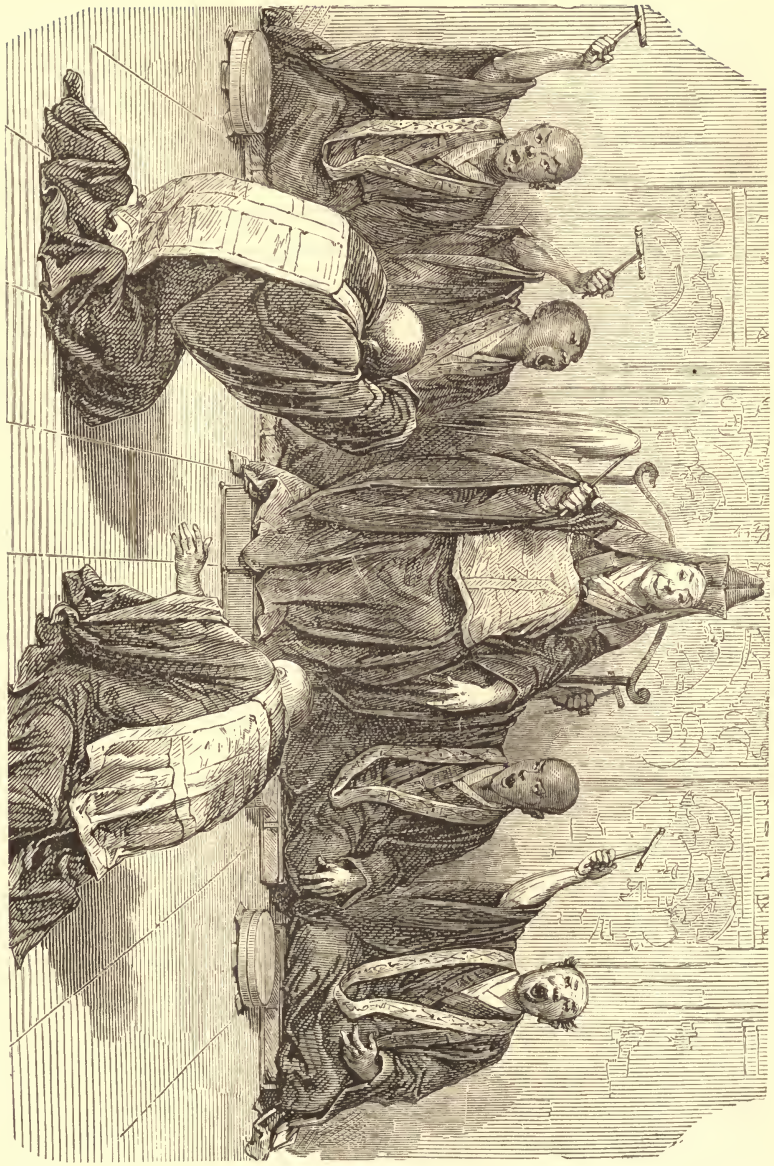
"WE had already stayed longer in the country than we had intended, but life was pleasant in Tokio, and every day seemed to open a new scene of beauty and interest, and we felt ourselves yielding to the fascinations of this winning civilization. The hospitality of our hosts seemed to grow in grace and consideration, showing no sign of weariness. We became attached to our palace-home of Euriokwan, and began to feel acquainted with the rooms, the curious figures on the walls, the odd freaks in the way of gardening, the rustic bridges, the quaint and clean little summer-houses, where we could sit in the afternoon and feel breezes from the sea. The weather felt unusually warm, and with the heat came the pestilence; and, although in Euriokwan we were not conscious of its presence, and felt safe under the sheltering influence of the ocean, yet it saddened the community and seemed to rest upon the capital like a cloud, and we sorrowed with our friends. There were trips to Yokohama, where our naval ships were at anchor, and Yokohama itself was well worth seeing, as an evidence of what the European had done in making a trading camp on the shores of Asia. For, after all, these Eastern European cities are but trading

camps, and remind you in many ways of the shifting towns in Kansas and Nebraska during the growing railway days. Now that the time was coming when we were to leave Japan, there were discussions as to where we should go—discussions in which our good friend Admiral Patterson took a leading part.

"The General did not care to go home; or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that he did not like to leave anything unseen in Asia and the Pacific. As you may, perhaps, have inferred from what I have written, General Grant has become profoundly interested in these lands and in the political problems their future involves. I question if any one can see much of Asia without feeling that the politics of China and Japan must some day become a paramount consideration for Americans. We have discussed various routes that would bring us home at Christmas or early in the spring. There is the Amoor region, with a glance at Russian Siberia. This trip we had almost resolved upon, but the temptations of Japan have carried us beyond the time when we should go to the North. Then it is the typhoon season, and typhoons come sometimes unannounced in a whirl, and whatever virtues our men-of-war possess, as typhoon ships they lack experience. There is Australia, with the exhibition under way, and some of our naval friends sketch a most attractive programme that would take us to Melbourne, and Sydney, and Valparasio, and Callao, and in time to San Francisco. There is our visit to the King of the Sandwich Islands—a promised visit—and this is finally resolved upon. Admiral Patterson offers the 'Monongahela,' which is under orders to return to America. To sail on the 'Monongahela,' however, would involve two or three weeks longer in Japan, and so for the present we cannot go to Honolulu. Our Japanese friends invent all kinds

of schemes to detain us, and Mr. Yoshida is fruitful in suggestions as to excursions to Kohe, Kioto, Hakodadi, Osaka and other places famous in the history of Japan, which the cholera had hitherto prevented us from seeing. The cholera is everywhere, and precaution can no longer avail. What with the friendly solicitations of the admiral on the one side, and the Japanese on the other, it is difficult to make up our minds to go home. That, however, at the end of our debates, appears to be our only course; and when it is found that we cannot leave for Honolulu much before October, it is resolved to sail for California in the first steamer that leaves.

"When it was finally determined to return, it was surprising to see how much we had to do. There was the gathering together of the odds and ends of a long journey—the bundling up for home. Sticks from Malacca, fragments of gauze from Dalhi, brass work from Benares, bits of crockery from Peking—what you call your 'things'—assume a consequence that their importance does not justify. When I started on my journey around the world, one of the pleasures that I set apart for myself, was that I would not buy anything; that I should not burden my mind with curiosities, nor allow any of the porcelain or ivory manias to afflict me. There seemed to be among many friends so much useful energy gone to waste on crockery and bronze, that I resolved to make a merit of my own self-denial, and bring bring back from the East only a flush of radiant memories. But no virtue, however robust, can stand the temptations of Canton and Yokohama, and I found myself taking an interest in 'things' like other people, and going into silk shops and fumbling the light and airy stuffs, which the genius of the East has fashioned for woman's adornment, and studying out the beauty of a saucer or a vase. And although I



clung to my resolution valiantly, 'things' began to accumulate, and the great question of our latter days in Japan, was what should we do with them, and, moreover, what

would the collector at the California Custom-House do with them? I never knew that there was so much to interest you in the revenue laws, until I began to look up the duties on a bit of 'old blue.' If any of my readers do not know what 'old blue' means, I would advise them never to learn. I happened at times to be the companion of an honored friend, who has mastered the 'curio' question; who knew bronze and ivory, silk, and clay, and iron, and whose amusement was to run away from the hospitalities of his Japanese hosts, and lose himself in a suburb of Tokio, and prowl from shop to shop. 'You see,' he would say, 'by doing this, we get away from the range of the globe trotters, who ruin the market, and give the people false ideas as to prices, and degrade the taste of the sellers. Here we are in old Japan, and I never pay more than one dollar for anything.' These were interesting expeditions. We would dive into the oddest out-of-the-way places in Tokio, and the people would assemble from the neighborhood, and while we were digging out some fragment of bronze or iron, or testing the temper of some poor, dismantled Samauri's sword, a wondering crowd would gather—men, women and children—who stood, and watched, and chattered, and when we went our way, followed after, until we began to feel like street preachers. In one of these excursions I came to know the mystery of 'old blue.' It seems that I made a confession that I knew nothing about 'old blue;' that I never saw any that I could remember; that I took a great deal for granted in the crockery question; and when my friends, who had manias on the subject, gave way to their emotions, I allowed them to run on, thinking of other things. 'What! never have seen old blue?' was the response. 'Then you don't know the beauty that the Chinese have been able to throw over their clay.

There is no old blue in Japan. There is none worth having in China later than the Ming dynasty. There is a kind of blue called hawthorn blue, which is the rage in London, and they say has sent its victims to the insane asylum. There is a blue called blue after the rain, in which the artist catches the peculiar color of the clouds after a shower—a color that is not known in modern art. It is gone—a lost art—gone with so many of the curious and wonderful things which the generations take with them as they sweep on and on. When the Mings ruled China, this art and other arts flourished, but since the Tartars came, the ambition to excel has died out. Somehow art will only flourish under freedom. If you want to be sure of your old blue, you must see that it has the mark of the Ming dynasty.'

"The result of this conversation was that I found myself the possessor of a bit of 'old blue,' which came with the kind wishes of my friend, and which I shall treasure for the giver. It is a small vase of white porcelain, with blue figures traced upon it, types of Chinese life and character. On the bottom is the mark of the Ming dynasty. General Grant has thrown a good deal of suspicion upon one's enthusiasm for the antique by circumstantial narratives of a certain factory which flourishes in Newark, N. J., whose owners declare large dividends—a factory devoted to the manufacture of curios, where they make antique and modern works of art, especially old blue, and hawthorn blue, and blue after the rain, and mark them with the Ming dynasty. But I believe in my vase. I certainly believe in the reverent and friendly spirit that sent it to my table; and although if I were buying 'old blue' from my own unaided experience I would not give a large sum for such a vase, I know that it is the result of my ignorance, and that I really have a

treasure, something that the Chinese artisan labored over with loving hand in the days of the Mings, before the Tartar came to harden and desolate his land, and I idealize it in various ways, and think myself into the belief that it has a poetic beauty of its own. And this leads me back to the revenue laws, and to wonder whether Mr. Merritt will put the poetic value upon the vase, or assess it at my own estimate of its worth. As I was saying, I never knew how much there was to interest you in the revenue laws until I began to look over my 'things,' and wonder what they will cost in New York. As to taking them to California, no one would dream of it. You hear terrible stories of the California Custom-House; how the officers rummage your trunks and break your vases, and make you pay a double valuation, and have no respect for your word or even your oath; and how one independent American with a temper easily heated took a Satsuma vase, a lovely work that cost him $500, and dashed it to pieces before the eyes of the exciseman rather than be taxed for more than its value. I am afraid this is not a true story, but hope it is, as I like to read of anything original or eccentric, and you hear so many stories of revenue exactions that you become a free trader. You think about your 'things,' and talk about them so much that they assume princely proportions, and you begin to feel like a collector, that you have exhausted the bazaars of the East and that you have rare possessions, and not, as happens to me, only a few odds and ends that have, as it were, trickled in upon you as you wandered along, and will have no value when they reach home but the value of the memories that surround them.

"After mature deliberation and taking everybody's advice—and on this subject everybody is anxious to

advise you—I concluded to send my 'things' home by the way of the Suez Canal direct to New York, and to go to California in light marching order, and when the excisemen came down upon me for curios, show them only my clothes and a few volumes of useful information. Somehow, even after the question had been settled and was out of your mind, there was an irresistible fascination in talking about your 'things.' I suppose the real reason was that the talk about the 'things' led in an indirect way to a talk about home, and that we were all of us just a little homesick, more than we would care to admit. I have observed that people are apt to treat homesickness as they would a love affair. They like to talk about such emotions in other people but not in themselves. Take our naval friends, for instance, who have been on this station for some time. You never saw so much fortitude! 'Home'—away with such a sentiment—it is not home but 'duty' which animates a sailor, and since duty commits them to the Asiatic coast, why of course! But I observed all the same that when the mail day grew near, and it was time for the steamers to come in from the seas, that a strange interest took possession of our naval friends, and you heard only prayers for good weather and impatience at the slow, lingering hours. Our naval friends are the most patient of men. Weather, climate, pestilence—it makes very little difference whether the winds blow high or blow low, so that the mails come in. I fancied that we talked about our 'things,' because it led to talk about home and what people would say, and how affairs had changed in our absence. We are none of us willing to confess to a homesick feeling, except the colonel, who has been avowedly homesick ever since we left Singapore, and has announced that his travels are at an end, except over the road that leads by the shortest and most direct route to

General Sheridan's head-quarters in Chicago. I am sure that not all the old blue made, either in China under the Ming dynasty, or in General Grant's Newark curio manufactory, would keep our gallant comrade over another steamer from the performance of his duties at the head-quarters of the Military Division of the Missouri. As we are all going home together it makes little difference, and I only allude to the colonel's military enthusiasm because I like to see such a spirit among the young officers in our army, and to hold it up for public notice and commendation.

"Our last days in Japan were crowded with incidents of a personal and public character. I use the word personal to describe events that did not find their way into the newspapers nor belong to public receptions. There were constant visits to the General from members of the cabinet—from Mr. Iwakura, especially, who came to talk about public affairs. There were conferences on the Loochoo question, when General Grant used his best efforts to bring China and Japan to a good understanding. What the effect of these conversations will be, history alone can tell; but I may add that the counsel which the General has given in conversations with Mr. Iwakura and the ministry, he has also given in writing, and very earnestly, to Prince Kung and Li-Hung Chang. Since hearing both sides of the Loochoo question—the Japanese case and the Chinese case—General Grant has felt himself in a position to speak with more precision than when, in China, he heard only the Chinese story. Other questions arose—questions connected with the industrial and agricultural advancement of Japan. The General pointed out to his Japanese friends the large area of fertile land awaiting cultivation, and how much might be added to the wealth and revenues of the country if the

people were induced to develop the whole territory. This leads to a discussion of the land tax, so heavy a burden to the people, and which the government is compelled to impose for revenue. If, instead of taxes on land, the authorities could levy a tariff for revenue—such a tariff as we see in Germany and France—then the tax on land could be abated. This led up to the revision of the treaties, the absorbing question in Japanese politics, and which is no further advanced than it was when Mr. Iwakura went to the treaty powers on his mission many years ago. The General has always given the same advice on the treaty question. One of the odd phases of the English policy in the East is, that while England allows her own colonies to do as they please in tariffs, to have free trade or protection, she insists that Japan and China shall arrange their imposts and tariffs solely with the view of helping English trade. In other words, Japan, an independent power, is under a duress that Canada or Australia would never accept. This anomalous condition of affairs will exist so long as the treaty remains, and England has never shown an inclination to consent to any abrogation of her paramount rights under the treaty. General Grant's advice has been that Japan should make a statement of her case to the world. She should show the circumstances under which this treaty was made—how her ignorance was used to put her in an unfortunate and humiliating position. She should recall her own extraordinary progress in accepting and absorbing the modern civilization; that in doing this she has opened her empire to modern enterprise and shown the best evidence of her desire to be friendly with the world. She should recount the disadvantages under which this treaty places her—not alone moral, but material, crippling and limiting her resources. She should announce that the

treaty was at an end, but that she was prepared to sign the most favorable conventions that could be devised, provided the treaty powers recognized her sovereign independent rights. She should at the same time proclaim her tariff, open her ports and the interior of her country, welcome foreign capital, foreign immigration, foreign labor, and assert her sovereignty. The objection to this in the minds of the Japanese is that fleets may come, and the English may bombard Tokio as they did Simonoseki.

"'If there is one thing more certain than another,' reasoned the General, 'it is that England is in no humor to make war upon Japan for a tariff. I do not believe that under any circumstances Lord Beaconsfield would consent to such an enterprise. He has had two wars, neither of which have commended themselves to the English people. An Englishman does not value the glory that comes from Afghan and Zulu campaigns. To add to these a demonstration against Japan because she had resolved to submit no longer to a condition bordering on slavery, would arouse against Lord Beaconsfield a feeling at home that would cost him his government. Just now,' the General advised, 'is the best time. Lord Beaconsfield must soon go to the people. His parliament is coming to an end, and even if he had adventurous spirits in his cabinet or in the diplomatic service disposed to push Japan, he would be compelled to control them. Japan has a great many friends in England who are even now making her cause their own, and who would support her when she was right. More than all, there is a widespread desire for justice and fair play in England to which the Eastern nations, and especially Japan, need never appeal in vain. Japan has peculiar claims upon the sympathy and respect of mankind, and

if she would assert her sovereign rights, she would find that her cause met the approval of mankind.'

"Time will show how far this clear and firm advice will be accepted by the Japanese. While a good deal of politics was talked in these last days between the General and the rulers of Japan, there were other and more pleasant occupations. Attached to the palace was a billiard-room, and here every morning would come tradesmen from the bazaars of Tokio with cloths, and armor, and swords, and all manner of curious things to sell or to show. The hour after breakfast was our hour of temptation. 'This,' said the emotional young lady as she moved away from the piano, while Moore was singing one of his love songs, 'this is not for the good of my soul.' I used to think of this story when I went into the billiard-room after breakfast to see the fresh invoices from the bazaars. What a world of art, and of beauty, and of taste, has been created by the genius of Japan! Here is a scroll of silk on which the artist, with a few daring lines, has drawn a history or a poem. Here is a morsel of bronze not much larger than a dollar. It was formerly a sword ornament and looks like a trifle until you closely examine it and see the fine touches—a sunrise, a volcano, a flight of storks in the air, sea or stream, all told on the smallest space, with touches of silver or gold. Sometimes we had collections of toys and dolls, for Japan is the paradise of children, and in nothing does the genius of the people assert itself with more sincerity than in devising pleasures for the little people.

"There is something tangible in Japanese toys. The monkeys have real hair, and you can wool the dogs about, and worry the cats without seeing them unravel over the nursery floor. And the dolls! You take an assortment of babies at home, and they seem to have

been cast in the same mould. They look alike, they have no expression—the faces are dead, dull, flabby; it will be a mercy if they have noses or ears; and the only way the boys can be told from the girls, is by the way the hair is parted. But what can you expect from a mighty people, thinking of canals and railways? The genius of America does not run to dolls, but to manifest destiny and bonanza mines. The Japanese artist makes a doll as though he loved it, and when he is through with the toy, it is not alone a toy, but a story, or it may be a poem; something to come home to the baby heart, to have joys and sorrows, to be loved with the passionate love of innocence and childhood. Those were, indeed, our hours of temptation, those after-breakfast hours in the billiard-room at Euriokwan. Especially in the matter of swords! There is no place in the world where you can buy such beautiful swords as in Japan. Until within the last few years, every gentleman's retainer carried two swords—a long and a short one. These weapons were the mark of his rank—his badge of gentle life. He took pride in his swords, and aimed to have them of the keenest temper, and most exquisite adornment. But in the hour of change, came a decree forbidding the wearing of the swords, suppressing the two-sworded men, the Sumauri, as they are called, as a class. So all that was left for the abolished Sumauri, was to carry their swords to the bazaars and turn them into rice and fish. Consequently the bazaars are now overstocked with swords and spears of the finest workmanship, with scabbards of lacquer and bronze, ingeniously worked in silver and gold. I have looked at innumerable specimens, and never found two alike. Each separate weapon seemed to be the expression of an idea, and you never ceased to marvel at the endless variety and sweep of the decorative art.

"You felt also if you bought one of the swords that you were investing in the antiquity and chivalry of Japan. The two-sworded men are now as other people, and wear plain clothes and work for their living and use civil language, which was not always their custom when Sir Rutherford Alcock flourished. And yet, now that nothing is left of the poor Samauri but their swords, which litter the bazaars and over which you haggle and chaffer, trying to cheapen the weapon that for generations, perhaps, was the heirloom and the pride of a gentleman's family—now that the Samauri no longer infest the streets to worry British ministers and foreign merchants—I am disposed to think kindly of them, and not feel as harshly as Sir Rutherford's narrative would justify me in doing. 'It is rather a pity,' said Sir Harry Parkes, the British minister, one day to the writer, 'that the Samauri were abolished. They included in their ranks men of culture and valor. They were the middle class—or one might say the martial class—and were a kind of backbone to the social system. Some of the old Samauri now hold high places. I do not think they did any harm, and the country would have been stronger with them.' I quote this indulgent opinion of the British minister in justice to the memory of the Samauri, and rather as an offset to the unfavorable impression given of their character by Sir Harry's predecessor. Mr. Senaul was in Japan when the Samauri class were in power, and at the crisis of the revolution which was to destroy their power, and he noted that, while there was abroad a warlike, turbulent body of men, he did not see one act of rudeness nor hear one word of ill-temper. I take it one never feels more generous toward his friends, more disposed to do them justice and see the real virtues in their character, than when he is attending a bankruptcy or executor's sale of their effects

and possessing himself of their household gods for about one-fourth their value. It awakens the hidden springs of benevolence in your nature, and as I marvel at the finish of these Samauri swords I think of all the kind things possible about the poor, shorn gentlemen who once bore them. One advantage about the sword-market in Japan is that swords are cheaper than they will ever be again, and they make capital presents. That is one of the problems of travel—to find something unique and valuable that you can buy cheap. What a pity it is that you cannot make presents on the principle that England governs India—by prestige. When some maharajah gives the Prince of Wales a diamond aigrette for his wife, the prince knows he cannot give diamonds in return. So the maharajah is declared to be a loyal and deserving prince and has two guns added to his salute. The prince has the diamonds and the maharajah the guns, and both are satisfied, the Indian more especially. Now, if a traveler could only give his friends his good intentions and have them accepted at their par value, what a relief it would be, and what trouble it would save you in wondering how so and so would be pleased with this or that, and what heart burnings would be avoided when the various idols of your existence came in after days to compare your offerings and sit in judgment upon your affection.

"But while we had our hours of temptation in the billiard-room, and struggles with conscience—the extent of which, I am afraid, so far as some of us are concerned, will never be known until the time cometh when all things must appear—we had hours of instruction. Our hosts were ever thinking of some new employment for each new day. We grew tired in time of the public institutions, which are a good deal the same the world over, and after we had recovered from our wonder at seeing

Japan schools and work-shops like those we left behind us, they had no more interest than schools and work-shops generally. The heat of the weather made going about oppressive, and even the sea lost its freshness, and when the tides went down and the breeze was from the land the effect of the water was to increase the heat. Our interest in earthquakes was always fresh, and whenever the atmosphere assumed certain conditions our Japanese friends would tell us that we might expect a shock. In Japan the earthquake is as common a phenomena as thunder-storms at home in midsummer, although there are no laws that govern their approach. I have told you of one experienced when we were all at dinner, and when we owed it to Governor Hennessy that we discovered there had been an earthquake. On that day it had rained, and all that I remember specially was that in walking about the grounds before dinner the air seemed to be heavy and the sea was sluggish. A few mornings before we left Euriokwan there was another experience. Our hosts had sent us some workers in pottery to show us the skill of the Japenese in a department of art in which they have no superiors. One of the famous potters had expressed a desire to show the General his work. After breakfast we found the artisans arranged in the large drawing-room. There was the chief worker, a solemn middle-aged person, who wore spectacles. He was dressed in his gala apparel, and when we came into the room went down on his face in Japanese style. There were three assistants. One worked the wheel. Another baked the clay. A third made himself generally useful. The chief of the party was a painter. We saw all the processes of the manufacture, the inert lump of clay going around and around, and shaping itself under the true, nimble fingers of the workmen into cups, and vases,

and bowls. There is something fascinating in the labors of the wheel, the work is so thoroughly the artisan's own, for when he begins he has only a lump of mud and when he ends his creation may be the envy of a throne-room.

"It seems almost like a Providence this taking the dust of the valley and creating it—for the work is creation—and we are reminded of Providence in remembering that when the Creater of all fashioned His supreme work it was made of clay. The decoration of the clay was interesting, requiring a quick, firm stroke. We were requested to write something on the clay before it went into the furnace. General Grant gave his autograph and the rest of us inscriptions written as well as we could write with a soft, yielding brush. After the inscriptions had been written the cups were washed in a white substance and hurried into the furnace. When they came out the fire had evaporated the coating and turned into a gloss the tints of our writing and the painters' colors had changed, and our inscriptions were fastened in deep and lasting brown

"It was while we were watching the potters over their clay, and in conversation with a Japanese citizen, who spoke English, and came as interpreter about the progress of the special industry in Tokio, that we heard a noise, as though the joists and wooden work of the house were being twisted, or as if some one were walking on the floor above, with a heavy step. But there was no second floor in Euriakwan, and I suppose the incident would have passed without notice, if our Japanese friend had not said, 'there is an earthquake.' While he spoke we paused, and again heard the wrenching of the joists, and the jingling of the glass in the swinging chandelier. This was all that we noted. We walked out on the porch

and looked at the foliage, and toward the sea, but although observation and imagination were attuned, we saw nothing but an unusual deadness in the air, which we might have seen on Broadway on a midsummer day. These were our only earthquake experiences in Japan. I have noted them, because an earthquake is always an interesting subject, and because I was impressed with the indifference shown by our Japanese friends toward this supreme and awful manifestation of the power of nature. This comes from the fact that earthquakes are rarely severe in Japan. History tells of a fearful disaster, even here, in imperial Tokio, not many years since.

"In conversing with some of our naval friends, who had been in the West Indies, and seen our tropical American earthquakes, I discovered that they did not share the indifference of the Japanese toward the earthquake. They felt toward it as experienced mariners toward the sea—the more they saw of its power the more they held it in awe. I was told that the prudent thing to do when you hear the tremor of the earthquake, is to rush out into the open air, and there remain until the second shock spends its force. The earthquakes come in twos, and generally give you warning. The houses in Japan, however, seem to have been built for the fire and the earthquake. They are put together in a loose, elastic manner, of light woods, so as to stand a great deal of shaking. Even if they fell they would not do much harm. As to fires, the custom is to have in each block of houses one small fireproof building whither, in a case of need, all in the neighborhood can hurry with their special treasures. If Tokio were to burn what you would see would be a wilderness of ruins, with fireproof buildings at regular stations, containing the essential wealth of the town. If the resident can afford it, he has his own spe-

cial fireproof building. But this is a luxury only enjoyed by the rich.

"There were dinners and *fetes*, and many quiet, pleasant parties during our last days at Euriokwan. The British minister, Sir Harry Parkes, proposed an entertainment, but we were about to sail, and every night and every day we were engaged, and the General was compelled to decline Sir Harry's hospitality. There was a luncheon with Mr. House, the editor of the Tokio *Times*, in a pretty little house near the American legation, looking out on the sea. I had known House years ago, more years I am afraid than I care to remember, when he was among the most brilliant of a noted group of young men, who were then making their way in the world through the attractive but not always fruitful fields of journalism. I was glad to see him again, and although time had lain his hand upon him, as I fear it had upon both of us, and there was the suggestion of middle age, and care, and labor, in his features, it had not dimmed the buoyancy, the grace and the genius that made him in our early New York times attractive and envied among men. House, even in those days—it was before the rebellion; Heaven help us! ages and ages ago!—felt a singular interest in Japan. He had fallen under the influence of Hildreth, who had made Japan a study and gave us a look too wise and true to be forgotten, as I am afraid it is. He became familiar with the embassy, the tycoon's embassy, in 1860, and his interest in Japan deepened, and everybody was surprised when they heard that he had left a career of promise and renown to seek his love in the far East. Since then, House has given himself to Japan with a spirit that I might call the missionary spirit of self-abnegation. He has fought her battles. He has defended her name. He has endeavored to win her a place among

the nations. He has accepted contumely and misrepresentation in her cause, for I found—how quickly you find it out!—that if you take sides with the Eastern nations in this far East you bring upon you the rancor of the foreigners. You are as much an outlaw as Wendell Phillips in anti-slavery days was an outlaw in Beacon Street. You are not respectable. You are against the interests of your own country. You are anxious to see Japan close up again, and the foreigners driven into the sea. You are bribed, bought, corrupted. You are possessed of the devil. But House has held his place and made his fight, and still makes it with all the brilliancy of old days, and his name is a power in Japan. I have ventured upon this allusion to his career, becaue I happen to know a great deal about it, and I am glad to honor, especially in my own craft, what seems to be a lofty and self-denying spirit. And certainly nothing but that self-denial which love alone can inspire would have induced House to surrender the career he was enjoying when I knew him in New York to bury himself in Japan."

CHAPTER XXII.

A DINNER WITH THE PRIME MINISTER—A JAPANESE DINNER—FAREWELL HOSPITALITIES—MARTIAL SONGS—DINNER WITH PRINCE DATI—TRIP TO HIS HOUSE—A PLEASANT TIME—AMERICAN HOSPITALITIES—GRAND PARTY AT THE CONSULATE—TAKING LEAVE OF THE MIKADO—THE AUDIENCE OF LEAVE—ADDRESS OF GENERAL GRANT, AND THE EMPEROR'S REPLY—MRS. GRANT AND THE EMPRESS—MR. BINGHAM THANKS THE MIKADO—THE LAST NIGHT IN TOKIO—LAST CONVERSATIONS—FAREWELL TO TOKIO—FAREWEL TO JAPAN—PARTING ADIEUS.

"AMONG the most pleasing incidents of our last days in Tokio was a dinner with Sanjo, the prime minister, who entertained us in Parisian style, everything being as we would have found it on the Champs Elysees—the perfection of French decoration in the appointments of the house, and of French taste in the appointments of the table.

"Mr. Mori, who was formerly Japanese minister to the United States, and is now vice-minister for foreign affairs, and one of the strong and rising men in the empire, gave a dinner and a reception. Here the General met most of the men noted in literary and scientific pursuits. Mr. Terashima, the foreign minister, also gave a dinner, which was Parisian in its appointments. Mr. Yoshida entertained a portion of our party—the General not being able to attend—in Japanese style. Among the guests were Saigo, Ito and Kawamura, of the cabinet, and our good friends and daily companions, Tateno and Ishibashi, of the emperor's household, who have been sent by His Majesty to attend upon the General and give him the advantage of their knowledge of English.

"We had had a stately Japanese dinner in Nagasaki, when we were entertained after the manner of the old Daimios, but with Mr. Yoshida we dined as we would have dined with any Japanese gentleman of distinction if we had been asked to his house in a social way. Mr. Yoshida lives some distance from Euriokwan, in one of a group of houses built on a ridge overlooking the sea, on the road toward Yokohama. There are grounds where the master of the house indulges a fancy for gardening, a fancy which in no place do you see it so perfect as in Japan. The gardener in Japan is a poet. He loves his trees, and shrubs, and flowers, and brings about results in his treatment of them that show new possibilities and a new power of expression in nature.

NATIVE OF NAGASAKI.

"Mr. Yoshida had a few lanterns among his trees, but beyond this modest bit of decoration, just a touch of color to light up the caverns of the night—there was no display. Dinner was served in Japanese style. Our host wore Japanese costume, and the room in which we dined was open on three sides, and looked out on the gardens. When you enter a Japanese house you are expected to take off your shoes. This is not alone a mark of courtesy, but of cleanliness. The floors are spotless and covered with a fine matting, which would crack under the grinding edges of your European shoes. We

took off our shoes and stretched ourselves on the floor, and partook of our food from small tables a few inches high. The tables were of lacquer, and the dishes were mainly of lacquer. There is no plan, no form, in a Japanese dinner, simply to dine with comfort. Of the quality of the food I have not confidence enough in my judgment to give an opinion. Dining has always appeared to be one of the misfortunes that came with Adam's fall, and I have never been able to think of it with enthusiasm. I know that this is a painful confession, the display of ignorance and want of taste, but it cannot be helped. I gave myself seriously

JAPANESE MINISTER'S DINNER.

to my dinner, because I am fond of Mr. Yoshida, and wanted to pay him the compliment of enjoying his gracious and refined hospitality. Then I thought that it would be something that I might want to write about. But the dinner was beyond me. I cannot say that I disliked it, and I liked it about as well as nineteen out of twenty of the dinners you have in New York.

"It was picturesque and pleasing, and in all its appointments so unlike anything in our close and compact way of living that you felt somehow that you were having a good time; you felt like laughing, and if you gave way to your impulse it would have been to roll about on the floor in the delight and abandon of boyhood. If you did not want to eat you could smoke, and if not to smoke to drink—and there was drinking, smoking and eating all the time. Your attendants were maidens, comely and fair, who knelt in the middle of the floor and watched you with amusing features, fanning you and noiselessly slipping away your dishes and bringing new ones. They were so modest, so graceful, that you became unconscious of their presence. They became, as it were, one of the decorations of the dinner. They watched the guests and followed their wishes, as far as comfort was concerned. Beyond that I saw no word or glance of recognition. At home your servants are personages with all the attributes of human nature, and sometimes in a form so aggravated that they become a serious care, and you dine under fear in the presence of some oppressive responsibility. But our maidens might have been sprites, they were so far from us, and at the same time their grace and quickness made the mechanism of our dinner smooth and noiseless.

"I have been trying to think of something concerning this dinner that would be regarded as useful information. I

am conscious of the absence of that quality in all that I have written about Japan. I would give the world if I could only tell you how some of the soups were made and how the ragouts were seasoned. But if I had been told I never would have remembered and would have certainly written it wrong, and so I am compelled to fall back upon my impression. My main impression was that we were having a good time, that we were amusing ourselves, playing, romping—not dining. I have never been upon the stage, but I can fancy that if I had taken part in a comedy I should have had the same sensations with which I enjoyed Mr. Yoshida's dinner—that I was having a merry time and giving others a merry time. To chat and listen, to lie prone on the floor and see the red lanterns among the trees, to see the universe beyond, the calm and infinite stars, to run into light and airy talk about music, and books, and songs, and folk lore, to hear our friends tell us of the martial songs of Japan, and chant for us some of their stirring strains; to try and tell them something of our own martial songs, what our soldier boys sang during the war; to note the energy and conscientious desire to please and give instruction with which the colonel sang 'John Brown,' and 'Sherman's March Through Georgia,' and 'Johnny Comes Marching Home'—these are the impressions I recall. Neither the colonel nor myself know anything about the words or music of these songs, nor about music in general, and would have given a large part of our fortunes if for that evening at least we had had any musical faculty. But what could we do? Our friends were curious on the subject and there was no way of changing the theme, and we told them all we knew —who John Brown was and what Sherman marched for, and who Johnny was supposed to be. There was a line in the Sherman song—something about the soldiers

marching off with the turkey gobblers—which amused our friends, although it was difficult to explain to them the exact meaning of the word 'gobblers.' The colonel's singing was mainly in heroic measure, and his tunes seemed to run into the same key; but our friends were interested, and in this fashion the evening passed on. A good deal of the pleasure of the evening, no doubt, came from the fact that we were all friends, good friends, anxious to please and be in each other's society. That would add grace to a dinner of pottage and herbs, and when at last the inevitable hour came it was late before we accepted it, and when our carriage drove up to take us home we took our leave of our host and of our Japanese friends with regret, and the feeling that we had enjoyed our evening as much as any we had spent in Japan.

"Another dinner, worth noting, for it was the last expression of Japanese hospitality, was the entertainment given to General Grant by Prince Dati. When the 'Richmond' arrived in the Bay of Nagasaki, and the Japanese authorities came on board to welcome General Grant to the empire, Prince Dati was at their head as the emperor's personal representative. From that time during our stay Prince Dati has been always with us. The prince is about sixty years of age. Under the old regime he was a Daimo, or feudal lord, of ancient family, who had the power of life and death over his retainers. When the change came, and the power of the lords was absorbed by the mikado, and many of their rights and emoluments taken away, most of the Daimios went into retirement. Some came to Tokio, others remained at their country homes. The great princes, like Satsuma, have ever since only given the government a sullen, reserved obedience. You do not feel them in State affairs. You do not see them. The authorities do not

have the prestige of their influence and authority. They are names in Japan, possible centres of rebellion, while the forces of the State are in the hands of men who, a few years ago, were their armor bearers and Samauri. The Daimios appear to accept the revolution and give allegiance to the present government of the mikado, but their acceptance is not hearty. Some of them, however, regard the revolution as an incident that could not be helped, as the triumph of the mikado over the tycoon, and altogether a benefit to the nation. Among these is Prince Dati. His position in Japan is something like that of one of the old-fashioned tory country lords in England after the Hanoverian accession. His office in the State is personal to the emperor. We have all become attached to Prince Dati, and it seems appropriate that our last festival in Japan should be as the guest of one who has been with us in daily companionship. The prince had intended to entertain us in his principal town-house, the one nearest Euriokwan, but the cholera broke out in the vicinity and the prince invited us to another of his houses in the suburbs of Tokio.

"We went by water, embarking from the sea-wall in front of Euriokwan. The sea was running briskly at the time we started, and there was a little trouble in going on board the imperial barge which had been sent to convey us. We turned into the river, passing the commodious grounds of the American legation, its flag weather-worn and shorn; passing the European settlement, which looked a little like a well-to-do Connecticut town, noting the little missionary churches surmounted by the cross, and on for an hour or so, past tea-houses and ships and under bridges, and watching the shadows descend over the city. It is hard to realize that Tokio is a city—one of the greatest cities of the world. It looks like a series

of villages, with bits of green, and open spaces, and inclosed grounds, breaking up the continuity of the town. There is no special character to Tokio, no one tract to seize upon and remember, except that the aspect is that of repose. The banks of the river are low and sedgy, at some points a marsh. When we came to the house of the prince, we found that he had built a causeway of bamboo through the marsh out into the river. His house was decorated with lanterns. As we walked along the causeway all the neighborhood seemed to be out in a dense crowd, waiting to see the General. Our evening with the prince was very pleasant. He lives in palatial style. He has many children, and children's children have come to bless his declining years. He took an apparent pride in presenting us to the various members of his family. Our dinner was served partly in European, partly in Japanese style. There were chairs, a table, knives, forks, napkins, bread and champagne. This was European. There were chop-sticks, seaweed jellies, raw fish, soups of fish and salvi. This was Japanese. There was as a surprise, a special compliment to our nation—a surprise that came in the middle of the feast—a dish of baked pork and beans, which would have done honor to Boston. Who inspired this dish and who composed it are mysteries. It came into our dinner in a friendly way, and was so well meant and implied such an earnest desire to please on the part of the host that it became idyllic, and conveyed a meaning that I venture to say was never expressed by a dish of pork and beans since the 'Mayflower' came to our shores. The dinner over and we sat on the porch and looked out on the river. In the courtyard there were jugglers who performed tricks notable for dexterity, such as making a fan go around the edge of an umbrella and keeping a bevy of balls in the

air on the wing like birds. Then we returned home, part of the way by the river, and, as the night had fallen in the meantime and the sea was too high for us to venture out in the boats, the remainder in carriages.

"Our last Japanese entertainment was that of Prince Dati. There were others from Americans. Admiral Patterson gave a dinner on board his flagship, the 'Richmond,' at which were present officers from our various ships, the Japanese admiral, the minister and the consul-general. The dinner was served on deck and our naval friends gave us another idea of the architectural triumphs possible in a skillful management of flags. We had the band, which the lovers of musical art at home will be glad to know is improving, although it has not mastered 'Lohengrin.' Lieutenant-Commander Clark, however, to whose musical enthusiasm the band owes so much, informed me in confidence that if there was any virtue left in the articles of war he would have his musicians go through the 'Wedding March' at least before the cruise was over. The dinner with the admiral was quite a family affair, for the officers had been our shipmates and we knew their nicknames, and the admiral himself had won our friendship and respect by his patience, his care, his courtesy, his untiring efforts to make General Grant's visit to Japan as pleasant as possible. When the rain began to fall and ooze through the bunting and drip over the food it added to the heartiness of the dinner, for a little discomfort like that was a small matter and only showed how much we were at home, and that we were resolved to enjoy ourselves, no matter what the winds or waves might say. When the consul-general came he brought with him rumors of a typhoon that was coming up the coast and might break on us at any moment and carry us all out to sea. This gave a new zest to our

JAPANESE MUSICIANS.

dinner, but the typhoon broke on Tokio, turning aside from our feast, and when we returned on shore at midnight the rain was over and the sea was smooth. There

was a garden party at the consulate, brilliant and thronged, said by the Yokohama press to be the most successful *fete* of the kind ever given in the foreign settlement. The consular building in Yohohama is a capacious and stately building, standing in the centre of a large square. It opens on the main street. The offices are in the lower floor—the jail is an adjoining building. The building and the grounds were illuminated with lanterns—festoons of lanterns dangling from the windows and the balconies—running in lines to the gate and swaying aloft to the cross-trees of the flagstaff. A special tent had been erected on the lawn and the band from the 'Richmond' was present. The evening was clear and beautiful and everybody came, the representatives of the foreign colony, of the consular and diplomatic bodies, of the local government, officers of our navy, with Admiral Patterson at the head, members of the cabinet and high officials of the Japanese Government. There was dancing, and during the supper, which took place in the tent, there was a speech from Consul-General Van Buren, in honor of General Grant, in which he alluded to the approaching departure of the General for home, and wishing him and the rest of the party a prosperous and successful voyage. To this General Grant made a brief response, and the entertainment went on, far beyond midnight and into the morning hours.

"On Saturday General Grant took his leave of the emperor. An audience of leave is always a solemn ceremony, and the court of Japan pays due respect to splendor and state. A farewell to the mikado meant more in the eyes of General Grant, than if it had been the ordinary leave-taking of a monarch who had shown him hospitality. He had received attentions from the sovereign and people, such as had never been given. He had

been honored, not alone in his own person, but as the representative of his country. His visit had this political significance, that the Japanese Government intended by the honors they paid him, to show the value they gave to American friendship, and their gratitude. In many ways the visit of the General had taken a wide range, and what he would say to the emperor would have great importance, because every word he uttered would be weighed in every Japanese household. General Grant's habit in answering speeches and addresses is to speak at the moment, without previous thought or preparation.

"On several occasions, when bodies of people made addresses to him, they sent copies in advance, so that he might read them, and prepare a response. But he always declined these courtesies, saying that he would wait until he heard the addresses in public, and his best response would be what came to him on the instant. This was so particularly at Penang, when the Chinese came to him with an address, which opened up the most delicate issue of American politics, the Chinese question. A copy of this address had been sent to the Government House for him to look over, but he declined, and his first knowledge of the address which propounded the whole Chinese problem, was when the blue-buttoned mandarin stood before him reading it.

"The response was one of the General's longest and most important speeches, and was made at once in a quiet, conversational tone. The farewell to the emperor was so important, however, that the General did what he has not done before during our journey. He wrote out in advance the speech he proposed making to His Majesty. I mention this circumstance, simply because the incident is an exceptional one, and because it showed General Grant's anxiety to say to the emperor and the

people of Japan, what would be most becoming in return for their kindness, and what would best conduce to good relations between the two nations.

"At two in the afternoon the sound of the bugles and the tramp of the horsemen announced the arrival of the escort that was to accompany us to the imperial palace. Mr. Bingham arrived shortly after, looking well, but a little sad over the circumstance that the ceremony in which he was about to officiate, was the close of an event which had been to him the source of unusual pleasure—the visit of General Grant to Japan. Prince Dati and Mr. Yoshida were also in readiness, and a few minutes after two of the state carriages came. General and Mrs. Grant rode in the first carriage, Mr. Bingham, accompanied by Prince Dati and Mr. Yoshida, in the second; Colonel Grant and the writer in the third. Colonel Grant wore his uniform, the others evening dress. The cavalry surrounded our carriages, and we rode off at a slow pace. The road was long, the weather hard and dry, the heat pitiless. On reaching the palace, infantry received the General with military honors.

"The prime minister, accompanied by the ministers for the household and foreign affairs, were waiting at the door when our party arrived. The princes of the imperial family were present. The meeting was not so stately and formal as when we came to greet the emperor, and have an audience of welcome. Then all the cabinet were present, blazing in uniforms and decorations. Then we were strangers, now we are friends. On entering the audience chamber—the same plain and severely-furnished room in which we had been received—the emperor and empress advanced and shook hands with the General and Mrs. Grant. The emperor is not what you would call a graceful man, and his manners are those of an anxious

person not precisely at his ease—wishing to please and make no mistake. But on this farewell audience he seemed more easy and natural than when we had seen him before. After the salute of the emperor, there was a moment's pause. General Grant then took out of his pocket his speech, and read it as follows:

"'YOUR MAJESTY—I come to take my leave and to thank you, the officers of your government and the people of Japan for the great hospitality and kindness I have received at the hands of all during my most pleasant visit to this country. I have now been two months in Tokio and the surrounding neighborhood, and two previous weeks in the more southerly part of the country. It affords me great satisfaction to say that during all this stay and all my visiting, I have not witnessed one discourtesy toward myself nor a single unpleasant sight. Everywhere there seems to be the greatest contentment among the people; and while no signs of great individual wealth exist, no absolute poverty is visible. This is in striking and pleasing contrast with almost every other country I have visited. I leave Japan greatly impressed with the possibilities and probabilities of her future. She has a fertile soil, one-half of it not yet cultivated to man's use, great undeveloped mineral resources, numerous and fine harbors, an extensive seacoast abounding in fish of an almost endless variety, and, above all, an industrious, ingenious, contented and frugal population. With all these nothing is wanted to insure great progress except wise direction by the government, peace at home and abroad, and non-interference in the internal and domestic affairs of the country by the outside nations. It is the sincere desire of your guest to see Japan realize all possible strength and greatness, to see her as independent of foreign rule or dictation as any Western nation now

is, and to see affairs so directed by her as to command the respect of the civilized world. In saying this I believe I reflect the sentiments of the great majority of my countrymen. I now take my leave without expectation of ever again having the opportunity of visiting Japan, but with the assurance that pleasant recollections of my present visit will not vanish while my life lasts. That Your Majesty may long reign over a prosperous and contented people, and enjoy every blessing is my sincere prayer.'

"When General Grant had finished, Mr. Ishibashi, the interpreter, read a Japanese translation. The emperor bowed, and taking from an attendant a scroll on which was written in Japanese letters his own address, read as follows:

"'Your visit has given us so much satisfaction and pleasure that we can only lament that the time for your departure has come. We regret also that the heat of the season and the presence of the epidemic have prevented several of your proposed visits to different places. In the meantime, however, we have greatly enjoyed the pleasure of frequent interviews with you; and the cordial expressions which you have just addressed to us in taking your leave have given us great additional satisfaction. America and Japan being near neighbors, separated by an ocean only, will become more and more closely connected with each other as time goes on. It is gratifying to feel assured that your visit to our empire, which enabled us to form very pleasant personal acquaintance with each other, will facilitate and strengthen the friendly relations that have heretofore happily existed between the two countries. And now we cordially wish you a safe and pleasant voyage home, and that you will on your return home find your nation in peace and prosperity,

and that you and your family may enjoy long life and happiness.'

"His Majesty read his speech in a clear, pleasant voice. Mr. Ishibashi at the close also read a translation. Then the empress, addressing herself to Mrs. Grant, said she rejoiced to see the General and party in Japan, but she was afraid the unusual heat and the pestilence had prevented them from enjoying her visit. Mrs. Grant said that her visit to Japan had more than realized her anticipations; that she had enjoyed every hour of her stay in this most beautiful country, and that she hoped she might have in her American home, at some early day, an opportunity of acknowledging and returning the hospitality she had received in Japan.

"The emperor then addressed Mr. Bingham, our minister, hoping he was well and expressing his pleasure at seeing him again. Mr. Bingham advanced and said:

"'I thank Your Majesty for your kind inquiry. I desire, on behalf of the President of the United States and of the Government and people I represent, to express our profound appreciation of the kindness and the honor shown by Your Majesty and your people to our illustrious citizen.'

"His Majesty expressed his pleasure at the speech of Mr. Bingham, the audience came to an end, and we drove back to our home at Euriokwan.

"The audience with the emperor was the end of all festivities; for, after taking leave of the head of the nation, it would not have been becoming in others to offer entertainments. Sunday passed quietly, friends coming and going all day. Monday was spent in Yokohama making ready for embarking. The steamer, which was to sail on Tuesday, was compelled to await another day. On Tuesday the General invited Admiral Patterson, Captain

Benham, Commander Boyd and Commander Johnson, commanding respectively the American men-of-war 'Richmond,' 'Ranger' and 'Ashuelot;' Mr. Bingham, General Van Buren and other members of the Japanese Cabinet, with the ladies of their familes, to dinner, our last dinner in Japan. In the evening was a reception, or rather what grew into a reception, the coming of all our friends—Japanese, American and European—to say good-bye. The trees in the park were hung with lanterns, and fire-works were displayed, furnished by the committee of the citizens of Tokio. There was the band from the War Department. The night was one of rare beauty, and during the whole evening the parlors of the palace were thronged. There were the princes and princesses of the imperial family, the members of the cabinet, the high officers of the army and navy, Japanese citizens, ministers and consuls. The American naval officers from four ships, the 'Monongahela' having come in from Hakodadi, were in full force, and their uniforms gave color to what was in other respects a brilliant and glittering throng. It was a suggestive, almost a historic assembly. There were the princes and rulers of Japan. Sanjo, the prime minister, with his fine, frail, almost womanly face, his frame like that of a stripling, was in conversation with Iwakura, the junior premier, whose strong, severe, almost classical features are softened by the lines of suffering which tell of ever-present pain. In one room Ito sits in eager talk with Okuma, the finance minister, with his Hamlet-face and eyes of speculation. Okuma does not speak English, but Ito gives you a hearty American greeting. Mrs. Grant is sitting on the piazza, where the fire-works can be seen, and around are Japanese and American ladies. Mr. Bingham, whose keen face grows gentler with the frosty tints of age, is in talk with Sir Harry Parker, the

British minister, a lithe, active, nervous, middle-aged gentleman, with open, clear-cut Saxon features, the merriest, most amusing, most affable gentleman present, knowing everybody, talking to everybody. One would not think,

JAPANESE MORMON.

as you followed his light banter and easy, rippling ways, that his hand was the hand of iron, and that his policy was the personification of all that was hard and stern in the policy of England. This genial, laughing, plump

Chinese mandarin, with his button of high rank, who advances with clasped hands to salute the General, is Ho, the Chinese ambassador, an intelligent gentleman, with whom I have had many instructive talks about China. His Excellency is anxious about the Loochoo question, and, when he has spoken with the General, advances and opens the theme, and hopes the good offices of the General will go as far as his good wishes would have them. Commander Johnson we are all especially glad to see, because he has just recovered from an illness that threatened his life, and shows traces of disease in his pale face and dented eyes. Captain Benham feels sad over the General's departure, and has been expressing his disappointment at not being able to take us to Australia. House comes in and joins an American group—Dr. McCartee, E. T. Sheppard and General Van Buren. McCartee is the foreign secretary of the Chinese embassy, an honorable and scholarly man, who has been more than a generation in the East, and now that threescore years have been vouchsafed to him, feels like going home. Few men have led a more modest and at the same time more useful life than Dr. McCartee, and the esteem in which he is held shows how much the Eastern people desire to honor Americans who command their respect. Mr. Sheppard, formerly an American consul at Tien-tsin, now holding a high and confidential place in the Japanese service, is a young man of ability, but does not propose to remain in Japan much longer. He has a Spanish castle in California, and means to go and live there before he has quite fallen under the fascinations of Eastern life.

"This man, with the swarthy features and full, blazing eyes, who greets you with cordial, laughing courtesy, and who reminds you a great deal in his manners and features

of General Sheridan, is the secretary of war, the famous General Saigo, who commanded the Japanese expedition to Formosa. The general is brother of that still more famous Saigo—a great name and a great character—who threw away his life in that mad and miserable Satsuma rebellion. What freaks fate plays with us all! It was foreordained that this Saigo should be secretary of war, and, directing the troops of the government, while the other Saigo, blood of his blood, brother and friend, should be in arms against the government. General Saigo is in conversation with Colonel Grant, with whom he has become most friendly, and the colonel is telling how a soldier lives on the plains, and what a good time Saigo, and the other friends who form the group, would have if they came to America and allowed him to be their host and escort in Montana. The other friends are notable men. The one with the striking features—a thin face that reminds you of the portraits of Moltke, a serious, resolute face that mocks the restless, dare-devil eye—is Admiral Kawamura, the head of the navy, famous for his courage, about which you hear romantic stories. Inemoto, who is near him, is secretary of the navy. It shows the clemency of Japan when you remember that Inemoto was the leader of a rebellion against the government in whose cabinet he now holds a seat. He owes his life, his pardon and his advancement largely to the devotion and wisdom of one of the generals who defeated him. That officer is now at his side listening to the colonel's narrative—General Kuroda, minister of colonization. Kuroda looks like a trooper. In another group you see Yoshida, with his handsome, enthusiastic face, and Mori, who looks as if he had just left a cloister, and Wyeno, fresh from England, where he has been minister, whose wife, one of the beauties of Japan, is one of the belles

of the evening, Inouye, minister for public works—all noted men, and, as I have had occasion to observe before, all young men. The men here to-night have made the new Japan, and as you pick them out, one after the other, you see that they are young, with the fire, the force and the sincerity of youth. The only ones in the groups who appear to be over forty are Sanjo and Iwakura. Sanjo has never put any force upon the government, his mission has been to use his high rank and lofty station to smooth, and reconcile, and conciliate. As for Iwakura, although he did more than any one else at the time, they say that he has ceased to look kindly upon the changes, that his heart yearns for old Japan, and that his eyes are turned with affection and sorrow toward the lamented and irrecoverable past.

"One of the princes is off with the naval officers, and is challenging Captain Benham and the officers to drink champagne. But the captain has more confidence in the water than the wine, and is trying to induce the prince to come and see him once more on his ship. This prince and the captain have become great friends—the prince saying that Benham is his elder brother. You may not have observed that among our naval officers are the lads of the fleet, midshipmen and cadets. It is not customary for the young men to be included in official invitations. That privilege belongs to higher rank. The young men, however, are here to-night. I may as well say, because Mrs. Grant invited them to come specially and see her. She wanted to have the boys present, for she has boys of her own, and knows that boys enjoy fire-works, and music, and high society, beauty and conversation, and like to show their uniforms as much as the captains and admirals, which they will be some day. So the boys are here, and float about Mrs. Grant in a kind of filial way, and have voted her as a patron saint of every steerage in the navy.

And, supper coming, groups go in various directions—some with Mrs. Grant and the ladies to one room where there are ices and delicate refreshments, and some, especially the Americans, with Saigo, and Kawamura, and Prince Dati, to drink a joyous toast, a friendly farewell bumper to the colonel before he sails home. And this special fragment of the company becomes a kind of maelstrom, especially fatal to naval men and Americans who are sooner or later drawn into its eddy. But the maelstrom is away in one of the wings of the palace. In the drawing-rooms friends come and go—come and go, and give their wishes to the General and all of us, and wander about to see the decorations of our unique and most interesting dwelling, or more likely go out under the trees to feel the cool night air as it comes in from the ocean and note the variegated lanterns as they illuminate the landscape, or watch the masses of fire, and flame, and colors that flash against the dense and glowing sky, and shadow it with a beauty that may be seen from afar—from all of Tokio, from the villages around, from the ships that sail the seas. Midnight had passed before our *fete* was ended, before the last carriage had driven away, and walking through the empty saloons the General and one or two friends sat down on the piazza to smoke a cigar and have a last look at the beauty of Euriokwan, the beauty that never was so attractive as when we saw it for the last time under the midnight stars.

"We were up and stirring in time, but our impedimenta was on board the steamer, and there was really nothing to do but breakfast and departure. The day of our leaving Japan was clear and beautiful, and, as the hour for our going was early, the morning shadows made the air grateful. While we were at breakfast the cavalry came trooping into the grounds, and we could hear the notes

of the bugle and the word of command. Officials, ministers and other friends came in to accompany the General. Shortly after eight the state carriages came. We drove slowly away, the cavalry forming around us, the infantry presenting arms. We looked back and took our farewell of Euriokwan, where we had passed so many happy hours. It was like leaving an old home. The servants swarmed on the veranda, and we felt sorry to leave behind us people so faithful and obliging. General Grant's departure from his Tokio residence was attended with as much ceremony as his arrival. Troops formed in double line from the door of the palace along the whole line of our route, even to the railway station. Military officers of high rank rode with the cavalry as a guard of honor. The crowd was enormous, and increased as we came to the railway. The station had been cleared and additional troops were posted to keep the multitude out of the way. On entering the station the band played 'Hail Columbia,' and we found our Japanese and American friends present, some to say farewell, but most of them to go with us as far as Yokohama. The committee of citizens who had received us were drawn up in line in evening costume. The General shook hands with the members and thanked them for their hospitality. Mr. Iwakura escorted Mrs. Grant to the imperial car. Here were Mrs. Mori, Mrs. Yoshida and other ladies. The Chinese minister came just as we were leaving, and our train, which was a long one, was filled with friends who meant to see us embark. At twenty-five minutes past eight the train pushed out from Tokio, the troops presenting arms, the band playing our national air, the people waving their farewell, while the General stood on the platform and bowed his acknowledgments. Our engine was draped with the American and Japanese flags. Our train was a

special one, and stopped at none of the intermediate stations. But as we whirled past each station we observed the crowds assembled to have a last glimpse of the General. As we passed Kanagawa and came in sight of Yokohama Bay we saw the ships dressed from stem to stern with streamers, flags and emblems. When we entered the Yokohama station the crowd was apparently as large as what we had left in the capital. There were troops presenting arms, a band to play 'Hail Columbia,' and the governor to welcome us.

"The merchants and principal citizens, in European evening dress, stood in line. The governor escorted Mrs. Grant to her carriage, and we drove to the admiralty wharf. The road was decorated with Japanese and American flags, and when we came to the admiralty there was a display of what are called day fire-works, an exquisite combination of gray and blue, of colors that do not war with the sun, spreading over the sky gossamer shapes, delicate tints, showers of pearl-like spray. There in waiting, we found the Consul-General, Admiral Patterson, Captain Benham, Captain Fitzhugh, Commander Boyd and Commander Johnson, who had come to escort the General on board his steamer. The admiral was accompanied by Lieutenants Wainwright and Davenport of his staff. We remained at the admiralty several minutes, while light refreshments were served. The General then went on the admiralty barge, Mrs. Grant being escorted by Admiral Kawamura, and amid the noise of the exploding fire-works and strains of the naval band, we pushed off. In the barge with the General and party, were Sanjo, Iwakura, the members of the cabinet, Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida and Mr. Bingham. The admiral, with his officers, followed after in the barge of the 'Richmond.' We came alongside of the steamer, and were received

by Commodore Maury, who began at once to prepare for sea. During the few minutes that were left for farewells the deck of the 'City of Tokio' formed a brilliant sight. Boats from the four men-of-war came laden with our naval officers, in their full uniforms to say good-bye. All of them were friends, many of them had been shipmates and companions, and the hour of separation brought so many memories of the country, the kindness, the consideration, the goodfellowship they had shown us, that we felt as if we were leaving friends. Steamtugs brought from Yokohama other friends. House had come down from Tokio to say farewell, and to see the last of a demonstration, that to him, as an American, was more gratifying and extraordinary than anything he had seen during his long stay in Japan.

"In saying farewell to our Japanese friends, to those who had been our special hosts, General Grant expressed his gratitude and his friendship. But mere words, however warmly spoken, could only give faint expression to the feelings with which we took leave of many of those who had come to the steamer to pay us parting courtesy. These gentlemen were not alone princes—rulers of an empire, noblemen of rank and lineage, ministers of a sovereign whose guests we had been—but friends. And in saying farewell to them we said farewell to so many and so much, to a country where every hour of our stay had a special value, to a civilization which had profoundly impressed us and which awakened new ideas of what Japan had been, of her real place in the world and of what her place might be if stronger nations shared her generosity or justice. We had been strangely won by Japan, and our last view of it was a scene of beauty. Yokohama nestled on her shore, against which the waters of the sea were idly rolling. Her hills were dowered with

foliage, and here and there were houses, and groves, and flag-staffs, sentinels of the outside world which had made this city their encampment. In the far distance, breaking through the clouds, so faint at first that you had to look closely to make sure that you were not deceived by the mists, Fusiyama towered into the blue and bending skies. Around us were men-of-war shimmering in the sunshine, so it seemed, with their multitudinous flags. There was the hurry, the nervous bustle and excitement, the glow of energy and feeling which always mark the last moments of a steamer about to sail. Our naval friends went back to their ships. Our Yokohama friends went off in their tugs, and the last we saw of General Van Buren was a distant and vanishing figure in a state of pantomime, as though he were delivering a Fourth of July oration. I presume he was cheering. Then our Japanese friends took leave, and went on board their steam launch to accompany us a part of our journey. The Japanese man-of-war has her anchor up, slowly steaming, ready to carry us out to sea. The last line that binds us to our anchorage is thrown off, and the huge steamer moves slowly through the shipping. We pass the 'Richmond' near enough to recognize our friends on the quarter-deck—the admiral and his officers. You hear a shrill word of command, and seamen go scampering up the rigging to man the yards. The guns roll out a salute. We pass the 'Ashuelot,' and her guns take up the iron chorus. We pass the 'Monongahela,' so close almost that we could converse with Captain Fitzhugh and the gentlemen who are waving us farewell. Her guns thunder good-bye, and over the bay the smoke floats in waves—floats on toward Fusiyama. We hear the cheers from the 'Ranger.' Very soon all that we see of our vessels are faint and distant phantoms, and all that we see of Yokohama is a

line of gay and green. We are fast speeding on toward California. For an hour or so, the Japanese man-of-war, the same which met us at Nagasaki and came with us through the Inland Sea, keeps us company. The Japanese cabinet are on board. We see the smoke break from her ports and we hurry to the side of our vessel to wave farewell—farewell to so many friends, so many friends kind and true. This is farewell at last, our final token of good-will from Japan. The man-of-war fires twenty-one guns. The Japanese sailors swarm on the rigging and give hearty cheers. Our steamer answers by blowing her steam whistle. The man-of-war turns slowly around and steams back to Yokohama. Very soon she also becomes a phantom, vanishing over the horizon. Then, gathering herself like one who knows of a long and stern task to do, our steamer breasts the sea with an earnest will—for California and for home."

CHAPTER XXIII.

GRAND RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT SAN FRANCISCO—MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY—AN EXCITING SCENE—OVATION AT THE HOTEL—RECEPTION OF THE CITIZENS AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE—VISITS THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE—LUNCHES WITH GENERAL M'DOWELL—RECEPTION OF A CHINESE DEPUTATION—GRANT'S SPEECH—RECEPTION AT OAKLAND—ATTENDS THE FAIR AT SANTA CLARA—HIS RECEPTION.

IF General Grant's reception abroad had exceeded in magnificence and splendor any ever before extended to an American, his welcome home surpassed in enthusiasm that ever before exhibited by the American people to one of their fellow-citizens. His voyage home had been quiet, and he was wholly unprepared for the unparalleled demonstration that awaited him.

The strain of anxiety in looking for three days for the "Tokio," in which he had embarked, reached its utmost tension on Saturday, September 20th. The continuous waving of flags across the streets, the fading of floral decorations and the complete stand-still of all business had become wearisome and painful. It had been arranged that the bell of the Merchants' Exchange should ring as soon as the telegraph signaled that the steamer "Tokio" was in sight. All the morning crowds had hung around the harbor and filled all the streets—an idle, waiting throng—but there was no sign of the steamer. The day wore slowly on, every ear turned to catch the first clang of the bell; but noon came and went, and yet the iron tongue that was to send such a wave of excitement over the city hung silent and motionless. At last, at half-past three, it spoke, its loud clang passing through the city

like an electric shock, transforming the quiet population, in a moment, into a surging, shouting multitude. Bells began to ring, steam-whistles to scream, and the thunder of cannon to reverberate over the hills and harbor. Thousands of men, women and children, on foot, in carriages and on horseback, began to pour out in the direction of Presidio Heights, Point Lobos, Telegraph Hill and every other eminence in the vicinity, eager to catch the first glance of the incoming ship bearing the guest for whose reception so great preparations had been made, and whose arrival had been so anxiously anticipated. Crowds hurried toward the wharves where the steamers and yachts that were to take part in the nautical pageant were lying.

At the moment the alarm, giving notice of the approach of the "City of Tokio" was struck, the executive committee, having charge of the demonstration, were in session at the Palace Hotel, warmly discussing the question of carrying out the programme to-morrow in case of the steamer's arrival in time, or deferring it until Monday. The first stroke of the bell ended the discussion. It was three-quarters of an hour later than the limit that had been previously determined upon, but it was at once resolved to carry out the demonstration immediately.

Immediately on receipt of the intelligence that the steamer "City of Tokio" was nearing port, the reception committee, consisting of Frank M. Pixley, ex-Senator Cole, General Miller and R. B. Cornwall, repaired to the tug "Millen Griffith," lying, with steam up, at the Pacific Mail dock, and at once started to meet the incoming steamer. The "Millen Griffith" stood well out to sea, and several miles outside the Heads, met the "City of Tokio" coming in. The tug drew alongside, and the

executive committee, quarantine officer, and customs officials and a number of representatives of the press boarded the steamer. No ceremony was observed, except a general shaking of hands, and after the committee had announced the object of their visit, and informed General Grant of the reception prepared for him, the conversation became general as the "City of Tokio" continued on her course. Soon after the government steamer "McPherson," came alongside, and Major General McDowell, commanding the Division of the Pacific, accompanied by his staff, boarded the "Tokio," and rejoined his old comrade in arms.

While this was transpiring, the general committee of arrangements, with several thousand invited guests, assembled on board the large side-wheel Pacific Mail steamer, "China," and a number of smaller steamers, while tugs took squadrons of the San Francisco and Pacific Yacht clubs in tow, and started down the channel.

In the meantime it seemed as though the whole population of the city—men, women and children—had sought positions from which a view of the naval pageant could be obtained. Every eminence commanding the channel was black with assembled thousands. Telegraph Hill was a living mass of human bodies, and the heights beyond Presidio, the Clay Street Hill, the sea wall at North Point, and every pier head were covered with spectators.

The sun was declining in the west as the steamers and yachts, gay with bunting, moved down the channel. Low clouds hung along the western horizon. Mount Tamaulipas and the distant mountains, north of the bay, were veiled in a mist, and Mission Hill and the seaward heights of the peninsula were shrouded in a fog. But the channel was unobstructed, and the bold outlines of the Golden Gate rose sharply against the sky, while the bay itself,

with the islands and shores of Alameda and Contra Costa, was bathed in sunlight. From every flag-staff in the city flags were flying, and the shipping along the city front was brilliantly decked with ensigns, festooned flags and streamers. The impatient crowds that covered the hill-tops, stood straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the "Tokio." A hundred times the cry was raised, "There she comes," as chance arrivals came in view between the Heads.

It was half-past five o'clock when a puff of white smoke from seaward, from off the earthworks back of and above Fort Point, and the booming of a heavy gun announced that the steamer was near at hand. Another and another followed in rapid succession. Fort Point next joined in the cannonade, firing with both casemate and barbette guns, and the battery at Lime Point added its thunders to the voice of welcome. In a few moments the entrance to the harbor was veiled in wreaths of smoke, and as the batteries of Angel Island, Black Point and Alcatraz opened fire in succession, the whole channel was soon shrouded in clouds from their rapid discharges. For some time the position of the approaching ship could not be discovered; but shortly before six o'clock the outlines of the huge hull of the "City of Tokio" loomed through the obscurity of smoke and rapidly approaching shades of evening lit up by the flashes of guns, and in a few moments she glided into full view, surrounded by a fleet of steamers and tugs, gay with flags and crowded with guests, while the yacht squadron brought up the rear, festooned from deck to truck with brilliant bunting. Cheer after cheer burst from the assembled thousands as the vessels slowly rounded Telegraph Hill, and were taken up by the crowds on the wharves and rolled around the city front, hats and handkerchiefs being waved in the

STEAMSHIP "TOKIO" ENTERING THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO.

air. The United States steamer "Monterey," lying in the stream, added the roar of her guns to the general welcome, and the screaming of hundreds of steam-whistles announced that the "City of Tokio" had reached her anchorage.

The crowds that had assembled on the hills and along the city now, with a common impulse, began to pour along toward the ferry landing at the foot of Market Street, where General Grant was to land. The sidewalks were blocked with hurrying pedestrians and the streets with carriages conveying the committees. The steamers and yachts made haste to land their passengers, and in a few minutes the vicinity of the ferry landing was literally jammed with people, extending for blocks along Market Street and the water front just in front of the landing, the entrances to which were closed and guarded. A space was cleared by the police and marshals into which hundreds of carriages for use of the guests were crowded, and outside of that space line after line of troops and civic organizations were ranged, while the outside constantly increasing throng surged and pressed, excited and enthusiastic, cheering at intervals, and waiting impatiently for a first glimpse at the city's honored guest. Within the gates of the ferry-house were assembled the gentlemen charged with the duty of the immediate reception of General Grant, the Board of Supervisors ranged on the left of the gangway, and Governor Irwin and staff, and the executive committee, consisting of Governor-elect Perkins, W. H. L. Barnes, Samuel Wilson, William T. Coleman, Tiburcio Parrott, J. P. Jackson, John McComb, John Rosenfeld, Claus Spreckels, John H. Wise, W. W. Montegu, occupied the right, Mayor Bryant taking his position about half way down the centre of the gangway.

This greeting and the preparations made to receive him as he approached the city affected him deeply, and, reticent and undemonstrative as he is, his countenance showed an appreciation of the ovation so grand and spontaneous, and, his taciturnity overcame, he talked freely to those beside him, expressing his appreciation of the kindness of his fellow-citizens in welcoming him home again in such a brilliant manner.

It was after dark when he landed, which interfered much with carrying out in full the programme that had been marked out. After the mayor had welcomed him in a brief address, to which the former replied still more briefly, the gates were thrown open and the procession formed in line and moved up Market Street. As the carriage containing General Grant made its appearance cheer after cheer went up from thousands of throats, while the surging crowd pressed forward and swayed from side to side in its efforts to obtain a passing glance of the familiar lineaments of the Great Captain.

Amid the tremendous cheering of the crowd, discharges of cannon, ringing of bells and screaming of whistles, the procession moved slowly on. Bonfires blazed out at the street corners, illuminations lit up every window and the glare of Roman candles and electric lights made the broad thoroughfare as bright as day. Under a continuous archway of flags, banners, festoons and draperies the procession moved up Market Street to Montgomery and turned down the latter street. Crowds blocked the sidewalk; cheer after cheer rolled along the whole line of march and almost drowned the martial strains of the numerous bands. Broad ensigns tossed in the night wind, glowing with the light of fire, and the glare of rockets and fire-works. A light mist hovering over the city reflected the light of the fire-works and illuminations until the

heavens seemed ablaze. Continuing the march the procession moved through Montgomery Avenue and then to Kearney Street. Here, if possible, the crowds were still more dense and enthusiastic, and the display of fire-works, electric lights, lime lights and every conceivable means of illumination increased the brilliancy. On arriving at Market Street the procession moved up a few blocks and countermached to the Palace Hotel. Here a magnificent arch, forty feet in height, spanned New Montgomery Street, blazoned with the national colors and bearing the inscription:—

"WELCOME TO GRANT."

At this point the carriage containing the General was drawn up, while the procession marched in review, cheer after cheer rending the air as division after division passed by. At the conclusion of the review the various organizations were dismissed, and General Grant was conducted to his quarters in the Palace Hotel, which had been especially prepared and furnished for his reception.

As he approached the Palace Hotel, where apartments had been secured for him, the scene was one of surpassing beauty. Electric lights and 500 gas jets lit up the vast interior with a brilliant glow, and the dense throngs that packed the court and filled the spacious balconies and corridors surged to and fro in anxious expectancy of the coming guest, whom the packed streets had detained.

At ten o'clock the wide doors were thrown open, and a barouche containing General Grant was driven within the building. He immediately dismounted, and crowding his way through the packed mass of human beings, was

hurried to his room. As he alighted, Mme. Fabbri and a chorus of 560 voices opened from one of the balconies with an ode of welcome.

The crowd rushed after General Grant when he dismounted, leaving the singers for a moment almost without an audience, but being stopped in their mad chase by a force of police, who blocked the way, they returned to the court, being reassured by the announcement that the General would appear on one of the balconies after he had time to take off his overcoat.

After a chorus was rendered, in response to repeated calls, he appeared on the balcony of the fourth floor and bowed to the shouting crowd, immediately retiring. Still the enthusiastic populace thronged the court and refused to leave. Finally Mayor Bryant appeared and announced that as soon as the General had finished his dinner he would show himself. In a few minutes General Grant appeared amid deafening and long-continued shouts. Mayor Bryant called the crowd to order, and the General, mounting a chair, which was passed over the heads of the surrounding crowd, was again greeted with a succession of cheers.

When the noise subsided he addressed them as follows:—

"FELLOW-CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO:—After twenty-five years' absence I am glad to meet you and assure you of my cordial thanks for the kind greeting you have given me. I shall stay in your city long enough to greet you more fully."

The General then withdrew amid prolonged and tremendous cheering, and the crowd at length reluctantly scattered.

The next day, Sunday, he passed at his hotel, but he could not escape the throng of visitors that besieged his

hotel, and he held a sort of levee all day. Two days after he was formally presented to the citizens of San Francisco in the mayor's office, which was used as a reception-room.

It was handsomely draped with flags, and before noon the crowd began to assemble in front of it, and shortly after the passage, steps and every point of advantage were thronged with people. At the Market Street side of the building there was also a large crowd awaiting the arrival of the veterans to fire salutes from the sand lots. As the hour for the reception approached, the crowd grew denser, filling up the corridors and entrances of the building. A squad of thirty policemen was detailed to keep the passages open. At a quarter to one the veterans—Federal and Confederate—arrived upon the sand lots, taking up a position near Market Street. The first gun was fired at ten minutes to one, the other thirty-seven guns succeeding each other at intervals of one minute. The people massed along the line of Market Street. After the salute the veterans fell into line, entered the corridor, and marching down its length, countermarched and took up a position, awaiting the arrival of the General. A few minutes later the ex-President and party arrived at the McAllister Street entrance and were greeted with cheers. The windows of the houses opposite and the house-tops were crowded with people, who waved handkerchiefs and sent up cheer after cheer as the party alighted. As the General proceeded along the pavement, escorted by the mayor, the enthusiasm broke out afresh along the corridor. Running from the lower entrance to the mayor's office were ranged the veterans, posted in two lines. Their commander, Colonel Lyons, stepped forward as General Grant and the mayor reached the corridor, and said: "Now, boys, three cheers for your old commander!" The veterans responded with enthusi-

astic hurras. The party then proceeded to the mayor's office, where a committee of ladies were waiting to receive Mrs. Grant and assist her. Mrs. Grant did not arrive until some time after the General, who took up his position in the centre of the room. The south-east corner of the room was assigned to the ladies.

Directions were then issued to admit the multitude. After a few of the the invited guests had been presented to the General the crowd filed in, shook hands with the city's guests, and passed out at the Market Street entrance after presentation to Mrs. Grant. All the afternoon a constant stream of visitors poured through the apartments, and all were greeted with a hearty shake of the hand, the General not adopting the suggestion of the mayor that hand-shaking might be dispensed with on account of the great rush, and expressing his opinion that he could "fight it out on that line."

General Grant visited the Produce Exchange on the 24th of September, and witnessed a grand display of cereals of the Pacific coast, which no city in the world could probably excel. He was much gratified at the exhibition and expressed, in a few words, his congratulations. After that, accompanied by General McDowell, a government tug conveyed him to all the forts in the bay, where he was received with military honors. Upon landing at Black Point, General McDowell's head-quarters, the party was greeted by a salute, and the troops were drawn up in line to receive General Grant at General McDowell's residence. A collation was prepared, and a formal reception tendered to the distinguished guest. Among the prominent citizens present were Governor Irwin and Governor-elect Perkins, ex-Governor Stanford, ex-Governor Low, Senator Booth, Senator Sharon, ex-Senator Stewart, Justice S. J. Field, Judge Ogden

Hoffman, D. O. Mills, and other distinguished citizens, generally accompanied by their ladies.

Before the reception began, the General was visited by the chief representatives of the Chinese community, headed by their counsel and the Chinese Vice-Consul, who read the following congratulatory welcome:

"GENERAL—We feel deeply gratified that we were permitted to meet you face to face, and express to you how sincerely we appreciate the fact that you have visited our country, and consulted with its rulers, and become familiar with the important features of both government and people. It gives unbounded pleasure to learn that you received a warm welcome, commensurate with the high esteem your noble deeds fully entitled you to at the hands of the Chinese authorities and people. Let us hope that your visit will have a tendency to bring the people of the oldest and youngest nations in still closer friendly and commercial relations. The Chinese of California join with your countrymen in the acclaim, 'Welcome home,' and add the sentiments that you may live long, and, like the great Washington, be first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of your countrymen."

To this was added by the dignitaries: "To GENERAL GRANT—We join our voices to prolong the pean which has girdled the earth, wafted over seas and continents. Praises to the warrior and statesman most graciously presented by the Chinese of California."

The General replied: "GENTLEMEN—I am very glad to meet the representatives of the Chinese community and receive this address. I have, as you say, just returned from a visit to your country. It was a most interesting visit, one that I shall always remember, and especially because of the kindness and hospitality shown me by the people and the authorities of China. For that I am

grateful and glad of an opportunity of expressing that gratitude so soon after my arrival at home. I hope that the remark you made about China breaking down the seclusion in which she has been shrouded for ages will prove true in all senses, and that China will continue to draw near to her the sympathy and the trade of the civilized world. The future of China will largely depend upon her policy in this respect. A liberal policy will enlarge your commerce and confer great commercial advantages upon the outside world. I hope that America will have a large share in this. Again I thank you."

After presenting the address, Colonel Bee said that Mrs. Grant had done more to break down the spirit of domestic exclusiveness that reigned in China than the warrior had done, by the honors shown her in Tien-tsin. He begged that she would accept a small casket of ivory as a memento of the occasion. The reception lasted till six o'clock, the party returned to the city, and in the evening attended Baldwin's Theatre.

The authorities of Oakland having invited General Grant to visit their place, he appointed the 25th. About eleven o'clock the boat left the wharf at San Francisco, having on board the General, Mayor Bryant, the Japanese consul and several distinguished citizens, together with the Oakland committee.

As the boat approached the Oakland wharf a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, under the direction of the citizen committee. The wharf and the vessels lying alongside were gayly decorated. A large banner, on which was inscribed the word "Welcome," was hung across the entrance to the wharf. The party was met at the boat by Mayor Andrus and the city officials.

The visit having been announced beforehand, brought an immense crowd, not from San Francisco alone, but

from Alameda, Santa Clara and Contra Costa Counties. Trains and ferry steamers from every quarter were crowded, and an hour before noon there were fully a hundred thousand people in the city, sixty thousand more than the regular population. When the General landed at the foot of Broadway there was a general ringing of bells and blowing of whistles. The magnificent principal avenue of the city was crowded with pedestrians. Numerous country wagons also, bearing loads of grangers, filled the causeways. The decorations were fully as elaborate as those of San Francisco, and had the additional advantage of the reception occurring by daylight.

The procession was marked by the usual characteristics of such displays. The local police force was at the head, followed by infantry, dragoons, civic societies and invited guests in carriages. By far the most touching and pleasing feature was the ovation from the school children. The procession passed through Fourteenth Street, where, opposite the City Hall, nearly five thousand school children were assembled on either side of the street. The procession halted, and General Grant alighted from his carriage and passed, arm in arm with the president of the board of school directors, with bared head, down one side of the street, returning on the opposite side to his carriage. The children cheered, waved their tiny banners and strewed his path with flowers, and, as he passed, showered bouquets upon him in profusion. The General bowed and smiled as he passed along, while among the elder spectators there were not wanting evidences of emotion. After this demonstration the General joined the procession and proceeded to the pavilion, where he received the people. Mrs. Grant received the ladies at Tubbs' Hotel.

An address of welcome was delivered by the mayor, as follows:—

"GENERAL GRANT—Your merited ovations have encircled the world. They have been as grand and varied as the nations that have offered them, and yet among them all there has been no more honest, sincere and cordial welcome than the city of Oakland now extends to you. This is pre-eminently a city of homes and of families, of husbands and wives, of parents and children, of churches and schools. There is no tie more sacred than that of family. At the family altar the fires of liberty are first kindled, and there patriotism is born. Love of home, of kindred and of country is the source and foundation of our welcome to you, defender of our firesides and families."

The mayor than handed the General a roll containing resolutions of greetings, adopted by the city authorities. The General was then conducted to a carriage in waiting. Carriages with the city council, citizen's committee, board of supervisors, and citizens followed. When all was in readiness, the carriage containing General Grant and Mayor Andrus filed through the gates and passed the line of companies on review until it reached the head of the procession.

Suspended across the avenue, where the children were gathered, were three banners, the first inscribed, "Welcome to General Grant, the City's Guest." The second contained this quotation from General Grant's Des Moines speech:—"The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us a free nation." In the third was the motto, "We strew these roses beneath the feet of him who saved us from defeat."

After dinner, at Tubb's Hotel, General Grant addressed the throng, as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN OF THE TWO ARMIES AND NAVIES—I am

very proud of the welcome you have given me to-day. I am particularly happy to see the good-will and cordiality existing between the soldiers of the two armies, and I have an abiding faith that this good feeling will always exist. Thus united we have nothing to fear from any nation in the world. I am satisfied from my travels in foreign lands, that no country will wish to meet us as a united people. They will be perfectly willing to do us justice without an appeal to arms, and as that is all that Americans want, I am confident that our country has a long career of peace and prosperity before her."

Soon after the speech the General took the cars at Brooklyn station to return to the city. While waiting a few minutes for the train an immense crowd gathered round, anxious to get a last glimpse at the city's guest, and a number of ladies made their way through all obstructions to take him by the hand. A little girl who could not succeed in reaching him, on account of the crowd, was lifted above the heads of the people and passed along to the General, who took her in his arms and kissed her, amid the tumultuous cheers of the surrounding thousands.

A large number of citizens accompanied the party to the wharf, taking leave of the General as he embarked on the ferry to the city.

Dennis Kearney called at the Palace Hotel and sent up his card to General Grant, but the General declined to receive him.

The annual fair of Santa Clara County was being held at this time and the authorities invited him to attend.

The hour of departure was fixed at a quarter to eleven, A. M., but, through some misunderstanding, Grant and his party did not arrive at the station until some time after, but, being accorded the right of way, they were

hurried onward at the rate of sixty-two miles an hour. At every station along the route citizens were assembled in their holiday attire to honor the General, but they could get only a glimpse of the passing train, much to their disappointment and the General's regret.

The reception at this place was warm and enthusiastic, and as the city is built on a fine level valley, with very wide streets, the procession and decorated buildings made a magnificent picture. The school children had an excellent opportunity for singing their hymns and throwing bouquets at the General, who seemed to enjoy the proceeding very much. After passing through the city the General and party was driven to the fair-grounds with carriages, omnibuses, pedestrians, equestrians accompanying them *en route*. The General and party were assigned places on the Judge's stand, and before them passed horses and cattle on exhibition, forming a magnificent display.

After the races, a reception followed, and a grand banquet. The address of Mayor Archer was full of telling points, and as he is a Democrat of the family of Virginia Archers, and during the war a Southern sympathizer, it was more appreciated. The carriage in which rode the General and the mayor, was drawn by four magnificent gray horses, which were furnished by Captian Maddox, formerly a Confederate officer under Forrest. On this occasion, as in San Francisco, the Confederate and Union soldiers of the war were united in the procession. There were 30,000 people assembled to greet the General, many of whom had come a distance of sixty miles.

In the evening the General was entertained by a number of prominent citizens at a banquet at the Auzerais House, and returned to San Francisco at half-past eleven o'clock.

And here we take leave of the hero who not by *words*, but *stern deeds*, saved the Union, won the highest honor in the gift of the American people, and who, in the course of this most memorable journey on record, has been covered with glory by all the nations of the earth.

SUMMARY.

Life, ...	251 pages.
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